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THE LAKES OF MINNESOTA.



FORT SNELLING.

THE poetic, imaginative Dakotas, who have so often shown themselves capable of rolling up volumes of description in a single word, rightly named their favorite hunting-grounds "the Land of Sky and Water." Finer effects of these two important elements in our world could not be imagined than are found here. The heavens are a marvel of clearness and sharp definitions of color and cloud-outlines, and every tiny lake gives back

the most perfect reflections; so that if one can narrow his gaze and shut out the bordering trees and shore-lines he may fancy himself suspended between two skies. The water is so transparent that in certain lights, and when no breath of wind or dip of oar ruffles its surface, it is quite as colorless as the most highly polished mirror. Travelling northward from Central Iowa, the tourist's eye is gradually prepared for the wonderful

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loveliness of this region. The prairies—which, by the way, hardly deserve the title after the hand of industry and art has been busy upon them for a score of years—are broken up into natural groves and picturesque hillocks, with here and there, at somewhat long intervals at first, beautiful sheets of water, too large to be called “ponds,” and too small, Eastern people would think, to receive a grander title. Notwithstanding which, each miniature body is dignified with the name of “lake” by those whose homes are on its margin, whose eyes dwell with the pride of ownership on its beauty and whose profits depend to some extent on its reputation as a pleasure resort.

The most popular of these just now—in a hundred square miles or more lying southward—is Lake Albert Lea, a bright little crystal in an emerald setting, on whose placid bosom puffs an egotistic little steamer surrounded by a flock of small sail- and row-boats like a mother-duck and her ducklings. On the banks of Lake Albert Lea is a village of the same name, the Sunday home of an army of commercial travellers, who are always ambitious to “make” this point on Saturday night and relax their wearied frames in the luxurious rooms of the Hall House, a model hotel surrounded with elegant grounds like a private villa, possessing an air of mingled exclusiveness and hospitality, and presided over by a landlord whose fame for geniality is widespread. It has, besides, other hotels set back in pleasant groves, private boarding-houses, well-built “blocks” and tasteful dwellings, and in one cluster on the west side we counted seven church-spires, which I heard a gentleman with a benign clerical countenance comment upon as unmistakable evidence of a strong religious element. But the philosopher of our little party, who usually threw the weight of his opinion on the unpopular side, thought otherwise. “In some of our villages farther south,” said he, taking the clergyman up rather sharply as it seemed, though he only meant to be facetious, “we do not need so many long fingers pointing us to heaven; from which I conclude that our spiritual perceptions

are more acute than they are in this latitude.”

It amused me, some time afterward, to hear the clergyman making inquiries about our friend, by which he learned that he was a High Churchman. “Indeed?” said he, relieved in some small degree: “I inferred that he was an infidel.”

Shortly before reaching that section of Minnesota into which Nature and men have crowded so much of beauty, interest and value—Minneapolis with its famous mills, its waterfalls and neighboring lakes, and Fort Snelling and St. Paul with their commanding views, all occupying the space of a few square miles—our train glides for many yards along the rocky edge of a high projection overlooking a broad level sweep of country lying in the sunlight below, with a silvery little stream winding through it and a village in its midst—just far enough away to be voiceless to us—to which the inhabitants have given the harmonious appellation of Eden Prairie. It seems incredible, as we look down upon it and imbibe something of the spirit of rest that hovers over it (whether or not, it penetrates beneath the placid roofs), that humanity is just as likely to bring its cares and worries here as to the busy haunts of cities. And yet since the serpent invaded the first Eden there has been no hallowed spot.

One of the chief pleasures in coming upon these little clusters of quiet homes and business interests lies in the fact of our having never so much as heard their names before, and all the history that lies back of the pretty, interesting pictures—for they are only pictures—is a hidden secret, and therefore wears an air of romance.

A little farther on we are agreeably introduced to Minneapolis through its beautiful environs. There are no dirty little straggling cabins, overflowing with unwashed children coming out along the railroad to meet us and claim our sympathizing attention, but pretty turrets and high, jutting windows and balconies of almost palatial residences rise above the trees on picturesque knolls, through which

we catch glimpses of cool lawns shaven like velvet, broad piazzas and rustic seats, and hammocks swinging in the shade. The people seem to have taken the cue which Nature gave them, and have added the beauty of the highest art to her perfect work. The groves of forest trees and the sloping grounds have been improved and adorned in such a manner as almost to hide the hand that has touched them. Most of the finer buildings are built of a soft gray stone, against which the dark-green five-leaved native ivy, which entwines itself around the steeples of the highest churches in the greatest

profusion, shows in beautiful contrast, leading us to indulge in that comfortable, satisfied feeling we have about all those plants and shrubs that are children of the soil and able to withstand the buffetings of our latitude without much sheltering care from us. They lingeringly, albeit cheerfully, drop off their gorgeous late-autumn foliage, and give a security for their prompt reappearance when spring comes again which no imported thing can afford. Nevertheless, true to the proposition that whatever costs us the most pains is the most precious to us, we tend our hothouse plants in the bay-win-



FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

dows with the tenderest solicitude, and give little thought to the hardy shrubs that are valiantly taking care of themselves outside.

If we could get off here where we first enter the city, and walk down into it through the broad, handsome streets, whose dwellings on either hand are set back among the trees and surrounded with unfenced lawns glistening with the spray of fountains making rainbows in the sunlight, we should carry away a picture of Minneapolis with no shadow in it. But, instead, we are borne rapidly along past all these beautiful vistas, and our engine—as engines always do—finds its way into the least pleasant quarter of the city, among old buildings—or perhaps we see but the reverse side of buildings that put on a better face in front and make great pretensions to respectability—and through semi-subterranean chan-

nels, where our eyes are on a level with untidy back doorsteps, barnyards, and brick walls upon which children are sitting swinging their feet and staring at us without a vestige of childish shyness.

Yet even here, where we are obliged to wait for other trains to switch off and allow us to pass on to the Milwaukee yards, the shadows are not very dark: the ugliness is relieved by vines and shrubs—the latter hanging out clusters of bright red berries—creeping down the steep dusty banks. We cannot see the river, but we are close beside it, and can hear the pleasant sound of falling water and the busy wheels of the many mills which are the basis of all the thrift and prosperity of this very thriving and prosperous city. At this point, and for some distance above, the river, divided by two or three continuous booms for keeping the lumber separate, is fairly choked with

logs floating down to the mills. Arrived there, they are drawn up, one by one, as if by magnetic attraction, and in the twinkling of an eye, almost, they pass out below in smooth, ribbon-like boards.

One cannot help thinking as he makes the "grand round" of the city by carriage (which the livery-men expect all visitors to do), across the magnificent suspension bridge, circling Nicollet Island—which is a very bouquet of beautiful homes—and over the river again, between the Falls of St. Anthony with the artificial wooden aprons that have converted them into a sort of sloping dam, and the delicate Bridal Veil, beyond which rise the pleasant grounds and buildings of the university, that Minneapolis is remarkably free from the unbeautiful scenes of *apparent* poverty and wretchedness that mar so many cities.

You may dismount and go about on foot down all the narrower back streets, and still you will find houses that are true homes and people with cheerful faces. Here are shown the value of influence and the effect of surroundings: every builder of no matter how small a cottage racks his brain for some pretty architectural design, and lays out his diminutive grounds with an inspiration caught from his wealthier neighbor. And in the arrangement of the magnificent merchants' blocks with their immense plate-glass windows there is evinced an artistic taste and skill unsurpassed, and rarely equalled, in other Western cities. You are tempted into what appears to be a vast conservatory, where all manner of plants are growing and blossoming, miniature fountains are spouting, birds singing in gilded cages and gold-fishes floating in their great glass aquariums. Beyond and a little higher up—for the floor is terraced like a lawn—you catch glimpses of statuary and fine paintings, not crowded together, but advantageously displayed in exquisite little bowers of green leaves or wreathed with vines. And you learn that you are in an art-dépôt, and that everything here is subject to your purse. A salesman with very little of the air of a salesman comes forward and receives you somewhat after

the manner of a host receiving guests, and entertains you as agreeably as though that were a part of his contract with his employer; which possibly it is, as it helps to bring "trade," the abhorrence of aristocratic minds, almost within the limits of the fine arts.

Minneapolis is the pet and pride of the North-west, the goal toward which many merchants and professional men in small country towns are looking for retirement in middle life or when they have accumulated a competency. Its admirers regard it with a pride and affection that border on tenderness, no doubt because it offers so many beautiful things, things that touch the finest perceptions, to the eye of the beholder—really *offers* so persistently that you cannot go away without a look at its treasures. One does not think of it simply as a city, but all its tempting resorts, the lakes and Fort Snelling and Minnehaha, with which it is intimately connected by rail- and carriage-ways, enter into the account.

It is trite to describe Minnehaha. Our philosopher gave it merely a passing glance, and remarked, as he did every half hour, "I was here in '59: I took it all in then."

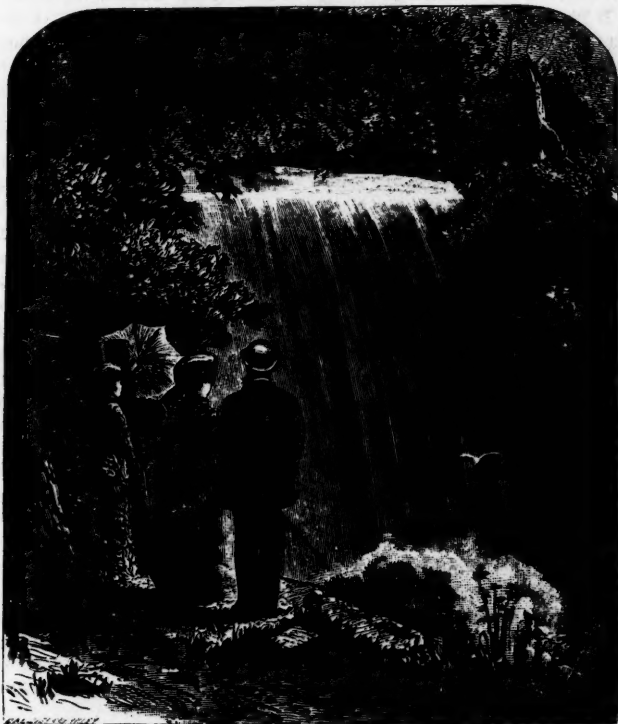
True, there is not a wide scope for the eye to travel over, but Longfellow took in great draughts of inspiration here, out of which grew an image that will last longer probably than the exquisite creation itself; for the effects of frost and the constant wearing of the water now and then cause the dislodgment of large pieces of rock that fall thundering into the boiling pool sixty feet below. We were informed, upon the authority of one whose knowledge was personal, that the scene has changed greatly in the past twenty years.

The grandeur of Niagara grows upon the spectator hour by hour: so does the beauty of Minnehaha. It is not grand, nor sublime, nor awe-inspiring—simply beautiful. The ledge of rock forming that part of the rim of the great basin over which the water pours projects so as to leave a space of several feet behind the falls. Six feet below this rim or roof is a circular gallery backed by a

solid stone wall, where a score or more persons may stand, screened from the sun by the broad, cool, glittering curtain, and watch the shifting rainbows and other exquisite effects of light and diamond water-drops. The torrent does not come down in a smooth, continuous stream, such as a larger volume of water would make, but breaks up into a broad

shining web of lacework and throws out a fine mist, moistening the faces of people crossing the little foot-bridge that spans the stream twenty feet below, and hanging in sparkling drops from the mossy sides of the glen.

On a small natural landing halfway down to the bridge a photographer was stationed with his apparatus, ready to



A LOOK AT THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA.

take the visitors' portraits, with the falls for a background. And a great many portraits are taken, though it strikes one as being incongruous, if not presumptuous, for any civilized being in the cut and fashion of the last quarter of the nineteenth century to set himself against that exquisite picture, whose ravishing wildness has been so well preserved and saved from the hand of "improvement," and be "taken." Some days later I met in British America Wild Elk, the accomplish-

ed nephew of Sitting Bull, and thought if I could place him in a picture in the vicinity of Minnehaha dressed, as I saw him, in the picturesque costume of his tribe, lithe and straight-limbed and handsome, the effect would not be inharmonious.

I could not resist the impulse, after the little company had dispersed and gone to drink lemonade in the pavilion on the lawn, to steal back and stand alone in the presence of the Laughing Water; for it has a presence.

Standing thus until the whole being—the imagination as well as the senses—is intoxicated with its charm, one realizes how far it is beyond description. Only the song of a great poet, meaning a thousand times more than it can express, is able to transmit an impression of it to the non-beholder.

I was a little surprised in going above the falls to observe the smallness of the stream. It has a rocky bed, is perfectly transparent, and so shallow that one could easily walk across it on the stones; and the temptation to do it brings up recollections of childhood that are not out of place. For this wild sweet spot seems a sort of realization or fulfilment of far-back dreams and longings. But despite its slender volume Minnehaha Creek is the only visible outlet of Minnetonka, the largest lake in this part of the State, and just now coming into high repute as a summer resort for strangers. White Bear Lake, though much smaller, has long been the favorite retreat of the citizens of St. Paul and Minneapolis, owing partly, perhaps, to its easy accessibility, being only twelve miles from St. Paul, and reached either by rail or carriage-road, the latter a beautiful woodland drive.

Yet the lake has attractions of its own—the same remarkable transparency that characterizes the waters of all these Northern lakes, fine scenery and abundance of fish. There are several hotels on its banks, with tenements, cottages, billiard-halls, bowling-alleys, gentlemen's parlors and bathing-houses attached; so that each hotel with its belongings is almost a village in itself. Every landlord commands a fleet of yachts and rowboats, and it is not uncommon in pleasant evenings to see a hundred of these little vessels afloat upon the water at once. Some of the smaller lakes in the neighborhood of Minneapolis are illuminated every night with electric lights, and special trains, with bands of music, run out in the evening and return at ten o'clock.

One of the chief attractions of White Bear Lake is Spirit Island in the centre of it: to this island is attached a wonderful Indian legend. It is said to have been once a disputed ground between

the Chippewas and the Dakotas. The Bad Spirit sided with the Chippewas, and the Dakotas were defeated in all their battles until a brave Dakota chief went forth single-handed to fight the Bad Spirit, who had taken the form of a bear and lived alone on the island. In this strange conflict both were slain, and the place took the name of Malitsmedi, from *malits*, "polar bear," and *medi*, "lake;" hence, White Bear Lake. Ever after—or so long as the Dakotas retained possession of this beautiful territory—when fierce storms swept over the lake and illuminated it with flashes of lightning, the warrior and his foe might be seen engaged in deadly combat; from which ghostly spectacle the spot became known as Spirit Island.

There is a craving in all human souls, so far as I know—and modern thinkers who love to follow the mysterious leadings of imaginative minds account for this and many other psychological phenomena by going back to the days when men were all hunters and warriors—to behold fine views. We like to get up and look abroad over cities and valleys and river-courses: there is great exaltation in the feeling it inspires. This passion is gratified at Fort Snelling. When one has climbed the hundred steep steps that run up the rocky, perpendicular headland which our judicious government fixed upon as an advantageous frontier military post, but which is soon to be abandoned, the object for which it was built having passed away with the westward march of civilization, the scene spread out below and around is inspiring beyond description. What breadth and beauty and grandeur of scenery are here at the meeting of the waters!—glimpses of St. Paul and Minneapolis, a hundred farm-houses, with their broad acres surrounding them, and long stretches of the Mississippi up and down, with charming little islands dividing its blue current.

The philosophical member of our party lamented that this was a land without a record, and therefore devoid of the scarcely definable interest that attaches

to old countries. "Yet why do I say 'old'?" he demanded. "Is not this rocky summit on which we stand as rich in years as any battlemented castle in England or on the Danube? But the wretched heathen into whose hands God gave this mighty continent have rendered no account."

"Perhaps they had no account to ren-

der," suggested a quiet individual who seldom spoke for fear of being snubbed.

"Of course they had not," said the philosopher. "They made no history, otherwise there would have been some landmarks on the centuries that have gone by. As it is, we stand in the echoless present, and not a shadow of the glory and the mists of ancient days hangs



GETTING THROUGH THE NARROWS INTO UPPER LAKE MINNETONKA.

over us. Now, if the Anglo-Saxon race had set foot upon this soil twelve or fifteen centuries ago, we could to-day, in imagination, look back through the historical past and see armies advancing across those plains and fleets of armed vessels sailing defiantly up the river with spreading canvas and waving banners, while here, within these massive walls, await an expectant host, quiet yet intensely excited, brooding like the black tempest in the heavens, ready to send forth death and destruction upon the

invaders. Nothing was lacking here to make an intensely interesting page of history—except people."

"I am glad," said tender-hearted Leah, "that the Anglo-Saxon race did not set foot upon this soil twelve or fifteen centuries ago."

"Oh, there was plenty of bloodshed," returned the philosopher unfeelingly, "but the rascals cut and slashed each other on purely personal grounds, and not for the advancement of the race, as civilized nations do."

There are three hundred and thirty soldiers, including officers, stationed at the fort—a very courteous and yet listless body of men, as perhaps all soldiers in quarters are in times of peace. They get up and drill in the morning at five o'clock, and this, with what other exercises and amusements they can invent, is their daily routine. The only enthusiastic persons we saw were the members—nineteen in number—of the Seventh Infantry band, who, seated in the centre of the grassy esplanade occupying the circular space within the quarters, entertained our little party with some exceptionally fine music, selected chiefly from the old masters, but including airs from *Pinafore*.

The soldiers were to have a ball that night, and the belles of St. Paul were to grace it. Captain Freeman and his lieutenants took us through a hall decorated for the occasion with beautiful banners, flowers, and the flags of the regiment stained with the dust and smoke of battles and inscribed with their fields of glory. The philosopher read off such historical names as Shiloh and Gettysburg, etc., and admitted that there was a sort of reflected halo hovering over Fort Snelling. The officers also exhibited with some pride their library and reading-rooms, which were abundantly supplied with standard and current literature. Altogether, Fort Snelling is, and will be for generations to come, an interesting place to visit. The general government has recently appropriated sixty-five thousand dollars for the building of a bridge across the Mississippi here from bluff to bluff, which will add another striking feature to the scene.

Before taking the train northward to the lakes we stopped for a time in St. Paul, noted for its wealth, which accrued to it from the fur-trade in former years, and for its immense wholesale trade in the North-west. The residences are built up the sides of the steep bluffs, and crown their summits somewhat as they do in Dubuque. At one point the citizens have recently erected a "lookout," from which can be seen as broad a sweep of country, including Minneapolis and Fort Snelling,

as the telescope can cover. In this neighborhood are some of the most imposing private grounds and residences of which the city can boast, and it really has some cause for vanity in this direction. It has one advantage over Minneapolis: every housetop commands a superb view. Many of the hillsides are terraced, and fountains, statuary, urns, rockeries, beds of shells, pavilions and arbors are disposed through the grounds in a way of which no artist could complain.

Our coachman interested us in the places we were slowly passing, as follows. "That place," pointing with his whip to a fine structure with a tree-canopied lawn so dark, so cool, so inviting on that hot, sunshiny day that one envied the old, decrepit gardener who went about examining leisurely the spouting fountains and the great urns running over with bloom and beauty, "is the property of a lady whose husband made his money as a stage-driver here in an early day. He put up that house and laid out the grounds, and then—"

"Retired?" interrupted Mr. S—.

"Died," said the driver, and directed our attention to the next building. "That is one of the best houses in St. Paul," said he—"solid stone, and very expensive. It was built by ex-Governor —, who failed as soon as he went out of office and had to give it up."

Other beautiful houses that we passed seemed to have no private history that the public knew of; otherwise the coachman, who was exceedingly obliging and communicative, besides being well posted, would have enlightened us without doubt. So we may hope that they or their founders were more fortunate.

Having driven down Third street—which is the pride of St. Paul, and really almost as fine a street as can be found anywhere in the United States, although it is rather narrow—and having, as our coachman confidentially assured us, seen everything that was worth seeing in the city, including the outsides of all the best churches and other interesting buildings (which is a very amusing, instructive and profitable occupation, and incumbent upon all tourists), we consented to be

taken out to a point from which all that we had driven over, and much more, could be seen at a glance. We accordingly cantered out of the city and wound upward around a long sloping hill, and drove quite to the edge of a precipitous bluff, from which, sure enough, we could look down upon all the housetops of St. Paul.

"Let me see," said our travelled friend,

standing up and looking about: "I don't recollect this place.—Driver, was this hill here twenty years ago?"

The driver, who had no other ambition than to seem to be well informed, responded unsuspiciously, "This hill? Oh yes: yes, sir, this hill was here twenty years ago."

Seeing one of the ladies smile, and being rather a shrewd fellow who prided



VIEW FROM THE HIGHLANDS, UPPER LAKE MINNETONKA.

himself on his quickness to penetrate a joke, he was somewhat disconcerted, and jerking himself round upon his seat muttered, "*Of course* it was: it's al'ays been here."

North of Minneapolis, fifteen miles, is Minnetonka, or, as the name implies to the student of the musical Dakota language, Big Water. Its greatest breadth is six miles; and it is scarcely twenty miles in length, but it is so irregular in form that it has a shore-line of about two hundred miles. It has two "grand di-

visions," Upper and Lower Lakes, connected by a tortuous channel nearly half a mile in length called Halstead's Narrows, through which the steamers pass with considerable difficulty; and these divisions are subdivided into such a bewildering maze of bays and inlets that it is impossible to keep the run of them unless one should spend weeks in exploring and making the acquaintance of all the surprisingly pretty nooks into which a yacht or rowboat might venture. Even in going round the lake by steamer one

is apt to get bewildered, and, if he is a person who is uncomfortable unless he knows his bearings with regard to section-lines and the points of the compass, to refer again and again to his map. The member of our little party to whom I have several times referred laughed in his sleeve at these eager seekers after geographic knowledge. "As if it makes any difference," he said, "when a man is out for pleasure, whether he knows anything or not! For my part, I should like to forget everything and enjoy myself after the fashion of the first man. But that same tree whose fruit tempted Eve is playing the Old Harry with us yet: knowledge spoils everything. I am downright angry with the fellow who told us this lake was only seventeen miles long: I should like to sail on in the expectation that those beautiful vistas of water we see yonder, opening into each other and specked with islands, stretched to infinity. I should then feel something of the exultation of an explorer. As it is, my imagination is circumscribed by a knowledge of the facts in the case."

And it certainly is by far the better way to abandon one's self to the pleasing novelty of winding about, this way and that, and passing from bay to bay through the narrow gateways, allowing the eye and the spirit to take in the rapidly-changing scenes. Not a spot, not a perspective in the distance, but is a picture of beauty. Here, a remarkably pretty island, shaped like a comet, with a bold, inaccessible front and a low sandy reef covered with tall grass, in which long-legged pelicans are stalking about, reaching out into the water behind, and almost meeting a corresponding spur from the mainland; there, an hotel or perhaps a village set back in some unexpected nook, with a wooden pier or two running out from the shore, at which all boats are expected to touch, so that if he wishes it the passenger may get off and walk about in the great silent groves of forest trees that as yet are untouched, except for a little space in the neighborhood of buildings, by the white man's axe.

If one will allow the beckoning woods (not the hotel or the village) to tempt

him to go ashore and penetrate far into their dark-green depths, where the ground is spongy with damp moss and last year's leaves, and the solitude is made audible by the almost noiseless movements of swift little wood-animals, the effect upon the spirit is like the effect of a picture of still life. A race has just stepped out, and *almost* the prints of its moccasined feet are here still, and something of its vanished presence. Let us stand while we may in these vacant chambers, that have come to us just as they came from the hand of God. Strange that the generations that have gone before us have left so little imprint!—a few birch trees peeled of their bark, a few mounds where their dead are buried.

I went up to the pilot deck, where a young fellow was turning the wheel and keeping a sharp lookout for the "flags," as he called them, that mark the steamer's course. "Over yonder," said he, "on that bank, is one o' them Indian mounds."

It was about ten feet in length and three in height, covered with grass.

"Is it really an Indian mound?" I asked.

"Well, I dunno," he confessed. "Some say the bones in them is pre-historic; that is, that they b'longed to folks that lived here afore the red-skins got possession. Up a piece farther there's nine of 'em in a row, and they've dug up any amount of shins and finger-bones and broken skulls. One of the skulls is a good deal bigger than a white man's, or a Ingin's either."

"What do they do with them?" I inquired.

"They've got 'em on exhibition," said he: "strangers likes to look at 'em."

Thirty years ago Minnetonka was unknown, or at least unrecorded, and it is only within the last half dozen years that people have begun to appreciate its wealth of beauty. And now, the tide having set that way, there is a great rush. Besides the numerous houses at many different points on the lake that have hitherto entertained the summer guests, there have been this year erected two immense hotels—one owned by the Park Associa-

tion, four hundred and fifty feet in length and capable of accommodating six hundred guests, and the other by some gentlemen from St. Louis. Both of these buildings are supplied with all the modern requirements—fixed marble furniture, gas, hot and cold water, electric-bell service, etc.

"We have put up five miles of bell-wire," said the architect of the St. Louis House, "and we have two thousand feet of piazza."

The building is four stories high, and the upper piazza is crested with gas-jets that throw their light out upon the water. What a place for lovers and romance! In spite of the eight steamers and the countless yachts and prettily painted rowboats that are chained together by the dozen along the shores and spotting the lake in all directions, there are still many delightfully secluded inlets and tiny bays, where the water-lilies spread out their broad green pads, that are never visited by "practical" people.

In some respects Minnetonka is another Venice: people almost live upon the water—and in it. Its perfect transparency and pleasant warmth, and the white sand and pebbles along the shores, upon which the waves advance and recede with a musical, persuasive sound, are irresistibly tempting. The residents know this, and they have put up little bathing-houses all along the shore, with costumes "to let." Last year the hotel-registers showed a list of fifteen thousand visitors: this year there will undoubtedly be many more. No pains are spared to make the place enticing, and money is spent lavishly in advertising its attractions. As far down as St. Louis its fame

has spread, and its patrons, outside its own and neighboring States, are chiefly from the South. Of course it is not to be expected that Eastern people will be tempted away from Newport and Saratoga and the White Mountains because this little Northern lake, whose neighboring forests seem to be still re-echoing the war-whoop of the savage, has set up its pretensions.

It is amusing to look at the sort of bait that catches the crowd. At Minnetonka the tourist is now promised "city accommodations," "excellent society," and "first-class entertainments," musical, literary, and so forth. The little sheets that are published in the interest of the Park Association are full of advertisements of the lectures or readings or sermons or songs of Mr. or Mrs. or Miss So-and-So, who has happily been induced to appear at Minnetonka for the benefit of the Temperance Congress, the Sabbath-School Assembly, the Musical Convention or some other commendable enterprise. I saw one ingenious notice: "Religious services in the Park Sunday evening, June —. '*The groves were God's first temples.*'"

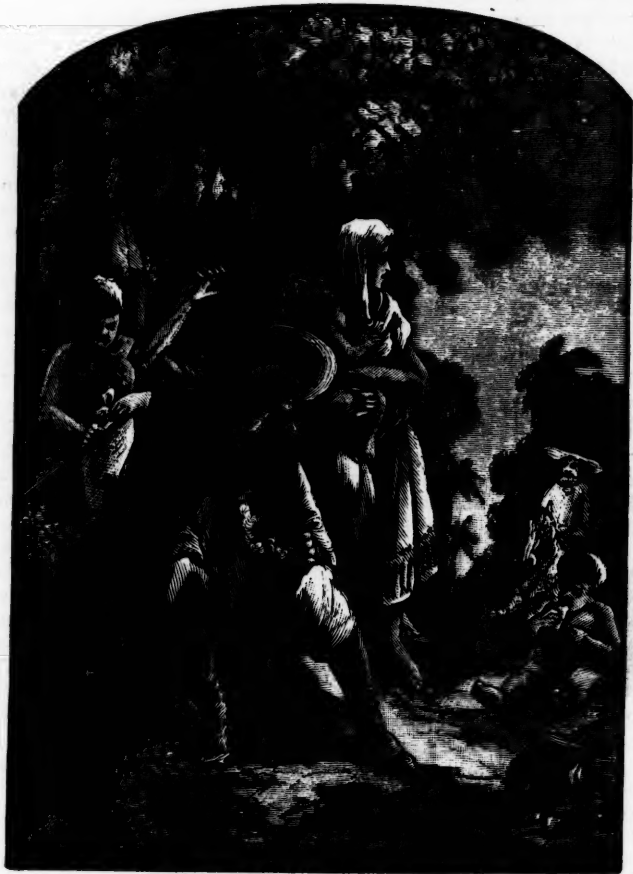
Yet it must be remembered by those who would seek quiet and rest at a "summer resort," instead of public entertainment, that the Park, with all its belongings, occupies but one little nook on this extended shore-line. There are still many lots to be bought or rented where one may pitch his tent and swing his hammock in obscurity. And it is a pleasant thing to reflect that even at the rate at which Minnetonka has started out it will be some years yet before all the solitudes along its picturesque shores are broken up.

ALICE ILGENWITZ.

SUMMERLAND SKETCHES; OR, RAMBLES IN THE BACKWOODS
OF MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

CHAPTER IX.—YUCATAN.

Why left they this eternal home of Summer,
To seek a land whose flowers must yearly die?—SILVIO PELlico.



CHRISTMAS IN YUCATAN.

FIFTY leagues east of Vera Cruz the passengers of a homebound French steamer sight land again: first, the square-cut ridge of a coast-range that rises like a wall above the edge of the northern sky, and soon after the jagged peaks of an

inland sierra far behind the southern horizon of a blue-green archipelago of coast-islands. Viewed from a sufficient elevation, the eastern gates of the Gulf of Mexico would resemble the projecting piers of a double breakwater at the entrance

of a fortified harbor, and the inland scenery north and south would make it difficult to distinguish the highlands of Cuba from those of Central Yucatan. Their confronting shores, however, would present the striking contrast of a rockbound coast with the jungles of a broad and swampy estuary; and this contrast has probably decided the different destinies of the two countries. The island with its inviting harbors has attracted a continual swarm of Spanish conquerors and colonists, while the swamp-protected peninsula enjoyed the same immunity from town-and-tree-destroying invaders which has preserved the forests and ancient cities of Siam.

Even the fanatical iconoclasts who transformed the rest of New Spain after the image of the mother-country have spared the monuments of Chichen and Uxmal, and the western pueblos of the Mayos belong to the few tribes of the aboriginal population whose rights have to some degree been respected by their Caucasian conquerors. Since the expulsion of the Spaniards in 1821 these pueblos have thrice seceded from the Mexican confederation, and the last time (1846-52) maintained their independence for nearly seven years, and only rejoined the union on terms which the Mexican dictators have rarely ventured to violate. The presence of a French armada in the Bay of Sisal overawed them for a few years, but after the restoration the authority of the governor was openly defied, and in 1874 I was sent to Campeche as a member of President Lerdo's *misión de reforma*, a commission of inquiry which was to confer with the delegates of the different pueblos with a view of ascertaining the cause of their chronic discontent.

At the suggestion of the new governor the commission was divided, and as the race-prejudices of my medical colleague made him thoroughly indifferent to the result of the expedition, I was offered the choice between the eastern mountain-districts and the south-western lowlands between Campeche and the Sierra de Belize. I decided for the western or lowland region, partly for the sake of the famous ruins,

which might be reached by a short détour from our prescribed route, but chiefly in the hope of collecting data for the solution of a mystery which gives a special interest to the ethnological problems of our southern continent—viz. the enigma of the almost universal degeneration of our race in the tropical latitudes.

Is there any objective necessity for it? Are snowstorms and long winter nights really essential conditions of our well-being? In spite of a staggering array of *ex post facto* arguments, our instinct revolts at the idea that perennial fruits and flowers should be incompatible with human happiness. The analogy of the oldest and youngest, highest and lowest, forms of animated Nature proclaims the fact that light and warmth are the chief sources of all organic prosperity. In the tropics the cereals of the North reappear as palms, ferns as fern trees, woodbines as giant creepers; the type of the wild-cat develops a tiger, of the adder a boa, of the lizard a crocodile, of the sand-spider a tarantula: the size, the strength, the beauty and longevity of plants and animals are found to increase as we approach the equator, and none of them seem the better for having to wring subsistence from a frozen soil. Does man alone make an exception? Or are we rather justified in suspecting the agency of abnormal circumstances—of baneful habits whose effects require the influence of cold air as an antidote? The question, methinks, deserves a share of the attention which is still wasted on archaeological squabbles, for its solution would elucidate the oldest and darkest of all biological problems. At present we must admit that the ruling races of the earth have lost—or rather voluntarily abandoned—their Southern garden-home, though its climate was not always unfavorable to the growth of the manly and industrial virtues.

Uxmal is the American Nineveh, and in Yucatan at least the decay of an ancient civilization cannot be explained by the exhaustion of the soil. The vegetation of the riparian forests is rankly, unmanageably exuberant, the ruins of the hill-country are covered with tanglewood

as the monuments of Syria with sand, and the fruit-crop of a large variety of indigenous trees is absolutely perennial.

On our return from Merida we stopped at the Baños de San Joaquin, and the proprietor of the mineral springs treated us to a lunch of apricots and *datiles frescos*—new dates—whose flavor might have satisfied an emir of Beleduljerid. The hedges were still full of wild oranges, and the storekeeper of the hacienda had bananas, sweet oranges and fresh figs for sale at a season of the year when our stores of domestic fruit have mostly dwindled to frozen crab-apples. Yucatan is famous for its semi-annual banana-crops, and the second or winter harvest is often more abundant than the first if the rainy season ends before the beginning of November.

Seven miles south of San Joaquin the road and our *tropa* divided: Lieutenant Perez and an American teamster, the out-ride of our cavalcade, agreed to accompany me to Uxmal, while the rest continued their way to Campeche, where the Christmas and New Year's festivities promised abundant pastime till after the return of our colleagues from the eastern circuit. Lieutenant Perez, the adjutant of the military commissioner, was a Cuban refugee, who seemed to have forgiven and forgotten the wrongs of the *isla heroica*, though a Spanish sabre had left an indelible memento on his face; while Nick Fisher, our guide, who had lost a team of mules and a "valuable buck nigger" at Murfreesboro', was still very severe on the Abolitionists. He had followed Kirby Smith to Matamoras, where he had found employment in an American restaurant, and, after trying his luck in various Mexican sea-ports, had finally strayed to Sisal and exchanged the spit for a muleteer's goad—vulg., "caracho-pole"—having found that the close resemblance of the climate to that of an unmentionable region would be completed by a kitchen-fire. In less than five years he had become personally acquainted with every teamster and tavern-keeper in Western Yucatan, and had visited Uxmal thrice and Chichen sixteen times, mostly as guide to Eu-

ropean or Yankee excursion-parties. *El Pecador*—the Sinner—his comrades called him, a nickname which had originated in his own unlucky attempt at translating his patronymic, but which in the eyes of the natives might derive additional point from his persistent and undisguised heresy.

South-east of San Joaquin extends a chain of sandhills which we hoped to cross during the cool of the forenoon, but at a ford of the Rio Becal, hardly three miles from the cross-roads, we were detained for nearly two hours by the senseless obstinacy of my companion's mule, which waded the deepest part of the river with unflinching steadiness, and then refused to proceed through the shallow water near the opposite bank. We had to return to the western shore and distribute the lieutenant and his baggage among the sensible quadrupeds; but the stubborn brute, though now unloaded and unsaddled, declined to make any concessions in return, till the Pecador, losing his patience, tied her legs crossways, and, after felling her to the ground, hitched the entire *mulada* to their fallen sister and dragged her across like a carcass of beef. Priessnitz, the founder of hydropathy, holds that a bath, in order to be a perfect tonic, ought to be followed by a *haut-reiz*, a skin-stimulus; and the correctness of his view was triumphantly illustrated by the application of a double-twisted cowhide after we got our patient to terra firma. The bland alacrity of that mule during the remainder of the trip was something unprecedented in the experience of her owner.

We had to face the *arenal* in mid-afternoon now, but the "sand-region" proved better than its name: the plateaus were tufted with mimosas and tamarisks, and in the ravines feather-willows and bulrushes indicated the presence of moisture. A descent of three hours brought us back to the rolling woodlands of the vega, where furlongs and miles of our road were shaded by dark-green euphorbias, sloth trees and open groves of *algodoneras* (*Hibiscus odoratus*), whose cotton-like blossoms still covered the lower branches, while the

treetops near and far were festooned with the flaming flowers of a variety of epiphytes, yellow bromelias and pale-red *Amphilidæ* or fire-orchids. In Cuba and the littoral forests of Northern Mexico the new year's vegetation is characterized by a more vivid green and the absence of fruits and full-blown flowers, which have been stripped by the storms of the rainy season, but in Yucatan even the October showers alternate with weeks of cloudless and intensely warm weather, and the cool season—November to February—deserves that name only comparatively, the noon temperature during the Christmas week rising frequently to 105° Fahrenheit in the shade. As the climate of the Central American highlands resembles an everlasting spring, that of Yucatan may be called a perpetual midsummer—sunny, agreeable mornings and sultry, or else dry, clear and superheated afternoons. If the foreign residents of the coast-towns bewail the perennial excess of caloric, the flora and fauna of the wild interior are certainly not the worse for it. The first Spanish settlers cleared large tracts of ground for the cultivation of *henequen* or Sisal hemp, and after exhausting the soil by a succession of uniform crops abandoned their plantations as barren sandfields—*arenals* as they are here called—and on these barrens, dusty limestone plateaus some of them, the noontide heat is often almost suffocating; but the river-bottoms and the virgin woods of the south-western lowlands flourish in an evergreen luxuriance which refutes the widespread opinion that heat *per se* is a characteristic concomitant or a cause of aridity. The highlands of Northern Tartary rival those of Dakota in barrenness as well as in the severity of their winter climate, while the equator in its range through two continents and

three large islands does not touch a single desert nor any country that ever suffered from a scarcity of water. Nor can sand-wastes be said to impair the fertility of adjacent woodlands: on the contrary, the forest encroaches upon the desert; and it is my deliberate opinion that if Asia and Africa could be delivered from the tree-destroying animal mis-called *Homo sapiens*, and left in the healing hands of Nature for half a millennium, the spread of arboreal vegetation would restore the lost Eastern Paradise to its pristine glory. In torrid Yucatan hundreds of square miles have thus



"SAUVE QUI PEUT."

reclaimed themselves, and the arenals of Belonchen and Macoba, having been left to their fate three or four generations ago, are now covered with a tall second growth of timber trees.

With the exception of the nomadic Tabascanos, the inhabitants of Yucatan are chiefly agricultural, and their non-carnivorous habits manifest themselves in the remarkable tameness of birds and smaller quadrupeds. Bushcocks and quails were dodging around in the weeds almost under the hoofs of our mules, and only the larger *abutardas*, a species of bustard (*Otis tarda*), deigned to take wing for a moment when we approach-

ed their favorite haunts in the tall grass of the hibiscus-groves. A graceful bird of the heron kind was cleaning his pearl-gray plumage in our next neighborhood when we halted at a little creek for the benefit of our mulada, and two black squirrels kept chasing each other round and round a hollow fig tree whose gigantic branches overshadowed the dell of the streamlet from bank to bank. High overhead a pair of parrots were fluttering about the treetop with frightened screams, but not on our account: a tree-snake had made its way to a branch immediately above their hollow nest, and they foresaw the moment when the safety of their young would depend on the strength of their untried wings.

"Look here!" said the lieutenant: "what do you call that, close to the triple fork up there? It's too large for a squirrel: it must be some kind of black tree-bird. Do you see it moving?"

Stepping back, I distinguished a round protuberance that might be an excrescence of the tree or the rump of a half-hidden animal. With the exception of the wedge-tailed woodpecker, birds do not cling to the main stem of a tree. It must be a raccoon or a cluster of bats, I thought.

"I see it plainly now," said the guide: "it's a *hormiguero*" (tamandua, or little ant-bear). "He's picking ants out of that hollow branch."

"No, no," insisted the lieutenant: "it must be a bird. A *hormiguero* is larger, and would show his long tail."

"He'll show it mighty quick if you will lend me that rifle for a moment. Thank you.—*Queda, Paquita!*"

The mule stood stock-still, but somehow the shot went a trifle too high, tearing the bark about an inch above the nose of the doubtful entity.

"Yes, you are right: I see his long snout now," said Don Perez. "You scared him, anyhow."

The report and the bark-explosion under his nose had caused the ant-bear to clasp the tree with a convulsive grip, but in a shock of surprise rather than of fear. Unconscious of any offence against mankind in general and the specimens pres-

ent in particular, he failed to realize the fell significance of the phenomenon, and, after sniffing and squinting around the bullet-hole, turned his head and eyed us in a way that seemed to solicit a clearer statement of our intentions. Was it a practical joke, or had we tried to furnish him a business-opening to the ant-colonies of the interior tree? The next second might have solved his doubts, but better counsels prevailed, and we left him hugging the tree and his charitable illusion.

Riding slowly along the brink of a deep gully in the hope of finding a suitable camping-place, we saw a thick yellow smoke rising from a clump of taxus trees about a mile farther down, and I thought I heard the peculiar howling bark of an Indian dog.

"There are no ranchos hereabouts," said the guide: "it must be a gypsy-camp, wandering Indians—*Tabascanos*, as they call them. I'll bet my mule that we shall find a spring or something in that hollow: those chaps have a good nose for drinking-water."

After inspecting the ravine near the camp and finding our hopes of water abundantly realized, we decided to "ranch" a little farther down in a grove of wild fig trees (*Adansonia*), whose leafy roof in case of rain would protect us against all but the heaviest showers, and certainly intercept every drop of dew. Like the elm in the North, the *Adansonia* is here the shade tree by excellence, and can dispute the prize of beauty and usefulness with any palm. The figs of the wild tree are insipid, being leathery, dry and somewhat deficient in saccharine elements, but they make excellent mast, and a single full-grown *higuera* sheds yearly from eight hundred to twelve hundred bushels of its small grayish-green fruit, besides the large quantities eaten by tree-rats, monkeys and birds.

We had blankets enough to dispense with a fire, and could enjoy the full luxury of the gradual decrease of calorific as the night wind swelled from an intermittent afflatus to a steady breeze. Bats, night-cicadas and moths fluttered around our heads, but no mosquitos: the high-

lands of Central Yucatan offer no congenial habitat to the miasma-loving pests. Heat alone cannot breed gnats, any more than it can raise clouds from an arid soil. The mosquito is not a native of any special latitude: his home is wherever the sun shines on a mixture of stagnant water and decaying vegetable matter. Like watering-place doctors, the gnats of the Northern swamps have to suspend business during the frost season, but they make up for lost time: the summer-garden of Beelzebub, the great mass-meeting ground of all his fly-fiends, is not in the jungles of the Punjaub nor in the fens of the lower Senegal, but on the beaver-meadows of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, where hunters and woodchoppers have to wear gauze veils in July, though the winter temperature sinks forty degrees below zero.

"Hadn't we better sleep by reliefs?" I heard the lieutenant say when my eyes had already closed business for that day. "This camp needs a sentry: those red devils are prowling around our mules, if I am not much mistaken. Yes, there are two or three of them sneaking around the trees back there," said he after a while. "Listen! you can hear them talking. I saw one quite plainly a while ago with something like a stick or a bow in his hand."

"I'm going to find out what they want," said the guide, rising from his couch; "but our mules are all right, you may depend on that. The Tabascanos have no use for them: they are tramp-Indians—not a cavalryman in the tribe."

The reconnaissance was brief and satisfactory. "I thought so," said he: "the poor devils are hunting *cachiporras*" (frugivorous bats): "they swarm around fig trees after dark. One of those chaps has got four of them already, and would have his bag full, he says, if he hadn't been afraid to disturb the caballeros. They will soon have enough, anyhow: that's what they built that fire for."

"Por Dios! to eat them?"

"Of course they will: the Tabascanos

will eat grubs and caterpillars, and prefer them to the best fruit in America. They have a nickname for the Yucatan Indians that means *monomozos*" (monkey-boys), "because our red-skins live on monkey-food—bananas and pineapples, and such-like."

Before we broke camp the next morn-



TABASCANO INDIANS.

ing the Tabascanos passed us in single file, carrying bundles of dried meat and household stuff, on their way to the hunting-grounds of the Rio Belize. Males as well as females wore a full head of hair, divided in three or four tails that hung down to their girdles or fluttered in the breeze like the standard of a capitan pasha. Prejudice aside, it does not look bad if the hair is kept well back, and is perhaps the best head-gear in a tropical climate, since it keeps the scalp cool by evaporating the perspiration, which is condensed or checked under an air-tight hat.

After breasting a steep bluff we kept

along the ridge of the Cerro de Macoba, the backbone of Central Yucatan, a hill-chain of calcareous spar with deep wood-

then with the wavy water-hues of a transient mirage.

El Pecador had led the way in silence for a couple of miles, when he drew rein in the chequered shade of a mimosa tree and came to a full right about. "Just turn your head this way, doctor," said he—"eastward, or east by north-east, I should say. Don't you smell something?"

"What do you mean?"

"Something like plum-pudding, I mean. Do you know what day this is?"

"What day of the month? Last Monday was the twenty-first— Why, you are right: this is the twenty-fourth of December, Christmas Eve and Plum-pudding Night! What shall we do about it?"

"I'll tell you what we can do. There is a string of ranchos on the Rio de Belonchen, about six leagues ahead, where we can buy all the material for a stunning Christmas stew—beans, bacon, potatoes, eggs and all. Now, I know a fine spring in the river-bottom, with plenty of shade, where we could make a night of it if the gentlemen will agree to let their dinner go. We can reach the river at four o'clock if we keep on at a decent trot."

The motion was carried by acclamation, and our mules went ahead as if they sniffed the river from afar, while Simoncito, our groom, wore a six-inch grin reflecting visions of *garbanzas con jamón y chili colorado*. Our *programme de cuisine* was settled in all its details when we dismounted in a shady dell of the Belonchen Valley: Don Perez was to accompany me on a fuel-forage in the lower river-bottom, the Pecador to canvass the ranchos with a pocketful of coppers and a couple of bags, and the *mozo* undertook to effect the loan of a large *olla*, or earthen pot, which he remembered to



LYNCHING A LUNCH-FIEND.

lands on either side. The limestone-mounds before us enclosed broad arenals entirely devoid of vegetation, and long before noon the air became hazy and tremulous with heat, the outline of the eastern horizon grew indistinct, and the large barrens ahead glittered now and

have seen at the rancho of an acquaintance.

The Pecador returned last, but his efforts had been exceedingly productive—too much so, in fact, for the capacity of the olla, which was medium-sized and rather too flat for a blazing fire. Still, a two-gallon *dosis* of brown beans and yams, with eggs, lard and onions, would meet all immediate wants, and the bliss of anticipation had reconciled us to the imperfection of earthly things in general when we lifted the earthen pot from the ashes. While the mess cooled off we decided to collect a dessert of yellow grapes from the vine-mantled trees in the river-bottom, and all hands were set to forage, the mozo being left to guard the palladium and get the dishes ready. I had nearly filled my hat with the contributions of a single sycamore tree when I heard a loud scream from the direction of the spring, and my blood ran cold with a horrible misgiving even before I had understood the meaning of the shrieks which were soon echoed from the lower end of the dell: "El cochino! the hog! the hog! Santissima! she's upset the pot! *Transó la olla!* there goes our supper!"

"Sic transit gloria!" Overpoweringly tragic, but true. A big sow, attracted by the savory steam, had strolled up from the canebrake, and while the mozo was filling a tin pail at the spring she had made a rush for the main stake, upset the olla and spilt its contents on the ash-strewn ground.

We stood around in that deepest sorrow which despairs to find relief in words, when the lieutenant arrived from the farther end of the grove, his eyes dilated with terror, but not realizing at first sight the full extent of our bereavement. "Oh, the brute! What!" seeing the empty pot, "nothing rescued, nothing at all? upset the kettle altogether? *Quarenta mil caraxos del vivo!*" I must elide the climax of the anathema.

"There now!" laughed the Pecador: "isn't it clear that a man cannot get along in this country without the *lengua Castellana*? I should like to know what other language could have done justice to an occasion like this?"

"Por amor de los santos, lend me your shot-gun, Don Felix!" whimpered the mozo: "we have to get even with that brute. Thank you. I'll run her down, if it takes me all night. Here—"

But in the next moment the Pecador had him by the shoulder: "Hold on there! Put that gun down, young man. I hope that none of us will ever see another Christmas Day if that sow is going to get off with a spoonful of small shot. I'll make her pay the full value of that supper."

"What are you going to do? Roast her alive?"

"Never you mind, I'll make it hotter for her than any fire this side of Halifax. Hand me that cowhide."

He crushed his hat down, bridled his beast with a hitch of the halter and galloped away in pursuit of the fugitive sow, whose career had subsided into a lazy trot as she neared the river-bank. She allowed him to approach within a hundred yards before she looked round, but, finding he was on her traces, she gathered herself up and dashed away at full speed along the shore of the stream. He overtook her at the mouth of a little affluent, and if grief interferes with eupepsia I do not think that hog ever digested its best supper.

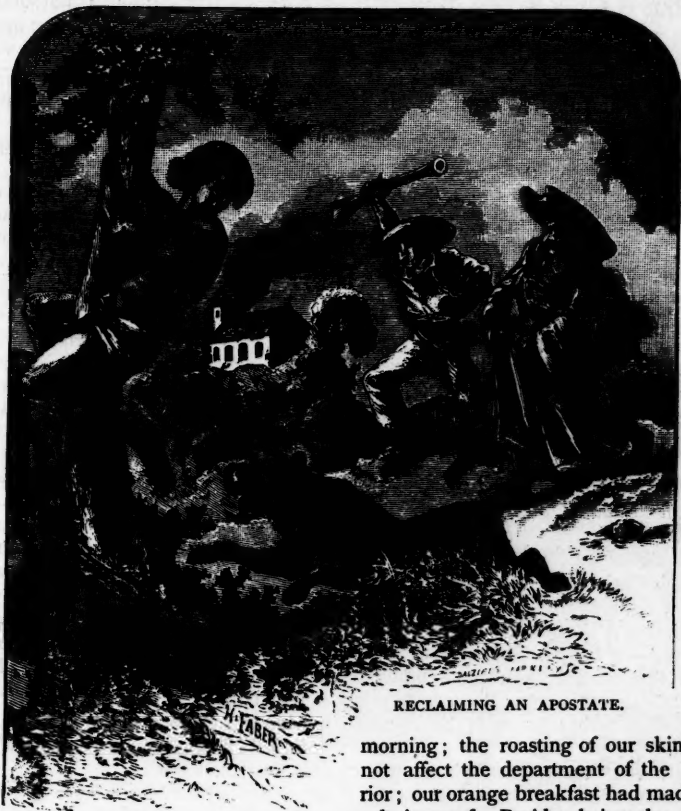
Our loss, after all, was chiefly one of time: beans, lard and eggs enough were left to fill the olla once more, and the success of our grape-forage could assuage our chagrin at the absence of yams. Soon after sunset the vibratory boom of a kettledrum sounded across the valley: the Indians of the river-ranchos were going to celebrate the Holy Night with a *gran funcion* of bonfires, music and chants—perhaps an echo of the old Mexican Sun-festivals, which ushered in the winter solstice for centuries before the golden astrum of the teocallis was superseded by the wooden cross. But the original significance of these *beal-fires* has long been forgotten: what the troopers of Grijalva and Montejo attempted in vain the legionaries of St. Francis have thoroughly accomplished. From Sisal to Cape Vigia the agricultural Yucatecos have accepted the yoke of the cross, and their

intolerant treatment of the pagan Ustecs and Tabascanos has frequently been the cause of inter-Indian wars which enabled the Caucasians to hold the balance of power in spite of their numerical insignificance. At present the resistance of the Gentiles has almost entirely ceased, and local insurrections are promptly suppressed by the orthodox natives without the assistance of the general government. In the district of Izamal and Valladolid there are Indian *curas* and Indian inquisitors who enforce the statutes of the Church with the proverbial zeal of new converts, and have aided the Franciscan missionaries by translating portions of the Bible into the vernacular of their respective tribes, though the ostensible purpose of the gospel has hardly been furthered by the barbarous methods of their propaganda. In many of the larger pueblos the assessment of tithes and school-taxes is farmed out to Indian *colectores*, who do not hesitate to sequester the household valuables of defaulting sceptics, and secure the connivance of the ecclesiastical authorities by reclaiming apostates and deserters without extra charge. On the upper Belize the Ustec rancheros used to evade the wrath of their spiritual guardians by taking *en masse* to the woods and rocks, but after the introduction of West Indian bloodhounds by their *fermier-général* the danger of unbelief has ceased to be a controverted dogma. The *Voz de Mexico* mentions a "collector" of El Cayo so famous for his skill in reclaiming dissenters that in the winter of 1873 he was sent to the Rio Zelades, in the eastern part of the state, where the infidels were openly defying their pastor and declined to marry or be given in marriage after the rite of an infallibly expensive Church. The collector went down with two assistants and a picked pack of his four-legged propagandists, and was soon able to report a rousing revival.

Passing through the rancheria the next morning, we saw a characteristic specimen of the "colored curate" (*cura prieto*), as the Yucatecos call their indigenous clerics—a fat, powerful mestizo, who strutted at the head of the procession under the

canopy of a long-handled cotton umbrella upheld by his acolyte. He carried a Bible and a little bunch of bulrushes, probably a sort of aspersory. Our mozo knew him personally, and described him as a severe disciplinarian who had been known to exact a fee of "cien fanegas" (about sixty bushels) of maize for baptizing an illegitimate papoose. On taking holy orders he had also assumed the patronymic of his defunct Caucasian predecessor, Pedro Santerra, whom he imitated in his habit of spicing his sermons with Spanish sesquipedalities. "Don Pedro Santo" his unregenerate neighbors used to call him.

Half a league south-east of the rancheria we reached the camino real from Campeche to Uxmal, and by an easy ascent of seven miles the ridge of the Cerro de Macoba, here the watershed between the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea. In the far south-east we had a glimpse of the Belize coast-jungles now and then, a light-blue expanse spangled with water-bright streaks and dots; nearer by, the valley of the Rio Bacala, winding between densely-wooded hills; and on our left, the Cerro de Izamal, whose plateau abounds with ruins that antedate the oldest aboriginal traditions. The table-lands of our higher ridge, too, somehow suggested the idea of former cultivation: curious long-drawn furrows, though full of brambles and stones, bore a decided resemblance to boundary-ditches, with the earth heaped up at either side; a pile of rocks at the brink of a deep ravine reminded us, not without reason perhaps, of a buttressed *tête de pont*; and the gradual descent of the winding slopes seemed too regular to be quite accidental. With woodlands on either side, our ridge was very sparsely timbered: the plateau seemed naturally arid, and the Spanish muleteers had aggravated the evil by their condemnable habit of using the wayside shade trees for firewood: the most frequented highways of New Spain, are lined with tree-stumps and the charred vestiges of innumerable camp-fires. In certain respects the Latin races are our superiors in hygienic insight, but their conformity to the health laws of



RECLAIMING AN APOSTATE.

Nature is subjective rather than objective. Cleanly in his personal habits, the Spanish creole tolerates all kinds of nuisances in and about his rancho: he permits his land to become a desert or a seed-plot of malaria, but counteracts the consequences by dietetic precautions.

Frugal, in the original sense of the word, meant literally to live on fruits in distinction to carnivorous habits, which the ancient Italians discountenanced as a dietetic aberration; and this literal kind of frugality is no bad plan in the tropics. We halted for refreshment at a wayside *venta*, and heard to our dismay that the *ventero* had only tortillas and oranges for sale; but we found no reason to repent our lenten fare. The sun seemed to have lost his power for mischief this

morning; the roasting of our skin did not affect the department of the interior; our orange breakfast had made us caloric-proof. Besides being the most digestible articles of food, fruits seem to have the property of lowering the temperature of the system, as it is increased by meat and all kinds of fat; and I have often found a fresh-plucked pineapple or orange from twenty to thirty-five degrees cooler than the surrounding air under the shadiest trees. Plants seem to possess a power of producing cold analogous to that exhibited by animals of producing heat, and even in the midst of a large desert the cool exhalations of an isolated forest will draw rain from passing clouds which withhold that blessing from the thirsty sand-fields around. Insects, too, seem somehow able to maintain a comfortable temperature under a blazing sun: at ten o'clock the flint buttresses on our ridge felt as hot as oven-plates and

the lizards in the shade of the cliffs lay gasping with open mouth, but the insect world seemed to celebrate a holiday, the manna-mesquites swarmed with wasps and beetles, and the flower-tufts of the dusty-green cassias sparkled with hovering butterflies.

A winding ravine brought us to the valley of the Rio Macoba before noon, and, after stopping at different unproductive ranchos, we found the right one and replenished our mess-bag with a store of cakes and bananas. There was no lack of drinking-water in the creeks, but we had set our heart on reaching a little eminence with a magnificent clump of trees that had been a conspicuous landmark for the last four hours. Our perseverance met its reward: no draught of spring-water could be more refreshing than the air that received us on entering the tree-shade: the sudden change equalled the thermal contrast at the mouth of a deep cave. The family of a poor ranchero were eating their Christmas dinner at the foot of a giant fig, and rose with exclamations of welcome: "*Buenos días de Dios, caballeros!*—a happy Christmas to you! What fine weather you have brought us! Dismount, amigos: *hay campo por dos pueblos*—there is room here for a cityful."

We needed not much urging, and in a few minutes the good *ranchera* had revived the embers of her camp-fire, and proceeded to warm our tortillas with a sauce of onions and clarified butter. They declined our invitation to share our repast, but showed their good-will by joining us at the second course, and our combined efforts soon produced an imposing pile of banana-peels. While we enjoyed our Christmas siesta the ranchero's muchachos combined pleasure with business by chasing the big yellow butterflies that visited the honeysuckle festoons of our shade trees, the tally being kept by their little sister, who announced each capture with screams of delight and derision of the unsuccessful competitor. Their father's farm was crossed by the camino real to Uxmal, and visitors from the strange country called Inglaterra had often paid as much as

twenty cents for a single butterfly—the day's wages of a stout peon for a flimsy and almost imponderable insect! But fun, to be unmixed, must be unprofitable, and the young entomologists soon devised a change of programme. On the opposite bank of a deep ravine grazed a troop of young mules, led—or rather misled—by a wary old donkey who had retired from business to enjoy the evening of his life on the sunny slopes of the cerro. In a bush near their pasture, but overhanging the ravine, a colony of black hornets had built a conspicuous nest, a grayish-white spheroid at least sixteen inches long by a foot in diameter. A common stone would hardly carry across, but, after a number of fruitless attempts, one of the boys hit the nest with a flat piece of slate, and two seconds later the mules joined in a series of antics that would have made the fortune of any circus-proprietor. The old ranchero laughed till he screeched, and we had just secured our animals, who were watching the evolutions with growing interest, when the performance closed with a thundering hurdle-race through the underbrush of the chaparral.

When the boys returned their progenitor broached a package of cigaritos, and the whole family then indulged in a sociable Christmas smoke. They were *peones de rotura*—board-laborers working for their rent and a few shillings a month—too poor to indulge in *pulque* or garbanzas on week-days, but evidently with no reason to envy the noonning of a Northern factory-laborer with his ten dollars a week and ten daily working-hours. He who thinks otherwise has never seen a Pittsburgh iron-worker on a midwinter day bolting his dinner in a corner of the rolling-mill, where flying cinders and sooty drops mix with his pea-soup, and the draught of three open doors with the breath of the furnace, while his son or the boarding-house boy stands shivering by, waiting for the dishes and his share of the leathery pie-crust. *O Dios del Sur!*

Excess of caloric might cause as much discomfort as excessive cold if it could not be so much more easily counteracted. Even the after-dinner hour—generally the

warmest from within and without—may be passed right pleasantly at such trifling expense as may be involved by a trip to the next shade trees. After a frugal dinner, resting on a shady eminence, without insane scruples against the removal of superfluous garments, you may defy the dog-star to do its worst. Such a siesta-camp found, what can exceed the luxury of its dreamy repose?—though in the tropics you have to dream with your eyes open: it is not easy to slumber during the busiest working-hour of the organic powers. Earth seems surcharged with vitality as the sky with sunlight. You feel the pulsations of Nature's heart, the breath of the Dea Genetrix: the essence of life quickens the soil, moves over and in the waters and peoples the air with a thousand forms; the spirit of Vishnu is almost visibly present; the day-fairies may bring you visions, but they are visions that banish sleep.

After an hour or so we remounted, though the weather was still oppressively warm. Dark-gray clouds had risen from the east, but failed to overtake the sun, and we envied the parrots that returned in swarms from the fields to their homes in the depths of the virgin woods. A flight of macaws in a wooded valley on our left were called together by their leader and started off in double file, or rather by sets of twos, for high overhead the column divided pairwise, and the separate couples took a bee-line to their respective nests. It was a pretty sight, and their harsh screams sounded clear and melodious from the distance—from an astonishing distance indeed, for the voice of the larger parrots is not less remarkable for its power than for its versatility: the crested macaws can summon their mates from across the broadest rivers of the American tropics.

"It reminds me of home," said the Cuban. "In the province of Bayamo they are our weather-prophets, and if they hurry home before sunset the farm-

ers follow, because it is a sure sign of rain."

"I do not know about rain, but I reckon we'll have a storm before night," said the guide. "They have dry gales in this country that are worse than any thunder-storm: the wind doesn't seem to have so much force if there is water in the air."

"Did you see that lightning?"

"Yes: that decides it," said he: "we



DON PEDRO SANTO.

are in for a rainstorm now. Close up, gentlemen: I'm trying to get you to Charley Cortina's tower-house if I can: he has better accommodation than any *ventero* we could possibly reach to-night."

If animals cannot be credited with reason proper, it must be a sort of acquired instinct which enables them to appreciate their own share of interest in the rate of progress. Our mules went ahead at a spanking trot, and continued to improve their gait without other prompting than that of the muttering thunder and a chill gust of wind which suddenly cooled the

air by twenty or thirty degrees. Splashing through a creek, we started a drove of *mayarros*, or dwarf peccaris, which had huddled together in the canebrake under the shelter of a fallen tree, and I noticed that one of the young pigs had its legs so entangled with pond-weeds and mud that it might have been easily captured. But there was no time for zoological adventures: a whirlwind of dust and leaves swept across the creek and over our heads when we reached the top of the opposite bank.

"Single file!" yelled the Pecador. "Keep up, caballeros, unless you're waterproof: not a minute to lose."

We galloped through a rocky defile and away over the chaparral in the direction of a banana-plantation at the foot of a wooded ridge.

"Is that Cortina's place?"

"No: the next below it—the house at the farther end of the ridge."

"Too late!" cried the Cuban. "Look back there: it's coming like a flying deluge."

"We have to keep ahead of it. Wake 'em up, gents! *Alsa!* Devil take the hindmost!"

"He won't take me, then," shouted the Cuban. "Let's see what they call riding in your country, Mr. Guide. Here goes! Santos de Cuba!"

He had the advantage of us, being slight-built and long-spurred, and the hydrophobic mule forged ahead at a rate which completely redeemed her character. There was no need of looking back: the oncoming storm roared in our rear like a waterfall, and a dust-cloud whirling leaves and twigs over our heads made us clutch our sombreros. The rancho was almost reached—they had seen us, for we heard their cheers and the creak of the swinging gate—but in the moment when we galloped through the corral the flying sea overtook us, and no wetter guests ever crossed the threshold of Carlos Cortina.

The "tower-house" had originally been built for a convent, and the walls were of enormous thickness, the material having been brought in the form of ready-hewn limestone blocks from the ruins of a neighboring teocalli; but I could not get

rid of the impression that I *felt* as well as heard the storm-blasts which seemed to strike the house from all sides at once. After removing our wet mantles the family of the landlord pressed around us in silent awe, till we had to laugh in our own despite at the manoeuvres of a little sapajou monkey who was trying to hide behind a hand-loom in the corner, and squealed and chattered in his attempts to squeeze his shoulders through. Daylight was almost eclipsed, but the air was fairly deluged with electric fire, and the voice of Jupiter Tonans rose to a continuous roar. There were eleven persons in the room, including two women and several children, but I do not think that any of them were *afraid*: the feeling of fear in such moments is kept in abeyance by a stronger emotion, an excitement which neither experience nor lightning-rods will help us to outgrow. It may take the form of devotional exaltation or of boisterous mirth, but only the opium-torpor of a Turk would be proof against crashes that shake the air behind a wall of bombproof masonry and flashes that can penetrate the veil of a cloudburst. Moreover, I suspect that the sensations of a deaf and blind person during a tropical thunderstorm would furnish some curious arguments in favor of Von Haller's conjecture that the organism of the human soul is an electro-magnetic apparatus.

"That will cool the weather for the next two weeks, anyhow," said the landlord when the worst was over; "but it comes a little too soon to suit me: my corn isn't quite ripe, and I am afraid there is not much left standing."

"That will disappoint your long-tailed neighbors, the apes," laughed the guide. "Better get your corn in as it is, or they will take it for a New Year's present, as they did last year."

"Oh, they are welcome," said the farmer. "I made them pay for all they got: I caught fourteen last summer and sold them all but three."

"Do you catch any in winter-time?"

"There will be a chance to-morrow if it clears up before morning, but the best time is the rainy season" (June to November). "If the woods are thoroughly

soaked, they can't stand it any longer, and come out into the open fields with the first sunshine."

"You ship them to Campeche, I suppose?"

"A few, señor, but my foreign visitors pay me more than the regular traders.

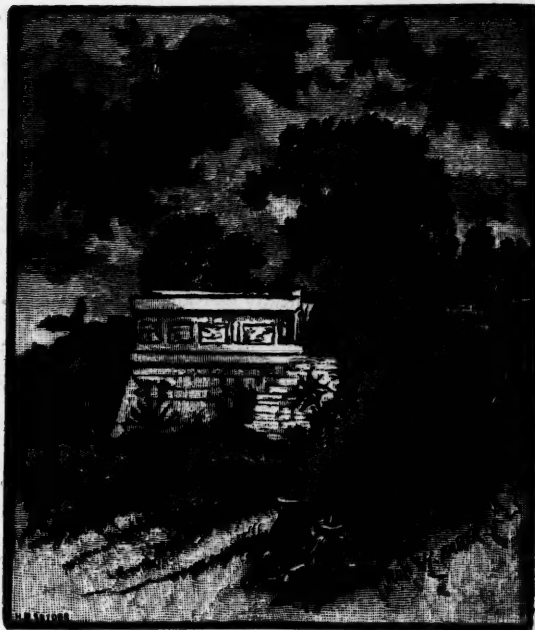
This is only eight miles from Uxmal, you know, and strangers pass almost every week. One of my neighbors has a regular curiosity-shop of birds and pets."

"What is the average price of your monkeys?"

"All the way from four reals to four dollars, sir: one American lady paid me four dollars for an old *mono vasteco*" (sapajou), "the wickedest brute I ever caught. Strangers somehow seem to prefer the full-grown ones—maybe on account of their glossy fur—but if they asked my advice I should tell them honestly that they throw their money away if they pay as much as four copper cents for the finest old monkey in Yucatan, unless they want to eat him or stuff him. If they hope to get any fun out of the brute, they are cheated: a badger or a boar peccari isn't half as contrary as an old monkey. As a rule, the funniness of a monkey ends with his second year."

The rain ceased toward morning, but the air was still humid and sultry, and our guide advised us to wait for a safer guarantee of fair weather, a change of wind or of temperature. While the farmer inspected his corn-fields we ascended a little mound behind the house to take a look at the ruins of a teocalli, or ancient altar-pyramid, which from the valley looked almost like a strongly-entrenched rock-fortress. I could not ascertain the former height of the pyramid,

nor how often its ruins had been pillaged by modern builders, but, to judge by the dimensions of the present ruins, I believe that the original structure must have been the work of different generations, unless the mandate of a despot had assembled an army of architects. The mission of



THE RUINS OF SACRIFICIOS.

Sacrificios, or the "tower-house" (*casa torrada*) as the neighbors call it, was built in 1812 with the contributions collected by the Franciscan monks in the district of Valladolid; but the site chosen by its first projectors was sixteen English miles farther up the river, near the junction of the Rio Macoba with a perennial affluent. It seems that the workmen and their purveyors were in the habit of fetching their forage from the woodlands of the lower river-valley, and that on one of these expeditions a Mexican woodcutter discovered the teocalli of Sacrificios, a huge rubbish-mound entirely covered with a shroud of creepers and tangle-wood. Finding the stones superior in size and finish to those his countrymen

were chiselling with so much labor, he reported his find to the contractor, who at once came down, and, after a careful examination of the ruins, offered to execute his contract at one-third of the stipulated price if his employers would agree to change the site to the neighborhood of the teocalli. The Franciscans, seeing their way out of a financial embarrassment, consulted their superior, who, whispering he would ne'er consent, not only consented, but also recognized the miraculous character of the discovery, which is now claimed to have been the result of a vision revealing the locality of the strange quarry when the builders were straitened for the means of pursuing their pious work.

The teocalli itself is certainly a marvel of enterprise. The foundation-walls, consisting of a triple stratum of cyclopean blocks, cover an area of nearly half an acre, and would alone furnish the material for half a dozen churches, while the upper seven tiers of the superstructure are covered with ornaments which must have cost infinite labor if it is true that their sculptors were unacquainted with the use of iron implements. Between here and Uxmal the ground is almost covered with débris, and the "sacrificial mound" of the Rio Macoba may have been a suburban palace or fortified acropolis of the great city.

"Caught a monkey?" inquired our guide when we met the farmer's family at breakfast.

"No, but we lost one," whimpered the little girl.

"Halloo, what's the matter? Did one of your pets get away?"

"Look here!" said the farmer, showing us the dead body of a little tamarin (*Midax rosalia*): "all the wild monkeys in Yucatan and all my dogs would I have given for this little fellow, and one of our pet squirrels bit him to death last night. *Parece que tuvo alma*—I'm sure he had a soul," said he: "my children never had a prettier playmate."

"Your squirrel did it, you say?"

"Yes, he burned his tail a couple of weeks ago, and last night the squirrel found that sore place and gnawed his tail clear up to the backbone—bled him

to death, I suppose. When my children found him this morning he was as limp as a rag, and died before I came back. It isn't my fault: I shouldn't have sold him for ten dollars. But just do look at those children: they wouldn't cry half as much if the curate of our parish had died."

"Never mind, Anita," said her mother: "your papa will catch you another one just like this."

"No, he never will," wailed Anita. "*O, mi querido, mi pobre chi'querido!*—my sweetheart, my poor little sweetheart!"

"Padrecito," said the boy, who had clutched his father's arm till he secured his attention—"padrecito, mother says that you are going to skin that squirrel alive: when will you do it?"

"Yes, my boy—as soon as we have buried poor Chico."

"Father," continued the boy, "will you let me rub him with pepper-sauce after you've skinned him?"

"He's right," laughed the Pecador: "you ought to get ten dollars' worth of satisfaction out of the brute that did it: are you going to kill him?"

"*Que sirve?*" ("cui bono?"), said he: "it's their nature, I suppose: squirrels are nothing but overgrown rats, anyhow."

Our kind host accompanied us to the upper end of his farm, from where we could reach our destination by a trail across the hill-pastures, the road through the river-bottom being somewhat miry after the heavy rain. The wind had veered to the north-west, and between the slowly-shifting clouds on the eastern horizon the sun glittered on a light-green plain intersected by still brighter, almost canary-yellow, stripes and lines, radiating up the river toward the dark-green hill-country at our feet. The bright lines marked the extent of the riparian palmetto-swamps, the home of countless varieties of water-birds and the favorite haunt of the roving Tabascanos, while the agricultural Maceguals stick to the upland valleys, where their crops are eked out by an unfailing harvest of spontaneous fruits. The banks of the Macoba are overhung with fig trees and cabbage-palms, festooned with the coils of the *uva real*,

whose small but sweet and very prolific yellow grapes alone would secure a homeless wanderer against starvation: farther up, butternut-palms, carob trees, mangoes and wild mulberries form evergreen and ever-teeming orchards, and the underbrush abounds with nuts, berries and different wild-growing Leguminosæ, whose beans are often mixed with those of the cultivated varieties.

Of all non-indigenous fruit trees, the biennial banana alone requires tillage and artificial propagation, but rewards its cultivator so abundantly that a populous village might here be supported with the same amount of labor and on the same acreage which in the North would hardly maintain a small family. A dinner of brown beans, maize cakes, milk and bananas requires but few *entremets*—grapes perhaps, a little honey or butter now and then, or an occasional bit of bacon; but of the four first-named staples the Yucatan farmer can secure a redundant supply by one hour of daily work, without using any of the labor-saving contrivances which have converted our large Eastern farms into so many steam-factories.

At the outskirts of a coppice of taxus trees we came across a singular obstacle. A long wall of verdure it seemed, a perfectly straight hedge of brier and bush-ropes, but a closer inspection revealed a substratum of masonry, heavy and rough-hewn but well-cemented limestone blocks. A dome-like mass of foliage on a hill on our right was probably supported by a similar nucleus, and every now and then our animals stumbled over rubbish-heaps and scattered blocks covered with grass or a network of cordero-brambles. A good deal of building material seemed to have been quarried in the next neighborhood, for the rock-walls of a narrow valley a little farther down were hewn into terraces and polygons for a stretch of nearly half a mile.

As we pursued our trail along the shady banks of a little creek our guide suddenly halted at the foot of a massive bridge-head, and we dismounted to lead our mules over a barricade of heaped-up débris: we had entered the suburbs of

Uxmal. The forest seemed literally to rise from a buried city. Almost everywhere the ground was paved or strewn with square-hewn limestone blocks; leafy arbors and copses, standing about in detached groups, turned out to be rubbish-heaps with a film of vegetation; and when we halted our mules under the canopy of a flowering tamarind we found that its roots had wrenched a sculptured corner-stone from the base of a buried terrace.

What might a dwelling-place of the living be where a city of the dead could robe itself in such a garb of joy? The platform of the crumbling terrace was covered with a flower-carpet of wildering geraniums, lianas and evergreen vines twined their garlands from wall to wall, and pendent tresses of tillandsia moss fluttered like banners from the lintel of a broken gateway. As the sun rose higher the noon-blooming heliconias shook the rain from their locks and opened the light-blue eyes of their feather-flowers, and when the north wind dissipated the clouds the sun himself blinked through the swaying screen of the liana tangle and coquetted with the dancing rivulet at our feet. Not a nook, not a recess, was tenantless: lizards peeped from the narrow loopholes, butterflies and humming-birds carried their morning salute to their favorite flowers or visited the shady arcades where a pair of squirrel-monkeys chattered roguishly in their hiding-place, and the leafy vault overhead resounded with the jubilee of the weaver-thrush.

How cheap is happiness in the tropics! and how expensive in the latitudes where light and warmth cease to be the free gifts of Nature! Our tongues have been attuned to hymns of thanksgiving and resignation, but how many thousand hearts in Europe and North America may repeat the lament of Lenau's exiled Circassian and his prayer to the sun—

Take me from this icy desert,
Up to thee, eternal One!

We may point to our superior civilization, our steam-ploughs and sewing-machines, our petroleum stoves, gas-lit

cities, benevolent societies and feather beds, but all that proves only that life has become more complex on the indoor plan, and that the absence of natural comforts has promoted the elaboration of some highly ingenious substitutes. Reduced to its essentials, however, the problem is just this: Has our net surplus of happiness been increased? Can we discount the gratuitous blessings of the South after subtracting the manufacturing expenses of our boasted succedanea? Or has our burden of woe been lightened enough to incline the balance in our favor? Are cold and hunger a less fruitful source of misery than indolence? Where is the reward of incessant toil if its produce is swallowed by those ever-clamorous creditors? Our system of ethics, a mixture of puritan and mercantile principles, makes us liable to forget that labor is a blessing only as a means to something better, not as the end of existence, and that the temptations of leisure may survive its golden opportunities. Ten hours of factory-work, often followed by a heavy share of domestic drudgery, leave not much chance for the gratification of an ugly habit, but certainly even less for the cultivation of a fine talent, for weeds may still thrive where nobler plants must hopelessly starve.

It cannot be denied that the higher latitudes have become the home of the superior races, but the theory which ascribes the shortcomings of our neighbors to unavoidable climatic influences cannot be reconciled with the stature and strength of the ancient Greeks and modern Abyssinians, nor with the relics of a thousand cities whose builders proved that enterprise and genius may flourish in a winterless clime.

The present degeneracy of the noblest Southern nation is rather a consequence of the baleful physical vices which have fastened upon mankind like a canker, whose ravages can only be counteracted by a powerful prophylactic. This antidote has been found in a cold climate. Cold air is a tonic and antiseptic: like quinine and belladonna, a heavy frost acts as a febrifuge; it preserves animal tissues from decay and enables us to indulge with comparative impunity in a variety of anti-natural habits for which our Southern neighbors have paid with their prestige and their pristine vigor. The bitterness of the cure may be the condition of its efficacy. But is the evil itself a necessary one? Our scientific journals lately adverted to the discovery of a California opium-eater who could "sober up" at ten minutes' notice by swallowing an heroic dose of arsenic; and more than three centuries ago Paracelsus found that the progress of a virulent, and till then incurable, disease could be arrested by the internal use of mercury. These remedies, too, may be infallible, and, on the whole, the lesser evil, but all that would hardly justify the assertion that sobriety and purity can only thrive on a basis of arsenic and quicksilver; and yet it is in a precisely analogous way that a cold climate counteracts a tendency to sloth and ignorance and mitigates the consequences of dietetic abuses.

To Nature-abiding nations and individuals the upland regions of the tropics would offer chances of a happiness superior to that of the frost-plagued latitudes, by just as much as sunlight is superior to coal-gas, and the botanic garden of Lima to the finest Northern conservatory.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

ADAM AND EVE.

CHAPTER VII.

JOAN in front, Eve within speaking-distance behind, the two girls made all haste to reach the village, where Joan's anticipations were confirmed by the various people with whom in passing she exchanged a few words.

Coming within sight of the house, a sudden thought made her turn and say, "Eve, wouldn't 'ee like to see 'em comin' in, eh? There's light enough left if us looks sharp about it."

Eve's lack of breath obliged her to signify her ready assent by several nods, which Joan rightly interpreting, off she ran in advance to leave a few necessary directions about supper; after which she joined Eve, and together they hurried on toward a small flat space just under the Chapel Rock where a group of people were already assembled.

The sun was sinking, and its departing glory hung like a cloud of fire in the west and flecked the sea with golden light: the air was still, the water calm, and only rippled where the soft south-west breeze came full upon it.

Several small vessels lay dotted about, but standing out apart from these were two of larger size and different rig, one of which just headed the other.

"'Tis uncle's in front," said a weather-beaten old fellow, turning round to Joan, who, for Eve's convenience, had taken her stand on the rising hillock behind. "T' hindermost one's the Stamp and Go."

"Never fear, the Lottery 'll niver be t' hindermost one," said Joan boastfully.

"Not if Adam's to helm," laughed another man near: "he'd rather steer to 'kingdom come' first, than make good land second."

"And right he should, and why not?" exclaimed Joan: "'t hasn't come to Adam's luck yet to learn the toons they play on second fiddles."

"Noa, that's true," replied the man; "and 'tis to be hoped 't never will: 't ud

come rayther hard 'pon un up this time o' day, I reckon."

"I s'pose uncle's had word the coast's all clear," said Joan anxiously.

"Awh, he knows what he's about. Never fear uncle: he can count ten, he can. He wouldn't be rinnin' in, in broad day too, without he could tell how the coast's lyin'."

"Why don't they sail straight in?" asked Eve, following with great interest each movement made.

"'Cos if they hugged the land too tight they'd lose the breeze," said Joan.—"Her don't know nothin' 'bout vessels," she said, apologizing for Eve's ignorance. "Her's only just comed here: her lives up to London."

"Awh, London, is it?" was echoed round, while the old man who had first spoken, wishing to place himself on a friendly footing with the new arrival, said, "Awh, if 'tis London, I've a bin to London too, I have."

"What! living there?" asked Eve.

"Wa-al, that's as you may choose to call it: 'twarn't much of a life, though, shovellin' up mud in the Thames River fra' mornin' to night. Howsomdever, that's what they sot me to do 'for chatin' the king's revenoos,'" he quoted with a comical air of bewilderment. "'Chatin'!' " he repeated, with a snort of contempt. "That's a voine word to fling at a chap vur tryin' to git a honest livin'; but there! they'm fo'ced to say sommat, I s'pose, though *you* mayn't spake, mind. Lord, no! you mun stand by like Mump-hazard, and get hanged for sayin' nothin' at all."

"Joan, look! why, they've got past!" exclaimed Eve, as the foremost of the two vessels, taking instant advantage of a puff of wind, gave a spurt and shot past the mouth of the little harbor. "Isn't it in here they've got to come?"

"All right: only you wait," laughed Joan, "and see how he'll bring her round.—There! didn't I tell 'ee so?"

she exclaimed triumphantly. "Where's the Stamp and Go now, then?" she called out, keeping her eyes fixed on the two vessels, one of which had fallen short by a point, and so had got under lee of the peak, where she remained with her square brown sail flapping helplessly, while the other made her way toward the head of the outer pier.—"Now 'tis time for us to be off, Eve. Come 'long, or they'll be home before us."

And, joining the straggling group who were already descending, the two girls took their way back to the house, Joan laughing and vaunting the seamanship of her cousin, while Eve lagged silently behind with sinking spirits as the prospect of meeting her new relations rose vividly before her. Putting together the things she had heard and seen, the hints dropped by Joan and the fashion in which the house was conducted, Eve had most unwillingly come to the conclusion that her uncle gained his living by illicit trading, and was, indeed, nothing less than a smuggler—a being Eve only knew by name and by some image which that name conjured up. A smuggler, pirate, bandit,—all three answered to an ancient black-framed picture hanging up at home in which a petticoated figure, with a dark, beringleted face, stood flourishing a pistol in one hand and a cutlass in the other, while in the sash round his waist he displayed every other impossible kind of weapon. Surely her uncle could be in no way like that, for such men were always brutal, bloodthirsty; and she, so unused to men at all, what would become of her among a lawless crew, perhaps whose drunken orgies might end in quarrels, violence, murder—

"Ah!" and the terrified scream she gave sent Joan flying back from the few yards in advance to see Eve shrinking timidly away from a young fellow who had run up behind and thrown his arm round her waist.

"Why, for all the world, 'tis Adam!" exclaimed Joan, receiving a smacking kiss from the offender, who was laughing heartily at the fright he had occasioned. "Why, Eve, what a turn you give me, to be sure!—Here, Adam, this

is Cousin Eve.—Come here and shake hands with un, Eve.—Where's uncle? is he ashore yet? We've bin watchin' of 'ee comin' in.—Why, Eve, you'm all of a trimble!—Only do 'ee feel her hand: she's shakin' all over like a leaf."

"'Twill pass in a minute," said Eve, vexed that she had betrayed her nervousness. "I was thinking—that was the reason."

"I'm sure I never meant to frighten you," said Adam, who, now that the group of bystanders had moved on, began offering an apology.—"I took her for one o' the maidens here, or I shouldn't ha' made so free."

"Oh, you'll forgive him, won't ye, Eve?"

"I hope so," said Adam: "'twon't do to begin our acquaintance with a quarrel, will it? And I haven't told ye that we're glad to see ye, or anything yet," he added, seeing that Joan had hastened on, leaving them together, "though there's not much need for sayin' what I hope you know already. When did you come, then, Cousin Eve, eh?"

"Yesterday."

"Oh, you didn't get in before yesterday? and you came in the Mary Jane with Isaac Triggs?"

"Yes."

Eve had not sufficiently recovered herself to give more than a direct answer, and as she still felt dreadfully annoyed at her silly behavior, she had not raised her eyes, and so could not see the interest with which her companion was regarding her: in fact, she was hardly attending to what he said, so anxious was she to find the exact words in which to frame the apology she in her turn was bent on making. There was no further time for deliberation, for already Adam had pushed open the door, and then, as he turned, Eve got out, "You mustn't think I'm very silly, cousin, because I seem so to-night; but I ain't accustomed—" and she hesitated.

"To have a young man's arm around your waist?" he said slyly.

"That wasn't what I was going to say; though, as far as that goes, nobody ever did that to me before."

"Is that true?" he laughed.—Then he called out, "Here, Joan, bring a candle. Cousin Eve and I want to see each other: we don't know what we're like to look at yet."

"In a minute," answered Joan, appearing in less than that time with a candle in her hand. "There! if you'm in a hurry I'll be candlestick;" and she put herself between the two, holding the light above her head.—"Now, how d'ye find yourselves, good people, eh?—so good-looking or better than you thought?"

"Ah! that's not for you to know, Mrs. Pert," laughed Adam. "But stay, we've got to kiss the candlestick, haven't we?"

"That's as you please," said Joan, holding up her face to Eve, who was bending down to fulfil the request when Adam caught hold of her, saying, "Come, come! 'tis my turn first: it's hard if a cousin can't have a kiss."

But Eve had drawn herself back with a resolute movement as she said, "I don't like being kissed by men: 'tisn't what I've been used to."

"Well, but he's your cousin," put in Joan: "a cousin ain't like another man; though there's no great harm in anybody, so far as I see."

But Adam turned away, saying, "Let be, Joan: I'm not one to force myself where I'm not wanted."

Fortunately, before any awkwardness could arise from this slight misunderstanding, a diversion was caused by the entrance of Uncle Zebedee, whose genial, good-tempered face beamed as he took in the comfortable room and family group. "Well, Joan," he said as Joan ran forward to meet him, "and who's this? not poor Andrew's little maid, to be sure?—Why, I'm glad to give 'ee welcome, my dear. How be 'ee? when did 'ee come? Has her bin good to 'ee, eh? gived 'ee plenty to ate and drink? I'll into her if she ha'n't, the wench!" and he pulled Joan lovingly toward him, holding back Eve with the other hand so that he might take a critical survey of her.—"I say, Joan, what do 'ee say? 'Tis a purty bit o' goods, ain't it?"

Joan nodded assent.

"Why, who's her like, eh? Not her

poor father—no, but somebody I've knowed. Why, I'll tell 'ee: my sister Avice that was drowned saving another maid's life, that's who 'tis. Well, now I never! to think o' Andrew's maid bein' like she! Well, she was a regular pictur, she war, and so good as she war handsome."

"That shows us both comes o' one family," said Joan, rubbing her rosy cheek against the old man's weather-stained visage.

"Not a bit of it," he laughed; "but I'll tell 'ee what: she's got a touch of our Adam here, so well as bein' both named together, too. My feyther, poor ole chap! he couldn't abide his name hisself no-ways, but us two lads, Andrew and me, us allays swore that our childern, whether boys or maids, 'cordin' as they comed fust, should be Adams and Eves; and us kept our words, the both of us, ye see.—Here, Adam!" he called, "come hither, lad, and stand up beside thy cousin. I want to take measure of 'ee together, side by side."

But Adam, though he must have heard, neither answered nor came in; and after waiting for a few minutes his father, by way of apology, premised to Eve that he had gone up to "titivate a bit," while, jerking his finger over his shoulder, he asked Joan in a stage-aside if the wind had shifted anyways contrary.

Joan shook her head, answering in a low voice that it would be all right, and she would run out and hasten in the supper; and some ten minutes later, while Eve was detailing to her uncle some of the events of her past life—how her mother and she had lived, and how they had managed to support themselves—Adam reappeared, and Uncle Zebedee, pointing to a seat near, endeavored to include him in the conversation; but whether Eve's past history had no interest for her cousin, or whether he had not quite overlooked her small rebuff, she could not decide. At any rate, he seemed to be much more amused by teasing Joan, and as Joan was by no means unwilling to return his banter while she moved about and in and out the room, the two carried on a very smart fire of

rough joking, which gradually began to interest Uncle Zebedee, so that he left off talking to listen; and very soon Eve found herself at liberty to indulge her hitherto restrained curiosity and take a critical survey of Adam, who lounged on a chest opposite, with his whole attention so apparently engrossed by Joan as to render it doubtful whether the very existence of such a person as Eve had not entirely escaped his recollection.

Certainly, Adam was a man externally fitted to catch the fancy of most women, and, nettled as Eve was by his seeming indifference to herself, she tried in vain to discover some fault of person to which she could take objection; but it was of no use battling with the satisfaction her eyes had in resting on such perfection, heightened by the gratifying knowledge that between them an evident likeness existed. Adam had the same fair skin, which exposure had tanned, but could not redden; his hair, although of a warmer tint, was of a shade similar to her own; his eyes were gray, his brows and lashes dark.

Absorbed in trying to compare each separate feature, Eve seemed lost in the intensity of her gaze, so that when, Adam suddenly looking round, their eyes met (during one of those lapses for which Time has no measurement), Eve sat fascinated and unable to withdraw her gaze. A kindred feeling had apparently overcome Adam too, for, the spell broken, he jumped up, and with something between a shake and a shiver walked abruptly to the far end of the room.

"Here, Adam," called out Joan, who had stepped into the outer kitchen, "don't 'ee go out now, like a dear. I'm just takin' the things up: supper won't be a minute afore it's in, and if it's put back now 'twill all be samsawed and not worth eatin'." And to strengthen her entreaty she hastened in and set on the table a substantial, smoking-hot pie. "Why, wherever now has Eve got to?" she exclaimed, looking round the room. "I left her sittin' there not a minute agone."

"Eh! what? who's gone?" exclaimed Uncle Zebedee, roused from a cat's sleep,

in which, with a sailor-like adaptation of opportunity, he was always able to occupy any spare five minutes.

"I think she ran up stairs," said Adam. "Here, I'll call her," he added, intercepting Joan as she moved toward the door which, from the innermost portion of the room, led to the upper part of the house.—"Cousin Eve!" he called out, "Cousin Eve! supper's waitin', but we can't begin till you come down."

"Iss, and bear a hand, like a good maid," chimed in Uncle Zebedee, "for we haven't had nothin' to spake of to clane our teeth 'pon this last forty-eight hours or so; and I for one am pretty sharp set, I can tell 'ee."

This appeal being irresistible, Eve hastened down, to find Adam standing so that when she put her hand on the door-handle he, under the pretence of opening it to a wider convenience, put his hand over hers, leaving Eve in doubt whether the unnecessary pressure was the result of accident or an attempt at reconciliation. One thing was evident: Adam was bent on thoroughly doing the honors of the table; he made a point of assisting Eve himself; he consulted her preference, and offered the various things to her—attentions which Eve, as a stranger and a guest, thought herself, from the son of the house, perfectly entitled to, but which Joan viewed with amazement, not liking, as it was Adam, to interfere, but feeling confident that Eve must be very embarrassed by a politeness not at all current in Polperro, where the fashion was for the men to eat and drink and the women to sit by and attend upon them.

But Adam was often opposed to general usage, and any deviation was leniently accepted by his friends as the result of his having been schooled at Jersey—a circumstance that Joan considered he was now bent upon showing off; and noting that, do or say what he might, Eve would not raise her eyes, she pitied her confusion, and good-naturedly tried to come to her rescue by endeavoring to start some conversation.

"Did 'ee try to reason with Jerrem, Adam?" she asked, reverting to a portion of their previous talk.

"Reason!" he answered pettishly: "what good is there in anybody reasoning with him?"

"Awh, but he'll always listen to a soft word," said Joan pleadingly: "you can lead Jerrem any ways by kindness."

"Pity you weren't there, then, to manage him," said Adam, in not the most pleasant tone of voice.

"Well, I wish you had been there, Joan," said Uncle Zebedee decisively, "for I ain't half well plased at the boy bein' left behind: he'll be gettin' into some mischief that 'twon't be so aisy to free un from. I'd rayther be half have spoke to un sharp mysel': he allays minds anythin' I say to un, he does."

"'Tis a pity," then, you held your tongue so long," said Adam, whose face began to betray signs of rising displeasure. "I only know this, that over and over again you've said that you wouldn't run the risk of bein' kept waitin' about when he knew the time for startin'. Why, no later than the last run you said that if it happened agen you'd go without him."

"Iss, iss, 'tis true I said so," said the old man querulously, "but he knawed I didn't mane it. How should I, when I've bin a youngster mysel', and all of us to Madame Perrot's dancin' and fiddlin' away like mad? Why, little chap as I be," he added, looking round at the two girls with becoming pride, "'t 'as taken so many as six t' hold me; and when they've a-gotten me to the boat they've had to throw me into the watter till I've bin a' but drowned 'fore they could knock a bit o' sense into me. But what of it all? Why, I be none the warse for matter o' that, I hopes."

Adam felt his temper waxing hot within him, and having no wish that any further display of it should be then manifested, he rose up from the table, saying it was time he ran down to the boat again; and old Zebedee, warned by an expressive frown from Joan, swallowed down the remainder of his reminiscences, and kept a discreet silence until the retreating footsteps of his son assured him that he could relieve himself without fear of censure.

"'Tis along of his bein' a scholard, I s'pose," he exclaimed with the air of one

seeking to solve a perplexity, "but he's that agen anybody bein' the warse o' a drap o' liquor as niver was."

"Jerrem's one that's too easily led astray," said Joan, by way of explaining to Eve the bearings of the case, "and once away he forgets all but what's goin' on around un; and that don't do, ye know, 'cos when he's bin told that they'm to start at a certain time he ought to be there so well as the rest, 'specially as he knaws what Adam is."

"Iss, and that's the whole rights of it," returned Zebedee with a conclusive nod. "Maister Adam goes spakin' up about last time: 'And mind, we ain't agoin' to wait for no wan'—and the imitation of his son's voice conveyed the annoyance the words had probably given—and the boy's blid was got up. 'Tis more than strange that they two, brought up like brothers, can't never steer wan course. I'd rayther than twenty pound that this hadn't happened," he added after a pause.

"But how comed 'ee to go when you knawed he wasn't there?" asked Joan.

"I never knawed he warn't there," replied the old man. "I can't think how 'twas," he said, scratching his head in the effort to assist his memory. "I'd a bin up to Reinold's, takin' a drap wi' wan or two, and, somehow, I don't mind about nawthin' much more till us was well past the Spikles; and then, after a time, I axed for the lad, and out it all comes."

"And what did 'ee say?" said Joan.

"Wa-al, what could I say? Nothin' that 'ud fetch un back then. 'Sides, Adam kept flingin' it at me how that I'd a said las' time I wuddn't wait agen. But what if I did? I knawed, and he knawed, and Jerrem knawed 'twas nawthin' more than talk. Moreoover which, I made sure he'd ha' come with Zeke Johns in the Stamp and Go. But no, they hadn't a laid eyes on un, though they started a good bit after we."

"He's sure to get on all right, I s'pose?" said Eve questioningly.

"Awh, he can get on fast enough if he's a-minded to. 'Tain't that I'm thinkin' on: 'tis the bad blid a set brewin' 'twixt

the two of 'em. If I only knawed how, I'd send un a bit o' my mind in a letter," he added, looking at Joan.

"Wa-al, who could us get to do it, then? There's Jan Curtis," she said reflectively, "only he's to Looe; and there's Sammy Tucker, but, Lord! 'twould be all over the place, and no holding mother any-ways: she'd be certain to let on to Adam."

"It mustn't come to Adam's ears," said Zebedee decisively. "Can't 'ee think o' nobody else scholard enuf?"

"If it's nothing but a letter, I can write, Uncle Zebedee," said Eve, rather shyly, and not quite clear whether Joan did or did not possess the like accomplishment.

"Can 'ee, though?" exclaimed Uncle Zebedee, facing round to get a better view of this prodigy; while Joan, with a mixture of amazement and admiration, said, "Not for sure? Well, I niver! And you'll do it too, won't 'ee?"

"With all my heart, if uncle will tell me what to say."

"But mind, not a word before Adam, Eve," said Joan hastily, "'cos, if he's minded, he can write a hand like copper-plate."

"And 'ee thinks two of a trade wouldn't agree: is that it?" laughed Zebedee.

Joan shook her head. "Never you mind," she said, "but only wait till next Valentine's Day's ha' come, and won't us two have a rig with somebody that shall be nameless?"

"Only hark to her!" chuckled old Zebedee, answering Joan's significant look by the most appreciative wink. "Ah! but her's a good-hearted maid," he said, addressing Eve; "and," he added, with a confidential application of his hand to his mouth, "if but they as shall be nameless would but voo her through my eyes, her should curl up her hair on her weddin'-night in five-pound notes, as her blessed aunt, my poor missis, did afore her, dear sawl!"

CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as the supper was cleared away Joan began to set on the table

glasses, pipes and spirits. "Uncle's sure to bring two or three back with un," she said; "and if all's ready there'll be no need for we to hurry back."

Eve gave a questioning look.

"Why, us is goin' down 'long to see what's up," said Joan. "There's sure to be doin's somewheres or 'nother. Besides, you haven't sin none o' the chaps as yet; and as we don't mean to lose 'ee now us have got 'ee, the sooner that's done the better."

"Isn't it rather late?" asked Eve, smiling at Joan's insinuations.

"Late? laws! no: 'tis only just gone eight, and the moon's risin' as bright as day. Get alongs, like a dear, and fetch down your cloak. Mine's here to hand."

Eve offered no more opposition. She had no objection to a stroll, and determined in her own mind that she would try and beguile Joan into extending their ramble as far as the cliff-side.

She came down stairs to find Joan already standing in the street chatting to a group of girls who, like herself, were out seeking for amusement.

"Here she is," said Joan, intimating by her tone that the former conversation had related to Eve; whereupon several of Joan's more immediate intimates came forward and shook the new-comer by the hand, while others murmured something polite about "bein' very glad to make her acquaintance;" and together they all set off in a friendly fashion, exchanging words with everybody they met or passed, and addressing so many of them as Uncle This or Aunt That, that Eve could not refrain from asking if she was related to any of them.

"Iss, to all of 'em," laughed one of the girls, Ann Lisbeth Johns by name. "Why, didn't 'ee know us was all aunts and cousins here? You'd best be careful, I can tell 'ee, for you'm fallen 'mong a reg'lar nest o' kindred."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Eve politely. "I hope I may like those I don't know as well as those I do;" and she gave a squeeze to Joan's arm, through which her own was threaded.

"Ain't her got purty ways?" said one of the girls admiringly to another. "I

wonder what Adam thinks of her?" and, turning, she said to Joan, "Has her seed Adam yet?"

Joan nodded her head.

"Wa-al, what does he think of her?"

"I don't think he's had any opportunity of giving his opinion," laughed Eve, relieving Joan from the necessity of answering what she thought must be an embarrassing question.

"Awh, bless 'ee!" returned the girl, "you don't want Adam to spake: 'tis actions is louder than words with he, and no mistake.—Where's he to-night, then, Joan? Zekiel told me they wasn't manin' to land 'fore mornin'."

"Gone up to leave word to Killigarth, I reckon," said Joan. "There don't seem much goin' on here," she added, looking round with a disappointed expression. "'Tis a proper dead-and-alive set-out, surely."

"Oh no, Joan. Why, I was thinking what a change, and wondering wherever all the people had come from."

"Oh, 'tisn't nothin' now. You should see it sometimes: the place is like a fair. There's fiddlin' and dancin' and wrastlin' and all sorts goin' on: you can't hear yourself spake for the noise. Now there ain't so much as a fight to look at."

"The boats was in so late," said Ann Lisbeth, "there's scarce bin time to hear of it yet a whiles. 'Twill be better in an hour's time."

"Supposing we went for a walk till then?" put in Eve.

"Would 'ee like it?" asked Joan, anxiously that Eve should be amused.

"Far better than anything else."

"All right, then: we'll go.—Ann Lisbeth, you'll come too?"

And, joining arms, the three were about to turn toward the Talland side when they were met by the old woman who had spoken to them in the morning.

"Hullo, Poll! Why, where be you bound for?" said Joan.

"Who be you?" exclaimed the woman, in her gruff, harsh voice. "What, Joan Hocken, is it?" and seizing Joan by the shoulder, she peered into her face. "Here," she added, apparently satisfied and letting go her hold, "what's

this they'm tellin' up 'bout Jerrem, as has bin left behind? 'Tain't true that *that* Adam started without un a-purpose, eh?"

"I don't know that 'twas a-purpose," said Joan. "But Jerrem knowed the time o' startin' same as t'others did, and when the time was up and no Jerrem, why, they comed without un. But 'tain't likely Adam 'd got more to do with it than others had."

"They that can swaller such words as they needn't fear that lies 'ull choke 'em," returned Poll contemptuously. "Why, now, you knows better than to say if Adam hadn't bin so willed either wan aboard the Lottery ha' durst to lave the boy behind. But 'twill come home to un yet: he'll try on his masterful ways too often. And mind this, Joan Hocken—"

But Joan had turned aside. "I don't want to hear no more o' your talk," she said snappishly. "I b'lieve you've bin drinkin': that's what 'tis."

"Where *to*, then?" retorted old Poll fiercely. "Who's to bring a poor ole sawl like me a drap o' liquor, 'ceptin' 'tis Jerrem? and he left behind, what promised that this time I should ha' tay and brandy too, and was a-bringing it, like he allays does."

"Oh, well, I dare say Adam 'll find somethin' for 'ee," said Joan.

"Sommat for me?" exclaimed Poll. "Curses and oaths, that's all I ever gets from he. Lord! but I pays un they back agen," she added, brightening up at the recollection of her powers. "I can sarce so well as ever he can. Drinkin', is it, I've bin?" and her voice changed into a whine. "Wait till you'm up seventy-four, Joan Hocken, and see then if you bain't glad o' a mouthful o' sperrits to keep life in yer insides; but want I may 'fore any but Jerrem 'ud think to trate me; and he a-left, too!"

"There! come 'long, do!" exclaimed the impetuous Joan. "Now, what 'll 'ee have? I'll stand treat for it; so say the word: what's it to be?"

"Why, now, will 'ee, sure 'nuf? Awh, but you'm a dear sawl, Joan Hocken, you be; and you shall have a baw so handsome as he's lucky, and so I tell 'ee." And, talking as she went, she

turned a little to the right, leading the way toward a small public-house, with a hanging-board announcing it to be the sign of the Three Pilchards, which was lighted up in certain anticipation of an increased run of business.

"Now, don't 'ee hinder we," exclaimed Poll, in remonstrance to some men gathered near, one of whom laid familiarly hold of Ann Lisbeth. "Us is agoin' in here to have a drap o' drink together."

"One word for us and two for herself," laughed Joan.—"There! get along in and have what you're a mind to, Poll. I'm goin' to stand treat," she said in explanation.

"Noa, I dawn't like that way o' doin' it at all," said Poll, trying to expostulate by her gestures more than her words.—"Wa-al, won't wan of 'ee come?—You come, my dear," she said, catching hold of Eve. "Iss, now, do 'ee, 'cos I knowed yer feyther."

"No, no," said Joan decisively: "let Eve be. We'se goin' for a walk, and 'twill be too late if we stop. Besides, you ain't in no hurry. Stop, to be sure, and you'll get somethin' more gived to 'ee."

"Only hark to her!" exclaimed old Poll, well pleased at the cheering prospect. "Awh, 'tis a thousand pities I bain't a han'som' young sailor-chap: I'd see if Joan Hocken should go begging for a husban'; but, Lord! now-a-days men's such a poor lot, with no more sperrit in 'em than a Portygee! I'm main glad I had my time afore any sich was born."

This last speech set them all laughing, in the midst of which the girls turned to cross the bridge, so as to get by the Warren to the cliff. As they passed by the houses they received several invitations to "step in a bit," to all of which Joan answered that later on they would, but now they were going for a little walk.

"There's a goodish lot gone by," said one woman, who was standing at her door. "I don't know whether 'tis wrastlin' or fightin' they'm up to, sommat or 'nother's goin' on there: anyways, Rawes Climo's in it."

"Oh, my dear life!—Here, Joan, let's come on," exclaimed Ann Lisbeth, who took a very lively interest in the movements of Mr. Rawes Climo.

"But if it's a fight," said Eve, "hadn't we best go back?"

"Why for, then? So long as they fights fair I'd so soon see 'em fight as wrastle: wouldn't you, Joan?"

"Depends, 'pon who 'tis," said Joan philosophically.—"'Tain't no fight, Eve," she continued, "and wrastlin's only play, you know."

Thus encouraged, Eve proceeded on toward a crowd, which they now caught sight of, assembled together on a small flat space of ground not far off from the building-yard.

The moon was at its full, and its light made all around easily discerned. Joan first ducked her body to try and get a peep between the taller people's legs; then she gave a jump to see if she could catch a glimpse of anything over their heads; and both these endeavors proving futile, she announced it as her opinion that if they didn't try and elbow in they might as well have stayed at home.

Ann Lisbeth was by no means loath to use the necessary exertions, and the three soon found themselves—in considerable advance of the outer circle—pausing to take breath before they attempted a further passage of arms with a formidable-looking opponent in the shape of a thick, sturdy girl standing in front of them.

"Who's t'other one?" asked Joan.

"A Looe chap," returned the girl: "I ha'n't a-heerd what he's called, but he might so well ha' stopped home: he's a bin thraved twice afore, and now all the sense is knacked out of 'im, and he lies bleedin' like a bullock."

"Oh dear!" cried Eve, but the exclamation was quite lost on her two companions, whose fresh-whetted curiosity urged them to more vigorous efforts, so that while they pressed forward Eve found little difficulty in slipping her arms from under theirs; and, turning her exertions in an opposite direction, she soon found herself outside again and free to follow her own desires.

She did not wish to go back without Joan, and it was not pleasant to stand loitering on the outskirts of a crowd, so she determined to walk a little distance on along the cliff.

A knot of men, sitting and standing about a rough seat hollowed in the rock, determined her upon taking the lower path, and, without looking in their direction, she walked on, her pace gradually slackening as she got beyond fear of observation.

How calm and still the water looked! Eve was just beginning to drink of the fulness of this new phase of its beauty, when a voice behind her said, "Cousin Eve, is that you?"

"Oh, Cousin Adam!" and her tone and face showed that his presence was by no means unwelcome.

"Why, how is it you're all by yourself? Where's Joan got to, that you're alone?"

"Oh, she's not very far off. We were both together till just this minute. There's a fight or something goin' on, and she's just stopped to look at it. Somebody said one of them was bleeding, and that was enough for me: I didn't wait to see any more."

Adam laughed. "Why, you're never such a coward as to be afraid of a drop of blood?" he said. "Not you!"

"Indeed but I am. If anybody but cuts his finger I feel faint."

"That's nice stuff to make a sailor's wife out of!" said Adam.

"I'm not going to be a sailor's wife," returned Eve promptly.

"Oh, indeed! How do you know that? I s'pose some of your fine London chaps have stolen a march upon us. Never mind: we'll manage to give 'em the go-by. All's fair in love and war, you know."

"I don't in the least know what you mean," said Eve, trying to assume a very indifferent tone. "But I've no doubt Joan will be looking for me by this time, so I'd best go back."

"I wouldn't advise you to," said Adam, standing so that without pushing she could not well pass him. "'Twon't be over for a good half hour yet, take my word for it, and Joan won't come away till it's ended.

There's plenty of time to walk to the end twice over before you'll catch sight of her; that is, if you've a mind to go."

"Oh, I want to go very much," replied Eve, "but there's no need for me to take you," she added demurely: "I don't mind a bit going by myself."

"All right, then: I'll go back," said Adam.

"Yes, do." But the words did not come out very readily, for Eve had certainly not expected to be taken literally.

Before she had time to turn Adam had burst into a laugh: "So that's the way the London dandies treats the maidens, is it? Well, they're a nice lot to choose from, instead of a good, honest sailor-chap, who'd live and die for ye. Now, you take my advice, Cousin Eve: send him a mitten; give him 'turmits,' as they say hereabouts, and leave it to me to find somebody else to stand in his shoes."

"You're very kind, upon my word," said Eve, laughing—"more like a father than a cousin. But, thanking you all the same, Cousin Adam, when I am on the lookout—and that won't be yet a while—I think I'd as soon choose for myself."

"All right: so long as he isn't one of your counter-jumpin', tape-measurin' town fellows, I'll give my consent. But there: I needn't waste words, for I'll bet a guinea before twelve months is past you won't own you ever saw a man who wasn't a sailor. Why, if you'd bin a man what would you have bin? Why, a sailor of course, aboard the Lottery, eh?"

"And get left behind, like the young man you wouldn't wait for at Guernsey," said Eve.

But the speech was not out of her mouth before she repented making it, for Adam's face clouded over. "I only served him right," he said. "He's always up to some fool's game or 'nother, which those who ought to know better look over, because he's hail fellow with every one he meets. That was all very well years ago, but it doesn't do now-a-days; and 'cos I see it and try to keep things up a little, nothing's bad enough to say of me. 'Tisn't of much use tryin' to alter things while

the old man's alive, but if some of them don't learn to spell *obey* before they die I'm a Dutchman."

They had by this time reached the projecting flat, and Eve, wishing to turn the conversation into a more pleasant channel, proposed that they should stand for a few minutes and look around them.

"Isn't it most lovely?" she said. "I didn't think any place in the world could be so beautiful."

"Yes, 'tis a pretty lookout enough now," said Adam, "with the moon shining on the sea like silver, and the stars twinklin' out all over the sky, but, by the Lord! it can put on an ugly face sometimes. I've seen the sea dashing up over where we're standin' now, and the wind drivin' dead on the land, and a surf no vessel could live in. Ah! 'tis time to think o' sayin' your prayers then, for you're within hail of kingdom come, and no mistake."

"How dreadful!" said Eve with a shudder as she conjured up the scene. "It wouldn't be half as dreadful if the sea looked as it does now. I seem as if I shouldn't hardly mind jumping into it a bit."

"Shouldn't you?" said Adam, throwing his arm round her waist and impelling her to the brink of the cliff: "s'pose we try it together?"

Eve gave a terrified cry; and, drawing her back, Adam said in a soothing tone, "Why, what a little coward it is, to be sure! Did you think I meant to throw you over?"

"Of course I didn't," said Eve, recovering herself: "it was only because I was startled: I shouldn't have minded else. I should like to look over."

"Come along, then: I'll hold you tight enough;" and he allowed Eve to bend forward so that she could see the gleaming surf as it rippled and lapped the rocks below.

Eve gave a sigh of satisfaction. "I feel," she said, "as if I could stand like this for ever."

"So do I," said Adam.

"I don't want to go in-doors."

"Neither do I."

"Nor to speak or say a word."

"No."

"Only to look, and look, and look." And her voice died away with the last word, and she seemed to abandon herself to the full enjoyment of the scene before her. It was one which might well absorb every thought—the vast unbroken mirror of waters, over which the moon flung the great mantle of her light, the fleecy floating clouds, the tall dark cliffs, behind which lay shadowed the little town. At another time Eve would have had neither eyes nor ears nor thoughts for anything but this, but now, overpowering these surroundings, came a tremulous emotion from within—a something new, which was sweeter than pleasure and keener than pain, which made her long to speak and yet dread to break the silence. Another moment passed: the spell grew stronger. Then a warm breath stirred the air close to her cheek, and with a sudden effort Eve gave a dexterous movement which freed her from Adam's arm and placed her at a little distance from his side.

"It's quite time we went back," she said in an altered voice. "Joan must have been wondering for ever so long where I've got to."

"The wonder is you ain't at the bottom of the cliff," said Adam surlily. "The next time you think o' being so nimble I'd advise you to choose some safer place than here."

CHAPTER IX.

EVE and Adam walked back in comparative silence. The fight was over, the crowd dispersed, and, as neither of them displayed any wish to join the revelry which on and about the quay was now in full swing, they took their way home by a different road.

Eve was vexed and angry with herself—unduly so, she thought, for she could not help losing Joan, neither could she help Adam following her; and as for the rest, she did not know what else she could have done. It was all Adam's fault. She wished he would leave her to herself. She could see they should never

agree, and the sooner he found out that she wasn't going to let him take such free ways with her, the better friends they'd be.

As for Adam, he looked the picture of ill-humor, and the expression on his handsome face was anything but a pleasant one; and his thoughts, taking as they did the form of a volley of expletives, were the more bitter and lasting because he could not give free vent and expression to them.

The house reached, he pushed open the door, saying, as he let Eve pass in, "I told you Joan wouldn't put herself out. There she is."

And there, as he said, dimly discernible through a cloud of smoke, in the midst of several men, sat Joan, before her a glass of a smoking compound, a large bowl of which occupied the place of honor on the table.

"Oh, so you've come at last?" she said as Eve entered.

"Yes. Didn't you wonder what had become of me, Joan? I was so afraid you'd be frightened to think where I got to."

"Not I," said Joan recklessly: "when I got out they told me where you was gone, and that Adam had gone after 'ee."

"Oh, then, why didn't you come too?" said Eve in an aggrieved tone: "I hadn't gone but a very little way."

"'Cos two's company and three's trumpery, my dear: ain't it, Adam? You'd ha' told me so if she hadn't: that's the best o' bein' cousins, you can speak your mind so free."

"There! where be goin' to sot to, my dear?" interrupted Uncle Zebedee, feeling, according to his expression, that there was a screw loose somewhere. "Here, hide a bits here;" and he pulled her down on his knee.—"Messmates," he said, "this is my poor brother Andrew's daughter, comed a' the ways fro' London to live wi' her old uncle and keep that raskil Joan in order. What do 'ee say to drinkin' her good health and a welcome home to her, eh?"

Without replying, the company filled their glasses, and one of them giving the signal by nodding his head toward Eve, the rest followed his example, took a

good drink, and then, to signify their unqualified assent to a remark by their leader that he wouldn't mind "a foo more o' her sort bein' shipped to this port," rapped their pipe-stems vigorously on the table.

"Now 'tis your turn to make a speech," said Uncle Zebedee.

"Her wants to wet her whistle first," said the weatherbeaten old fellow nearest to her, judging Eve's hesitation by the cause which alone could influence his own loquacity.—"Here, Joan, get a glass for her."

"No, no, Joan—don't! I'll—"

"Take a drap out o' mine," he interrupted gallantly, pushing his jorum of grog in front of her. "Doan't fear to take a good pull. I'm a moderate man myself: I never exceeds the wan glass."

"That's true," replied a sour-faced man with one eye; "only, somehows, you manages not to see the bottom o' he while there's a drap standin' in the bottle."

"Then 'tis we won't go home till mornin' this time," said Uncle Zebedee heartily, "for there's lashin's more than's put 'pon table; so at it with a will, my boys, for you may walk a deck-seam after a tub o' such stuff as this is.—Come, Adam lad," he added, turning to his son, "make a pitch somewheres.—Can't 'ee find room for un beside o' you, Joan?"

"No, I'd rather have his room than his company," said Joan, getting up to fetch some more glasses: then, catching Eve's rather wistful gaze following her, she selected one with bright-colored flowers painted on it, saying, as she set it before her, "There! that purty one's for you."

Eve's face brightened at what was evidently intended as a peace-offering. She took the glass, expressing her admiration of it; and, having it in her hand, there was no further good in protesting against its being filled.

"'Tis quite a ladies' tippie, this," said the visitor who was doing the honors of the punch-bowl.—"Here, Joan my dear, hand over your glass agen. You've only had a thimbleful."

Joan did as she was desired, and then Eve's neighbor said, "Come, we ha'n't a had your speech yet, you know."

"Oh, I can't make a speech," laughed Eve. "I—I can only say I'm very much obliged to everybody."

"Wa-al, that'll do," said the old fellow approvingly; "I'm not wan for many words myself: I likes a foo here and a foo there, turn and turn about, give all a chance, and pass the grog round: that's what I calls behavior in good company. Now, then, listen to what the maid's got to say," he said, bringing down his fist on the table, and thereby setting everything on it in a jingle: "Zeb-dee's niece is agoin' to spake."

Thus signalled out for observation, there was nothing for it but to repeat her former words, and having got out, "I feel very much obliged to everybody," Eve turned her blushing face round to her uncle, unaware that Adam was behind, and that he as well as his father could see her pretty air of shy embarrassment.

"Hear! hear! well said!" roared out old Zebedee reassuringly, giving her cheek at the same time a hearty, sounding kiss, while Adam exclaimed, with ill-suppressed irritation, "Why don't you let her sit down like the rest, father?—there's chairs enough for all, surely;" and he pointed to a vacant chair next to Joan, of which, with a nod to Uncle Zebedee, Eve took possession, leaving Adam to seat himself at a little distance off.

Without further remark Adam plunged into conversation with the guest who happened to be his neighbor; Eve entered into an explanation with Joan; and the rest of the company returned to their grog and pipes and the repetition of their oft-told tales of privateering, press-gang adventures and escapes from French prisons. Eve's interest had just been aroused by one of these narratives when Joan, noting that her glass remained untouched, pushed it significantly toward her. Eve waited for an instant, and then pushed it back again; but Joan would not be denied, and they were still engaged in this pantomime when Adam, who had apparently been watching them, said dictatorially, "Let be, Joan. Why do you press if she don't want to drink it?"

Thinking he was annoyed at her non-compliance, Eve said, "Yes: I'm sure it's

very good, but I'm not used to such things. I don't know that I ever tasted spirits in my life."

"Well, taste that, then," said Adam. She shook her head.

"Do," said Adam entreatingly. "To oblige me put your lips to it."

"Oh, well, I don't mind doing that," said Eve, raising the glass to her mouth.

"Now," he said, turning it so as to drink from the same place, "I'll finish it for you;" but before he could carry out his intention, Joan, whose face had suddenly blazed up with color, knocked the glass out of his hand, and before he had time to recover his surprise her own and its contents were shied to the other end of the room.

"I say, what's the row there?" exclaimed Uncle Zebedee.—"Why, Joan, what's come to 'ee, maid, that you're smashin' up the glasses? 'Tis reytter early for that sort o' game yet a whiles."

"Best to take a drap more," said the distributor of the punch. "There's no coor like a hair o' the dog that bit 'ee."

"Tisn't nothin' but a bit o' skylarkin', uncle," said Joan, ashamed of her outburst of temper.—"You ain't offended; Eve, are you?"

"No, I'm not offended," said Eve, who sat aghast and dumfounded at such reckless breakage.

"I haven't angered you, Adam, have I?" said poor Joan humbly.

"Certainly not," said Adam coldly. "If you haven't angered Eve, you haven't angered me. You've broke two glasses, that's all."

"Oh, darn the glasses!" said Zebedee, who saw there was some antagonism between the two. "You'm welcome to break all the glasses in the house if it plases 'ee; only let's have pace and quietness, and sommat to drink out of."

"Suppose somebody gives us a song?" said Zekiel Johns.—"Here, Joan," he added, by way of throwing oil on the troubled waters, "come, strike up 'Polly Oliver:' us ha'n't a had she for a brave bit."

Joan felt in little mood for singing, but after causing this temporary disturbance some amends for it was due from her; so

without more delay than was occasioned by the request that she would not begin until pipes and glasses were made ready for undisturbed enjoyment, she commenced. The tune, though not unmusical, was somewhat monotonous—a defect compensated for by the dramatic pathos of the narrative, and Eve was soon completely engrossed in the fortunes of the girl who in order to follow her lover had donned male attire.

"Now Polly being sleepy, her hung down her head,
And asked for a candle to light her to bed,"

sang Joan, when open flew the door, and on its threshold stood a tall, gaunt figure whose sudden appearance seemed to strike consternation into all present. Glasses were overturned, pipes thrown down; some of the men sprang to their feet; all was instant confusion.

"What news, Jonathan?" hastily exclaimed Adam, who had advanced to meet the new-comer. "Where are ye come from?"

"Liskeard," answered the man. "I was 'bliged to give 'em the double by comin' that ways. Word's passed along that you be looked for with a fine rin o' goods."

"H'm! I thought us was safe this time, anyhow," exclaimed Zebedee. "Now, how did they come to know that, I wonder?"

"But they can't tell that we're in yet, surely?" said one of the men.

"Noa: they'm thinkin' you'll make the land some time to-morrow. The cruiser's to get under way 'bout daybreak, and the sodgers is to come on here and be ready for 'ee ashore."

"Then there's no time to be lost," said Adam decisively. "We must land as soon as we can, and after that make ourselves scarce."

Some more talking ensued, during which hats were found, lanterns produced and trimmed, and then the two girls and Jonathan were left alone.

"They ain't going to sea again, are they?" Eve ventured to ask.

"Not yet a while," said Joan: "they've got somethin' to do to the boats first. But you must go off to your bed, Eve. You ain't used to sittin' up late."

"No, let me keep you company, Joan:

I'd rather do that than go to bed," pleaded Eve.

Joan hesitated. "I think best not this time," she said. "I fancy uncle 'ud rather you was to bed when he comes back agen; and Jonathan 'll be here, you know.—You ain't going yet a while, I s'pose, Jonathan?"

"Noa, not I. I wants sommat to ate, I does. Got any mate-pasties or that put by, Joan Hocken? 'Tis no good hidin' things frae me."

"Here, you haven't spoke to my cousin yet," said Joan, laughing.

"What! *she*?" said Jonathan, who had drawn a chair to the fire, over which he sat cowering. "What's her called? I've a seed she somewhere's afore. I don't like her looks at all, I doesn't."

"There, that ain't no way mannerly," said Joan, intimating by a look toward Eve and a tap on her forehead that Jonathan was weak in the head.

"Has her got any money?" he asked, suddenly turning round.

"I don't know," said Joan. "You have, though, haven't ye?"

"A bag full!" exclaimed Jonathan—"gowlden guineas! and half-guineas and crowns!" he added, with an unction that showed that the very mention of their names was a positive enjoyment to him.

"No pound-notes for you, Jonathan, eh?" said Joan.

"No, I b'lieve 'ee," chuckled Jonathan. "They doesn't dare to give me sich."

"Now you'm goin' to tell me where you keep 'em all to, this time?" said Joan, trying by her banter to keep him quiet until she and Eve had set the room a little straight.

Jonathan shook his head. "I sha'n't tell 'ee nothin', not while her's here," he said, jerking his elbow in Eve's direction. "Her'd go and blab, and be the ruin o' us all, her would. Can't 'ee send her home, Joan?"

"Don't take no notice of un," Joan said in an undertone. "He ain't got his wits about un like me, so he says just what comes into his head. I'll soon stop his mouth, though;" and she went into the kitchen and lifted down the best part of a large pie. "Now what else is there?"

she said reflectively, "for when he sets to, that won't go far. His head can't stand drink—it drives un mad," she added in explanation to Eve's look of amazement, "so he makes it up with vittals; and if he could ate the same meal twice over in every house in the village, he'd be welcome, for the good service he does us all."

Eve only waited until Jonathan's meal was spread before him, and then, yielding to a further entreaty from Joan, she rather reluctantly went off to bed, half induced by Joan's assurance that she intended very soon to follow.

"I shall only wait till they've had all they want," she called out, "and then I shall come too, Eve."

Eve determined that though she went to bed she would not go to sleep—a resolution which she kept for fully ten minutes after her head was on her pillow, and which she was not certain she had for more than a few moments broken when, some hours later, she started up to find Joan's place behind her still vacant. "I must have been sleeping," she thought; and then, as consciousness returned, she began to feel that instead of a doze her sleep had been one of some duration. She sat up and listened: not a sound could she hear. The room was dark, the house quite still. A feeling of undefined fright took possession of her. Surely Joan had not gone out: they would never leave her in the house alone. What was to be done? She had no light, and no means of getting one, for those were the days of tinder-boxes and brimstone matches, and with even these appliances few save the prudent housewife provided themselves against emergencies.

Growing desperate, Eve slipped out of bed and listened with sharpened attention. Not a sound save that which came from the clocks, whose measured tick-tick seemed mocking the nervous thumping of her heart.

Something must be done: she could not go back to bed again; so, groping about, she found her gown, and then her cloak, and, hastily throwing these on, she cautiously crept down the stairs to the door which opened on the sitting-

room. There was evidently a light, for its glimmer came through the chinks of the door. Timidly she laid her fingers on the latch: it lifted, but she pushed in vain. The door would not yield: it was bolted on the outside. Pausing to recover this surprise, Eve braced up her trembling courage, and then she turned and remounted the stairs, her heart no longer fluttering, and most of her fears ousted from their place by a sudden determination to find out the reason of this mystery.

Leading from her bedroom was another door and a passage, from which stairs led down to the kitchen below. Along by this way Eve crept. To her amazement, the kitchen, though empty of people, was nearly filled with furniture, between the various articles of which she stepped her way, and then, catching full sight of the room beyond, she paused. Surely no, that wasn't the place she had been sitting in!—bare and stripped of everything. Why, the very walls were gone, and in their place, arranged one above another, stood rows of small barrels. The floor was strewn with ropes and tools, the fire was out, and candles flared in the wind which came in at the half-open hatch of the door.

Eve stood bewildered, not knowing whether to go forward or back; but another instant decided her, for in front of the hearthstone, close by where on the previous night she had sat, emerging from below, a head slowly appeared, and another glance showed her that the face was the face of Uncle Zebedee. Eve caught her breath. This, then, must be smuggling, and without further thought she turned, flew up the stairs, jumped into bed and hid her head under the clothes.

With returning calmness, however, came the recollection that if Joan came up the dress and cloak would betray her; so she got up and put them back into their place, and then again lay down to listen and wait—not long before the noise assured her the furniture was being replaced. Then, after an interval, came a buzz of voices, but not until a faint glimmer of gray had crept into the room

did Eve hear the bolt undone, footsteps ascending the stairs and Joan coming stealthily in. Involuntarily, Eve shut her eyes, nor, though Joan seemed to have brought over a candle to look at her, did she open them, determining that while Joan was engaged in undressing she would pretend to be aroused, and

awaken. But there was no opportunity afforded for the carrying out of this deception, for Joan, having satisfied herself concerning her companion, merely set down the candle, blew it out, and threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed.

The Author of "Dorothy Fox."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD AND NEW ROUEN.

CONCLUDING PAPER.



THE TOWER OF ST. LAWRENCE.

ONE forgets, if Paris is the only place in France which he visits, that he is in a Catholic land. In the great capital the priest does not control opinion and compel constant attention to the offices of the Church. But in the country, or "in the provinces," as the newspapers have

taught us to say, he is potent, especially among the members of the upper and middle classes. The "people," toiling wearily day after day in the factories, care perhaps rather less for the Church and its formulas than do the members of the nobility and the shopkeepers; yet

there are few workmen who would not consider themselves wretches if they refused to allow their daughters to celebrate their "first communion" or if they did not summon a priest when a member of their family was dangerously ill.

I found the church of Bonsecours, on one of the hills overhanging Rouen, crowded with worshippers one evening when I had climbed up there to look out over the winding Seine and the rich grain-fields beyond it, studded with fine old manor-houses, castles and mossgrown villages. The pirates of the North were men of taste: it is shown by the determined manner in which they went to work to make this goodly territory their own. From this height the startled inhabitants first saw the gleam of their oar-blades as they came around the curve toiling up from the sea.

The church of Bonsecours stands on a broad and breezy plateau not far from the highroad to Paris. All Normandy piously turns its attention toward this edifice once a year at the epoch of the pilgrimages. In the sweet midsummer time, when the harvest is heavy with promise, but is not yet ready to be gathered in, the curés of the villages in the valleys summon their little flocks to pious labor. Each man of God dons his blackest and least-worn gown and his broad shiny hat, and with banner in hand leads a long line of men and women to the church of Bonsecours. The believers accomplish this journey with the same conscientiousness which the Mohammedans apply to their wearisome visit to Mecca. Sometimes they sleep afield if they are very poor, and, as the curé is usually the poorest of the company, he understands how to preach contentment to them. On the way up the hill, which for centuries has been dignified by the name of Mount St. Catherine, the good man shows his followers the ruins of old St. Paul's, which tradition says was founded on the site of a temple to Adonis. These ruins have been utilized in the most ingenious manner in the construction of a new St. Paul's, and the contrast of the architecture of the Restoration with certain grotesque sculp-

tures of the eleventh century is almost bewildering. Not far away are the decaying walls of an abbey-fortress against which the armies of Henry IV. beat with mighty clash of armor many times, but without the smallest effect. The king, much against his will, was compelled finally to take the place by famine, as the Prussians took Paris in 1870-71.

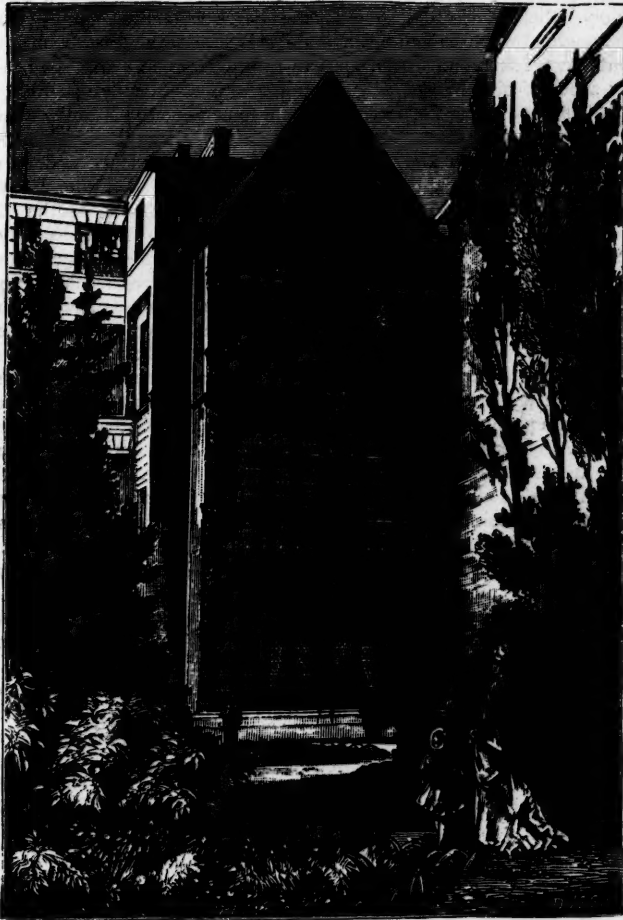
In Lent and at Pentecost there is such a throng of pilgrims that the church of Our Lady of Bonsecours cannot contain them, and bands of peasants, awaiting their turn for devotion, wander about the neighboring villages, where they are besieged by mobs of old women with candles to sell. For many centuries these pilgrimages have been maintained, nor is there any falling off in the number of the pious adherents. Gautier the Magnificent, who was archbishop of Rouen in 1205, gave the chapel which then stood on the site of the present church to a priory hard by. The new edifice, a perfect jewel of thirteenth-century style, was completed about a generation since. It does not appear that Our Lady of Bonsecours performs miracles, like her sister of Lourdes, but her blessing is supposed to be of prime importance to farmers, and not one of them would dare to neglect her, no matter what a godless manufacturer or his atheistical workman may do.

The priest was chanting a Latin prayer as I went in. It was twilight, and the peace of eventide as well as of the Church hung over the kneeling throng. Men and women were not so busy with their devotions but that they could whisper to each other, and I fancied that many a pair of lovers found the solemn vault a convenient trysting-place, and dared say soft things to each other under cover of the vesper-song. The interior of this church is of dazzling richness. Hundreds of wealthy peasants, who would consider it extravagant to take a daily paper or to buy a silk hat, have lavished their hard-earned money upon these sacred walls. The stained-glass windows prove that the art has not declined in modern times.

The outlook over the plain from the

front steps of the church is delicious, and as the twilight deepens into darkness an astonishing number of lights spring up, extending for miles in every direction. On the hills opposite to this Mountain

of St. Catherine the gas-lamps seem to climb until they are lost among the stars. By day these eminences are terrible to scale, especially if the sun be hot, although all along the steep roads are



HOUSE OF DIANA OF POITIERS.

beautiful orchards, with tall green grass and flowers in the spaces between the trees. If one were not afraid of an action for trespass he could repose in these pleasant places. But the Norman is jealous of his rights, and speedily resents any invasion of his property.

A steam-tramway furnishes convey-

ance from the very centre of Rouen to many of the most interesting suburbs, and the panoramic view of the châteaux and villages obtained from the top of one of the cars is extremely pretty. All around Rouen are historical castles: you come upon them unexpectedly in your rambles, as your humble servant did upon

that of famous memory, the Château Gaillard, which was begun and finished in a year by Richard Cœur de Lion, in defiance of his rival, Philippe Auguste, and in the face of the treaty of Louviers, by which he had bound himself not to fortify Andely. Richard was so delighted with this stronghold when he had finished it that he gave it its proud name. It was rather saucy of him, by fortifying a cliff on the Seine, to contest the navigation of that river, and to place himself bodily between the French king's forts of Vernon and Gisors. That the valorous Richard was able to build this huge castle so quickly is due to the fact that the chalk and flint rock from which it was constructed was quarried within a few hundred yards of the site of the structure.

From the quays of Rouen, looking toward Paris or Havre, you have for prospect the winding river, lost behind abrupt hills crowned with picturesque masses of architecture. A handsome bridge spans the stream, and is rendered interesting by David d'Angers's statue of Corneille, which stands in a nook upon it. The shipping is not very numerous, but the Rouen papers, in their "river columns," manage to give it enormous importance. In the huge cafés, where comfort and elegance are combined in a manner fit to make Paris envious, on the broad thoroughfares along the stream and near it, and in the colossal hotels devoted to the English and American tourists, modern life rages and foams and sparkles as it does in the newest of Transatlantic cities. But if you step back a quarter of a mile you may at any time shut the door of the present behind you. In the shadow of the round tower called by the name of the heroic "Maid of Orleans," in the Logis des Caradas, beside the Lisieux Fountain or St. Andrew's Column, in the church of the Augustines, in front of the quaint, almost comical, sculptured lion of the Rue des Arpents, or by the old priory of Bonne Nouvelle, you may lose yourself so completely in the past that you will find yourself wondering why the men and women around you wear modern costumes and seem to

be undisturbed by the thought of an approaching enemy.

The Logis des Caradas is a mighty, rambling mass of houses, older than any of our national buildings in America, older even, by almost a hundred years, than the church at Jamestown in Virginia. Caradas Dequesne, who was bailiff of Rouen in 1409, built it, and was right in thinking that it would prove a grand monument to perpetuate his family name. He caused its sprawling front to be enriched with Gothic ornaments, and its peaked towers and gables to be fantastically sculptured. The last of the Caradas went out in 1600, and the family would have been forgotten had not these old houses, which have sheltered so many generations, stood silently protesting through the centuries. Truly the shadows of the past blacken these ancient doorways and hover above these old-fashioned windows. Think of the hundreds of birth-wails that have been heard within; of the mourning circles about deathbeds; of the blithe kisses of young brides brought home to pass happy lives beneath the dingy ceilings; of the faces of dozens of generations of babies at the casements! The Logis des Caradas impressed me more powerfully than the cathedral, I think. If Rouen were fortunate enough to possess a Dickens, with what charming images would he have lightened up the gloom that now seems to environ this ancient collection of dwellings! What legends, what fantastic tales of the dead and gone, what splendid history-pictures, might have been expected! But instead of reading such things, modern Rouen is given over to the baleful influence of the Paris *feuilleton*, from which may Heaven preserve it and us! Old Caradas's monumental pile seems likely to stand for a century or two more, unless the municipality in a fit of irreverence allows it to be cleared away.

Hard by is the Lisieux Fountain, built against the wall of the Lisieux Tavern, in which worthy hostelry may now be had accommodations for men and beasts of all classes, but where once upon a time only their reverences the bishops were allowed to lodge, and that when they

came to attend the sessions of the Exchequer. The fountain is a singular species of pyramid, reminding one of the odd structures of the same sort which are to be seen in Vienna and in certain Hungarian towns. It was once quite beautiful, no doubt, but the hammer of

some Huguenot or Revolutionary vandal fell upon it in such savage fashion that few of its ornaments remain in their pristine beauty. Some of the authorities say that it originally illustrated a Mount Parnassus, because a mound of stone is surmounted by a statue of Apollo play-



LOGIS DES CARADAS.

ing upon the harp, and because below this figure is one of the erratic steed Pegasus. I must confess that I could not clearly discern whether the quadrupedal figure were Pegasus or a rhinoceros, but there was no doubt in my

mind that the biped was Apollo, despite the fact that a broken nose and dilapidated skull sadly marred his renowned beauty. Certain archæologists pretend that the fountain was simply a memorial of the glory of Rouen, and crowned with

the statue of Apollo because the city has in all ages done so much for the arts. The strange mass was erected a little more than three centuries and a half ago.

A statue of Boieldieu the composer will bring you back to this century if you have any desire to come. Boieldieu's reputation is great in France, and especially in Rouen, his birthplace. The centenary anniversary of his birth was celebrated in 1875 in the old Norman capital with much splendor, and his memory is kept green in Paris by his opera of *La Dame Blanche*, which is perpetually on the bills. Rouen is prouder of Boieldieu than of Géricault the sculptor; or of Pradon, who was long the successful rival of Racine, although his cold and melancholy verses scarcely merited the temporary recognition which they received; or of La Champmeslé, the wonderful actress; or of the abbé Du Resnel, who was a member of the Academy; or of the lovely Madame du Bocage, née Anne Lepage, who followed in the footsteps of Madame de Sévigné, and was a laureate of half a dozen French and Italian academies; or of Pouchet the naturalist; or of Duvergier de Hauranne, who enjoyed the honor of being minister for twenty-four hours just at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848; or of Perrin the painter; or of Villemessant, of the Paris *Figaro*,—all of whom were born within the limits of the ancient town. Boieldieu's statue stands in a new and beautiful part of the city, where noble tree-planted avenues remind one of Paris and its sanitary precautions.

The tomb of Géricault is in the Hôtel de Ville of Rouen, but the remains of the great artist repose in Père la Chaise in Paris. On the front of the pedestal, on which the painter is represented in a recumbent position, is an exact reproduction of the noted picture, *The Raft of the Medusa*, which was one of the first great paintings of the unconventional type executed in France. It was received coldly enough, both in French and English art-circles, and before it reached its present proud position in the gallery of the Louvre it had to be bought in by a friend, who had hard work to persuade the govern-

ment to purchase it for six thousand francs. Such was the force of prejudice in France not fifty years ago!

St. Ouen is a delight to the eye. It is a real prayer in stone. The architect who began it, and who put into it the labor of a long and laborious life, was not even careful to perpetuate his name. No record tells who he was. He did his work and humbly went his way, perhaps dimly conscious that he had laid the foundations for one of the noblest of churches. It would weary you were I to recite the history of all the holy edifices which occupied the site from the time of Clotaire I., king of France, who was the founder of the chapel of an abbey there. St. Ouen was a good man of mark who had been minister under King Dagobert, a most merry monarch to have a priest for his councillor. But those were, as Béranger tells us, the good old times, when everybody was merry, when not even the ministrants of the Church worried themselves much. St. Ouen's ashes were placed in the chapel founded by Clotaire, and were probably scattered to the winds during the mad round of pillage and massacre in the ninth century, when the Northmen arrived. Under the reign of William the Conqueror an effort was made to establish a church there, but it was not until early in the fourteenth century that the present pile was begun by the worthy unknown architect mentioned above. For more than three hundred years the work was continued at widely separate intervals, but the original plan of the founder was scrupulously respected. And rightly, for he had in his head a sense of beauty such as modern men with their practical ideas rarely possess. He made the page beautiful, hoping that his successors would have skill and strength to write nobly upon it. They have written much, especially on the main portal. In the centre is the Trinity, and on the lateral faces are the apostles—St. Paul with a sword; St. Thomas with a square; St. Philip with a cross; St. Simon with a saw; St. Peter with his key; Andrew and John and James the Less and Bartholomew—the latter, of sinister memory in France, with a knife in his hand. St. Ouen has



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. OUVEN.

the post of honor, and above him the galleries are occupied by the stone effigies of prelates and Norman princes. Henry Plantagenet and Richard Cœur de Lion are here, and so are Clotaire and Dagobert, and dozens of others renowned in song and story. This portal is modern, for in the old days it was found impossible to carry out all the details of the original design, although, as I have observed, its main characteristics were scrupulously respected; and it was reserved for an archbishop of this century to complete the collection of statues. But it is not this portal, nor yet the superb rose—a miracle of lightness, grace and wealth of detail—over the central door, nor yet the spires rising two hundred and fifty feet above the soil, which are the real glories of the church of St. Ouen: it is the interior. In 1793 the revolutionists established a huge blacksmith's shop there, and the walls remain blackened with the smoke from the patriots' forges. The Calvinists had raged within the church two hundred years before: they had broken the pulpits and the balustrades and overturned the grand altar; they had torn the clock in pieces, melted the lead of the organ into bullets, cast tunic, scarf and chasuble into the flames, and strewn the relics of St. Ouen to the winds. But their rage passed, and the noble oval interior, with its airy and delicate ranges of "columns bound in fascēs," as Dibdin called them, is seemingly as perfect as when first completed. A soft mysterious light penetrates every nook and corner through three rosaces and through six score gigantic windows—not too many for a hall five hundred and twenty feet long and more than a hundred feet high. These windows are painted in the most elaborate manner. The whole biblical procession seems to pass in dazzling array before the astonished gazer. Most of the paintings have been restored. Among them is one which represents the victory of St. Romain over the dragon—a legend which, insignificant enough in itself, had most important results. Let me recite it for you, as I find it written down in Pasquier's venerable tome:

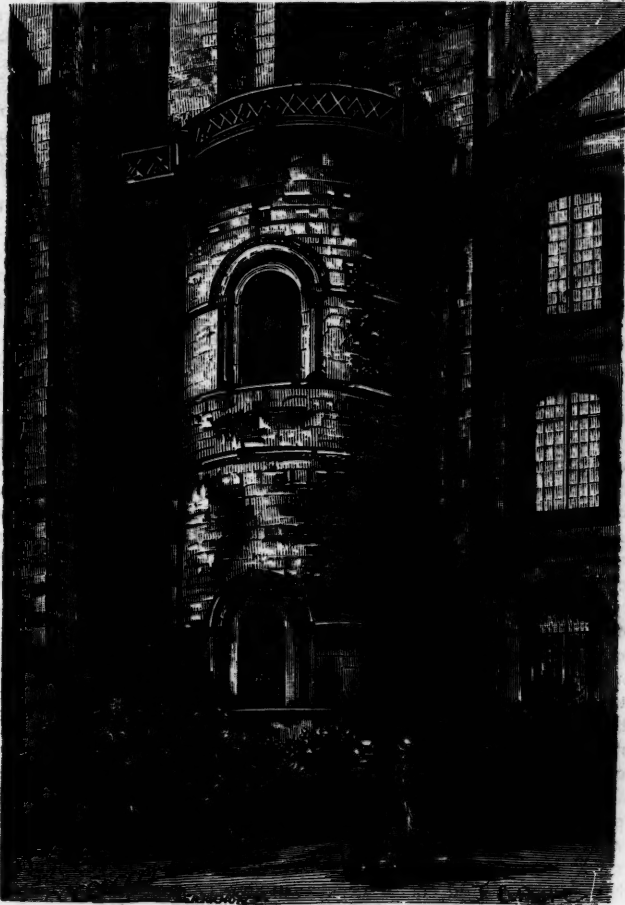
"You must learn, then, if you please, that the dean, canons and chapter of the church of Rouen hold it for a most veritable history, which has been handed down from time immemorial, that under the reign of Clotaire II. there was a dragon—since called Gargoyle—which did infinite damage in the outskirts of the city to men, women and little children, not even sparing ships and vessels which were upon the Seine River, but overturning them; and that St. Romain, then archbishop of Rouen, moved by most ardent charity, betook himself to prayer and orison, and, armed with a surplice and a stole, but much more with the faith and assurance in God which he possessed, went without hesitation to the cavern where the hideous beast made his chief haunt; that in furtherance of this grand and mysterious exploit, before leaving he had made the officers of justice deliver up to him a prisoner condemned to death whom they were conducting to the gibbet; that there he conquered that hitherto unconquerable dragon, put his stole about its neck, and gave it, gagged and muzzled, to the prisoner to lead. Upon which the gargoyle became as mild as a lamb, obeyed even to that point that, led into the city, it was slain and burned before all the people—a victory for which St. Romain claimed no other trophy than the full deliverance of the prisoner condemned to death, which was freely given him.

"But St. Ouen, his successor, wishing to immortalize this miracle, obtained from King Dagobert, the son of Clotaire II., that thenceforth for ever the dean, the canons and the chapter might yearly, on the day of the festival of Ascension, pardon out of prison him who should have committed the most execrable crime, on condition that he should lift and carry the shrine of St. Romain in a solemn procession which should occur every year, in which case he would obtain a general pardon for himself and his accomplices who were not yet in prison."

It is difficult to say how true the dean, canons and chapter considered this story, but the usage of the procession and the liberation of the criminal were handed

down from age to age, and were not definitely suppressed until 1791. The Church always brought forth all its splendor on the occasion of the "Procession of the Gargoyle." The prisoner chosen by the chapter of the cathedral was pre-

ceded by a large number of royal and legal notables to a hall, where he was formally made over to two chaplains, preceded by a sheriff of the city and followed by the members of the Confrérie of St. Romain, and he was then conduct-



NORMAN TOWER, IN THE GARDEN OF ST. OUEN.

ed into the grand hall of the palace of the Parliament, where the members, clad in red robes, announced his pardon to him. The religious ceremony then commenced: the criminal, with his fetters still on, was conducted to the saint's monument, and there he took up the shrine of the depart-

ed archbishop, and bore it, in the midst of an imposing procession of religious and civil dignitaries, to the cathedral, where the archbishop confessed him, knocked off his irons and finally set him at liberty.

St. Romain should have had an eye

to the future and its scepticism, and should have preserved the skeleton of the gargoyle. Then there would have been no doubt possible of the reality of the miracle, and the fine old custom of the liberation of the criminal would have been kept up.

There is one tomb in this church of St. Ouen which might have inspired many young Rouen authors with a romance or a poem if they were not all so busy inditing feverish sonnets à la Musset and novels concerning the middle world of society. It is the tomb of "Maistre Alexandre de Berneval—master of the works of masonry of the king, our sire, of the bailiwick of Rouen and of this church—who quitted this life in the year of grace CCCCXL., the eleventh day of January. *Pray God for the soul of him.*" This inscription seems to conceal something, and it does. Alexandre de Berneval was the second in the great line of architects of St. Ouen. He possessed much talent, and might have died in the odor of sanctity had not one of his pupils, who painted upon glass and sculptured with phenomenal ability, aroused his jealousy. Public opinion said that the pupil excelled his master. Alexandre de Berneval could not endure this, and he slew the boy. He was tried, condemned and executed for his crime, but the monks of St. Ouen, remembering all that he had done for their church, claimed the body and gave it burial, as we have seen. It is said to repose beside that of the murdered boy in the lateral chapel of Our Lady of Liesse.

The old cemetery of the church is gone. Modern Rouennais have not the taste for seeing graveyards in the vicinity of their houses that is observable in Boston and London. In 1871 an immense number of tombs, sarcophagi and coffins which had been placed in this ancient burying-ground from the sixth to the sixteenth century were removed, and hundreds of them were destroyed. Many a man whose name had been celebrated for two or three hundred years was so totally forgotten by a modern generation that the very place in which he lay was unknown, and his ashes were ignorantly scattered. It was

in this cemetery that the last act but one in the horrible and repulsive tragedy of the execution of Jeanne Darc was played. The noble girl was entreated to abjure until she consented to the humiliation; and it was on a scaffold raised in the St. Ouen graveyard that she was placed before the judges and assessors, presided over by the cardinal of Winchester. At the foot of the scaffold stood the executioner in his cart, and every other horrible device was adopted to make the Maid confess that she had been possessed of the devil, and thus to cast dishonor not only upon herself, but upon the king of France. The effort, as we know, was vain. Even when a learned doctor, advancing to the scaffold's edge, cried out against this heretic and schismatical king, she protested, saying, "Call him rather the noblest Christian of Christians!"

A freak of bad taste, rare enough in the admirable old town, has allowed the erection of a statue of Jeanne Darc which makes her appear a kind of mythological Bellona not far from the spot on which it is supposed that the execution took place. One can easily conjure up an image of the scene enacted on that dread May-day of 1431 when he stands in the Place de la Pucelle. It seemed to me that I could see the scaffolds covered with tapestries, on which sat the English cardinal, the judges, the bailiff and the preachers; could see the girl arriving on her funeral-car, escorted by eight hundred mailed English of the time; could hear her wailing cry, "O Rouen! was I then destined to perish within thy walls?" could see Maistre Nicolas Midy of the University of Paris preaching a long sermon full of hatred and bitterness; could hear the maiden's sudden and quick cry of apprehension—the feminine nature asserting itself above that of the inspired Amazon—as the flames began to leap and to crackle; and could see the pitying English soldier handing her a cross which he had made hurriedly from a broken stick, while above her head the cruel words, "*Heretique, relapse, apostate, idolastre!*" shone in the lurid light of the vindictive pyre.



PLACE DE LA PUCELLE.

There is an old manuscript, offered to Charles VIII. in 1484, which tells the story of the Maid of Orleans in a series of exceedingly crude pictures, but in verse so naïve and tender that it is a pity that it will scarcely bear translation. In the very first verse we have a portrait of Joan almost Shakespearian in its felicity and simple eloquence:

En ceste saison de douleur
Vint au Roy une bergerelle
Du baillaye du Vancouleur,
Qu'on nommoit Jehanne la Pucelle,
C'était une pource bergère,
Qui gardait les brebis-es-champs;
D'une douce et humble manière,
De l'aage de dix-huit ans.
Devant le roy on la mena
Ung ou deulx de sa congnoissance,
Et alors elle s'inclina,—
En luy faisant la révérence.

Voltaire would have given all the *Henriade* for the power to sign these lines. Casimir Delavigne, the Norman poet, has sung the praises of the heroic girl in loftier strain, but no whit more effectively than the unknown author of the manuscript has done.

In the Museum of Antiquities (a museum within a museum, for Rouen itself is one of the most remarkable collections of relics of the past in the world) there are, in addition to hundreds of souvenirs of the wars and sieges in Normandy, some superb specimens of Rouen faïence. The artificers of the ancient town were well known among the lovers of faïence as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, and I have heard it said that the duc d'Aumale has among his art-treasures two noble pieces from the château of the Montmorencys at Ecouen—one representing Curtius, the other Mucius Scævola—and both marked "Rouen, 1542." It was not, however, until late in the reign of Louis XIV. that Norman faïence became especially celebrated. The "Great Monarch" encouraged its sale, unwittingly, in the following manner: At the close of the wars of the Spanish Succession the finances of the country were so utterly exhausted that the king sent all his golden table-ware to the mint

to be coined into money, and found a means of inviting the nobility of France to follow his example. They did so, and purchased faïence to use on their tables instead of gold and silver. Saint-Simon tells us in his memoirs that in less than eight days faïence was the rage "in every grand and considerable family."

In the first half of the eighteenth century a vast number of pieces of faïence, blue and covered with delicate lambrequins and garlands and baskets of flowers, were made in Rouen. These belong to what is to-day known in France as the *rayonnant* epoch. Among them are a few plates on which music and words are found, but these are excessively rare: I doubt if there are a dozen in all the national museums of France. The styles which followed, particularly toward the Revolution, are more splendid, but have not the same charm of color.

It is not astonishing that so rare a town should have noble and artistic municipal buildings, and the magnificence of the Hôtel de Ville surprises no one who has seen the various other architectural treasures. It was once the dormitory of the merry monks of St. Ouen, who had a fancy for being carefully guarded and at the same time surrounded with beauty while they slept. The few modern touches which have been added are happily in excellent taste. There are but two statues besides that of the painter Géricault which particularly attract the attention: one is that of Corneille, by Corlot, and the other of Jeanne Darc upon the burning pile of fagots, by Feuchères. This latter marble is fine enough to make one forget the exceedingly ugly one in the Place de la Pucelle. Mounting a noble stone staircase quite as remarkable in its way as that of the new National Academy of Music in Paris, you enter the vast hall devoted to public ceremonies. From the walls look down dozens of the old worthies of Rouen—men who, like the Caradas, have left substantial memorials of their generosity behind them. The historical associations of this hall render it doubly interesting. It was there that Henry IV. came in 1596, when the Hôtel de Ville was still a part of the

immense and palatial abbey of St. Ouen, to meet the chief men of France and to tell them that he needed money. This bluff monarch wasted no words. "Look you, gentlemen," he said: "you know, at your expense as I at mine, that when God called me to this crown I found France not only almost ruined, but nearly lost to Frenchmen. By the grace of God, by the prayers and good counsels of my servants who make a profession of arms, by the swords of my brave and generous nobility, by my pains and labors, I have saved the land from being lost to you. Now at this hour let us save it from ruin."

Henry added that he had assembled the notables only to receive their advice and to be guided by them. When the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, who from behind a curtain in the hall had heard this expression of humility, announced her astonishment that he should offer to be "guided," he cried out, "Yes, *ventre Saint-Gris!* but I mean to keep my sword buckled at my side!"

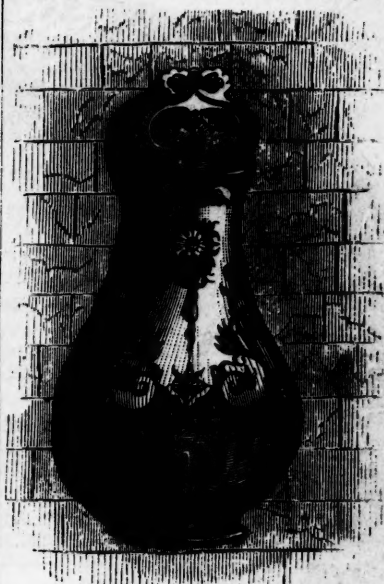
The real truth of the matter was, that he did not intend to listen to reason or to take any advice at all, as was seen shortly afterward when the Parliament remonstrated with him for his demands. "I am king," he said: "I address you as king. I wish to be obeyed." And of course the Parliament found it necessary to obey.

They are all gone—the stately monks who promenaded in the great hall, composing their thoughts to prayer before they went to their cells to sleep; the sleek members of Parliament; the frank king with his handsome, haughty face and his beruffled neck, and the pretty, naughty Gabrielle,—all gone; but the solid stones will feel the feet of dozens of generations yet. The invader trod them often enough in 1870-71, when he came in wrathful state, pushing before him the disorganized armies on which Rouen had counted for her defence. Those were rude moments for the industrious and frugal merchants of Rouen—moments when they saw their dwellings invaded, their soldiers spurned and their money-bags levied upon with no

gentle hand. A conflict between the civil and military authorities on the eve of the Prussian occupation was a painful feature of the disastrous year. But the busy manufacturing towns in the valley kept their operatives at work as much as they could under the circumstances, and from four to five thousand ships came and went from the port of Rouen in a twelve-month, notwithstanding the presence of the Prussians in the city during half that time. The German armies did not leave Rouen until August, 1871, and they left behind them a vast amount of misery which a cruel and useless war had brought upon innocent people.

The city museum and library in the Hôtel de Ville are rich in works of mediæval and modern art. Through the pretty halls on Sundays the more sober portion of the working class promenades gravely, studying the memorials of the national past and regarding the most curious of the mementoes with a startled air. The joyous spirit which prevailed in old Rouen in those mad days when the Carnival was in full splendor, when processions of three or four thousand persons, burlesquing the pope, the king, the bishops and authority in general, ran riot in the streets for hours, and when actors played "moralities"—which were not exactly worthy of their name—in theatres, in the public streets, has gone out of the people now. They are dazed by the hum of the thousands of spindles perhaps, or weighed down by the continual struggle for existence. Thousands of them are awakening to a new and high intellectual life, however, and they look back with wonder upon the degraded condition of the working classes in the valley fifty years ago. The influential and wealthy folk of Rouen have done much to ameliorate the condition of the scores of thousands of toiling men and women in and about this city, and increased prosperity has rewarded them. The demon of drink has had to be fought, and is still a most troublesome enemy in Normandy, where the appetites of the people are coarser than in Paris or in the southward sections of France. But there is in the Norman character a sturdy sense

of independence, which leads both men and women to save as much and as often as they can. The Republic has already given the laborer new ideas—has placed new horizons before his eyes. He will soon forget to look back to the Middle Ages, and will turn his face forward to the inviting future. His technical skill in his



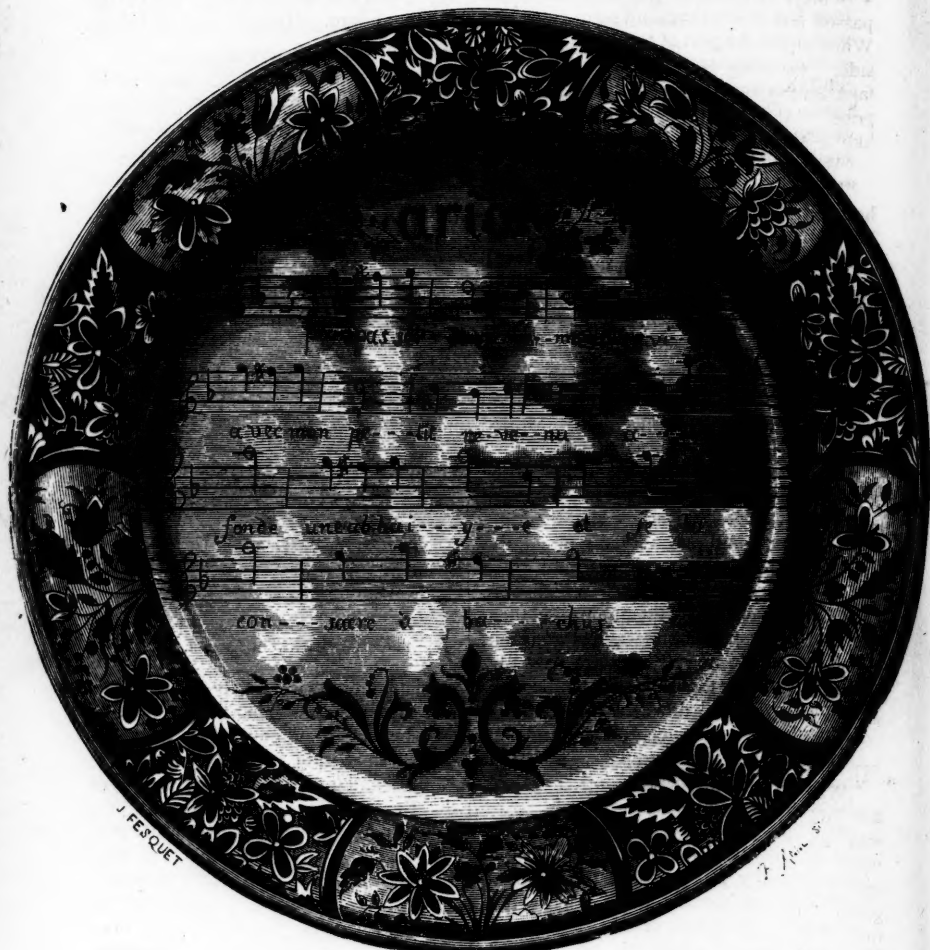
FONTAINE ROCAILLE.

particular trade is already so good that one cannot help wishing that he possessed a better general education.

In a small and beautiful village near Rouen, and not far from the banks of the Seine, lives Gustave Flaubert, the distinguished novelist, who is justly considered one of the glories of his section. Flaubert is a poet who writes in prose: he has unquestionable genius, and the finest proof of his inspiration is his massive and noble work called *Salammbô*. It is the story of the daughter of Hamilcar of Carthage, a strange, wild tale of the barbarian wars against the Punic capital being interwoven with the adventures of the Carthaginian maid. Flaubert spent five years in the ruins of the famous city studying the details for this

impressive production. The consummate finish of the style and the splendor of the details with which the artist loaded his work provoked the admiration of Europe. There is enough in *Salammbô* for an epic: one cannot help wishing that Flaubert had

taken ten more years to his book and given it to us in verse. But perhaps he would have felt hampered by the bonds to which the French language subjects him who wishes to use it rhythmically. As an attempt to revive a glorious past, and to



ROUEN FAÏENCE.

place it in all the glow and grandeur of its prime before the reader, *Salamambo* is infinitely more successful than Bulwer's *Last Days of Pompeii* or Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia*. It is a masterly work, written with profound knowledge and inspi-

ration penetrating every line. Flaubert's modern stories are far below *Salammbô* in rank, although any one of them is sufficient in itself to entitle the author to lasting reputation. EDWARD KING.

A MOTHER'S VISION.

As they were dressing the wee new baby for her waiting arms the mother passed into a sleep. It was a brief sleep. When she woke her husband came to her side. Perceiving a strangeness in her face, he bent over her with a look of surprise. "What's the matter? You look like a materialized angel," he said.

"Where is the baby?" she asked.

"The little thing isn't quite rigged yet," he answered, trying to speak lightly: he did not like the weirdness in her face.

"Yes, she's all ready," the nurse amended, and the baby was brought and laid in its mother's bosom.

"Lucy!" she said with indescribable tenderness, cuddling her baby close.

"Lucy?" repeated the husband: "you have said all along that if a girl it was to have your name."

"I know I did, but her name is Lucy."

"Why, what put Lucy into your head? There's not a Lucy in your family or mine. Do you like it better than Mabel?"

"Mabel is prettier, but—I'll tell you about it some time," she said in a tone which dismissed the subject.

Her husband put his hand on hers, and then went into the dining-room, where the doctor was taking coffee, and reported that Mrs. Golden seemed to have some fever.

The next morning, after she had taken her breakfast, she told her husband this:

"When I fell away last night—it was not into a sleep—I had a vision. There was one instant of darkness, and then I was in a sunny cemetery. It was in the spring-time, for over the fence beyond the grass-plats I saw fruit trees in bloom and the red-bud. It was our cemetery, Mount Hope Cemetery. I knew the gentle slopes and the winding roads and the memorial-stones with their familiar inscriptions. And there was one, a marble headpiece, standing under a small Norway pine, and on this I read, 'Lucy, second child of Marcus B. Golden and his wife Mabel,' and then the two dates, 'Feb. 14, 1876,'

and '5 o'clock P. M., April 29, 1879.' The first is the day of Baby's birth: we shall keep her three years two months and fifteen days: she will die at five o'clock."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the husband, laughing. "I couldn't have believed you to be such a goose as to be frightened by a dream."

"But, Marc," she said in solemn remonstrance, "it was no dream: it was all as vivid as the day. There was no indistinctness: everything was as defined as your face is this morning. It was a vision, Marc—a revelation of the future. I know I shall see it again: I shall some day see my shadow on the grass lying beside the shadow of the Norway pine and of the marble headpiece, just as I saw them in the vision, and I shall read those two inscriptions, and I shall feel the agony of a mother bereft of her child. Oh, Marc! this agony is something indescribable: it has gone from me now, but the memory stays. When it comes to me in reality it will not be strange: I shall recognize it."

Again the husband smiled.

She got hold of his hand. "Marc! Marc!" she cried, "you must not treat this with incredulity. In three years two months and fifteen days we shall lose our Lucy: I know it. Now, if God had appeared visibly to us and warned us of this, what would be our course? What would you do? You would begin at once to get all the enjoyment possible out of the loan: you would make it your study that the little life should be happy. And this is what we are to do, Marc. We must see to it that she never has a pain if we can help it, and we must get all the good we can from her stay. Now, Marc, you must not look that way," she continued in earnest entreaty: "I cannot have you slight the warning."

"Why, Mabel, in the insecurity of our hold upon any earthly good we have a constant warning to make the most of it."

"Yes," she said, "but we do not make the insecurity real: it is vague to us; it is doubtful; there are more chances for us than against us. But now we are warned: in three years and two and a half months God will take our baby: I know it. Be persuaded, Marc, and let us do with the child as we shall wish we had done when we stand beside the little grave. Now, bring her to me: I must keep her always with me."

With a grasping, tender awe, as though the little life was already slipping from hers, the mother received the child. She studied the face with a long, steadfast gaze, such as we give to a face we may never see again. "I want," she said, "to stamp it upon my memory, the face with which she came to me."

"Here's Tommy, come to see his 'itty sitter," said the father in a cheerful tone: he hoped to exorcise the ghostly fancies from Mabel's mind.

Tommy was a burly fellow, with the judgment usual to boys of three and thereabouts. With a laughing shout he pulled himself up by the clothes on to the bed, and in purely animal delight threw himself on the baby and squeezed her hard. The feeble little being responded by a cry of pain. It hurt the mother's heart to the quick: so soon had she failed to shield the devoted child! With swift, unmeaning resentment she ordered Tommy to be taken from the room, heedless of his pleadings, while she brooded the baby, laying it against her face and in her bosom. But when the baby-cries were hushed she had Tommy brought back, bethinking her that he must not be set against the baby: he must be trained to love her, to get all the good possible from their loan, to lay by sweet memories of her to which the spirit could turn through life for refreshment. She kissed his tear-stained face and had him kiss Baby's fists, and told him that he must love the little sister better than all the world besides.

Only in necessity would she suffer her baby to be taken from her side, but hung over it with a reverent kind of love, as for one already heaven-bespoken. At every waking her thoughts flew first to

Baby, and her hand went out with loving touch, and then the little one's face was laid against hers.

The child did not readily take the breast, and the mother trembled with fear lest she might miss the comfort of nursing her baby. "If I were only strong and could sit up and could hold the little mouth to the breast!" she would say with piteous solicitude.

"There, Marc! lift the dear head up a trifle," she said on one occasion: "help it to get hold. I don't know how I could bear to miss nursing her. Try her at the left side: then I'll have my right arm free to help her with. Turn me more on my side and bear me up a little. There!" she cried with a tremulous triumph in her voice: "she did take hold then!"

And when the mother on the third morning felt an unmistakable closing of the warm lips, and heard the low, soft swallowing, she lay back with closed lids, and under them came great thankful tears. And in Marc's eyes were answering tears.

When the baby was a week old the mother insisted on having its picture taken. The same day she entered on the first page of "Lucy's Diary," "A week of precious time is gone: one hundred and sixty-six weeks and one day are left. Every day since she came has been a joy to me. She does not notice any yet, but there is such sweetness in ministering to her helplessness! When Marc holds her feet to the fire she works her toes as if in satisfaction: it must be that she enjoys the warmth. I know she enjoys the nursing. Dear Lord, I thank Thee that I may get thus near to her that she may build her life from mine."

From this time on, day by day to the last week, was recorded the story of the child's unfolding. Perhaps such another story was never written. It noted every perceptible change—the clearing of the skin; the opening of the fists; the first watching of the light; the first notice of the dancing shadows on the wall, and of the bright colors; the first smile; the growth of the hair; the first goo-goo; the first laugh; the first tooth, and each after

one; every infant sickness, every frolic; the behavior with each new toy. Then there was the story of the sitting alone, of the creeping, of the standing alone, of the walking by a chair, of the first unaided walking. Every pain that came to the little Lucy the mother noted with remorseful tears—every sign of new pleasure in the wee face was recorded with thankful words.

Through the whole minute record there ran an evident solicitude to put some mark upon each day—to so individualize it that it might be identified in a review. Now it was a ride which marked the day—a ride in the little carriage, when Baby, overwhelmed by the strangeness and vastness, kept silent, the eyes roving from the treetops and nigh roofs to the far-off sky, and back again for rest to mamma's face. Again, there would be the record of torrents of passionate kisses and of wild, wild weeping over the doomed child; but every day was blazed that Memory might walk again the sacred path. And with each day's record were entered the pitiless figures which told what of the little life remained.

On February 14, 1877, the mother wrote: "One year old to-day: nearly one-third of the precious time is spent. She is sleeping beside me. I have shut Tommy out, that he may not disturb her: I hear him crying for me. It gives me something of a heartache to lock the door against him, but I must give myself to her now. When she has gone I will make it up to Tommy.—We had her tenth picture taken to-day. She sat on my lap, with the dear head leaning against my palm, and the sweet, wondering eyes watching the violin which the operator played. The picture is excellent, but I miss the exquisite coloring—the pale-rose complexion, the blue eyes, and the hair unlike in color any other I ever saw—like the yellow of threshed wheat. Nothing could be more beautiful than her sleeping face at this moment. I begrudge the time that my eyes must be drawn from its beauty to this writing."

"*March 2, 1877.* I have such terrible times with Marc! He has never accept-

ed the vision, and has been all along trying to get my mind away from it. He has proposed a trip to California and a Southern tour, and now he is bent on going abroad for three years; but I will never, never consent to scatter the precious time in strange towns and foreign hotels and along meaningless lines of travel. My home, the familiar objects with which my life is to be passed,—with these I must associate her: these must help me to reproduce her life."

"*April 8, 1877.* Lucy spoke her first word to-day, and, O dear God! I thank Thee that it was 'Mamma.' It was perfectly spoken, and three times repeated. I try to withdraw myself from everything else and to give all my thoughts to Baby; but Marc is so unreasonable as to complain of this—that his comfort is neglected, and Tommy's. So I live in a perpetual conflict. I want them to get the good of her, to get sweet memories of her to keep through life, but Tommy is so strong and rough that I dare not trust him near her. Marc frets that she comes between me and Tommy, and so he neglects Lucy, and indulges Tommy until the boy is almost ruined."

"*April 29, 1878.* Just one year left! It frightens me to think how her life is rooted in mine. If hers is torn away mine must perish. I had thought that, being warned, I should get my mind familiarized with the idea of losing her, and that my heart would become acquiescent; but every day I hold her closer, every day the thought of parting seems deeper agony."

"*May 3, 1878.* Yesterday I went with Marc and Baby to the cemetery: Tommy was left with the sewing-girl. He teases Lucy, and crosses her and frets her: he is a constant interruption of my enjoyment in her. We rode miles along the roads before I found the spot, but I recognized it the moment I came to it. The Norway pine, the peculiar slope, the neighboring enclosures, were all familiar. It is too terrible to write here the agony—to feel the clinging warmth of the little hand, to look into her bright face, to hear her innocent prattle, and then to see the very spot where all her sweetness must in one year be buried away. Oh, it

seemed that my poor heart must break. I cried till I thought I could never stop. I had argued that the vision was sent in mercy, in order that I might fill every hour of her life with pleasure, and might take all the sweetness a baby may give to its mother; but my devotion to her, the ever-present thought of her, the laying away, the hoarding in my heart, of all her words and ways,—ah me! ah me! it is like absorbing her being into mine, like making her life my life. Once I was thankful for the warning: now it shadows my whole life. I would that I had been dealt with after the usual plan—that God had hid the future from me! I sometimes wish that I had begun with the warning to wean myself from her—that I had given her up then as far as possible—had turned her off as I have my poor Tommy. Then the parting might have been less hard. Shall I begin now to put her away, and so grow from her?—now, when I have never lived an hour apart from her? Could I harden myself against the parting by putting her away now? I know not. But I must keep on. My heart cries out for her: I *will* have her while I may. I must go on preparing the food which is to build the body in beauty and keep it in health and comfort—which is to keep the sweet eyes laughing and the bright hair growing. I must hear every word which is to pass the precious lips, and I must lose no kiss they would give; the little arms must not miss the mother's neck. No, my love! my blessing! my joy! my agony! The fear of a riven heart, of death, shall not cheat me of a single sweetness. Every night shall your sleep be in my arms—every morning shall your waking be on my bosom. Never shall your opening eyes miss your mother's face. God of mercy! Father compassionate! abide with me and her!"

"*June 8, 1878.* This is Tommy's birthday. I have not selected any present for him: I could not take Lucy out yesterday, and would not leave her. Marc is to get something for him: he is easily pleased. Patience, poor Tommy! In eight months and three weeks it will be your turn. Sturdy, manly, self-reliant

little fellow, he makes his own amusement, roving about the yard, picking the gooseberries, thrashing down the cherries and wheeling his cart. Lucy and I watch him from the window and the veranda.

"I had a pang to-day. Baby was sleeping beside me, when I heard a cry from Tommy. I hurried out to him, but found there was nothing the matter except that he had climbed to the gatepost and could not get down. When I returned to Lucy the poor dear was sitting up crying for me, and much frightened. For the first time in her life she had waked without finding me. Her cry smote me like a cry from the grave."

"*October 2, 1878.* I come from a terrible hour. I must try to forgive Marc, for he has never accepted the vision as a revelation—has never believed that it was anything but a dream. He has always opposed my course with Baby, and he pains me by using her as he does Tommy, making no difference except for her age. She is now sobbing in her sleep from her father's discipline."

This is the story of that painful hour: The children had each an orange. Lucy ate hers, and then snatched at Tommy's, and cried for it. The baby-cries smote upon the mother's heart and unnerved her. In an excited way, eagerly intent on soothing Lucy, she began coaxing Tommy to give his orange to his sister. Tommy refused, and the mother was about to force it from him when Marc interposed, speaking quietly and firmly. "Mabel, you must not do that," he said. "You would injure both children: you would cultivate Baby's selfishness, and you would confuse Tommy's ideas of justice and weaken his faith in you."

"Oh," cried the mother with pathetic beseechment, "how can you speak about her in this cold-blooded way, when in six months we are to see her dead?"

"I do not believe this," said Marc; "but even if I did know that she was to die in six months I should want the child rightly disciplined. I think her fate in the next world will be influenced by her training in this."

"I'm glad she's going to be deaded,"

said Tommy, who vividly realized that the baby was a discomfort in his life.—"And you'll be covered up in a big hole," he added, turning to his sister.

"I won't! I won't!" cried Lucy in passionate protest. "I won't be covered in a big hole: will me, mamma?"

Tears were raining down the mother's face. "I would die for you, my heart, my life!" cried the poor soul, "but I cannot help you."

Meanwhile, the little Lucy in childish rage spit in Tommy's face and threw a china doll into it. Marc picked up the little passion-swollen girl, went into the next room and locked himself in with her.

"He is going to punish her," thought the alarmed mother. "It is sacrilege! Hers is sacred flesh—it is angel's flesh! He will punish her, and then when she is gone he will break his heart over it."

She went swiftly to the door, as one would fly to avert disaster. She begged to be let in; she ordered the door opened. He made no reply. "I warn you, Marc," she said, "that if you strike her I will never forgive it."

She heard the little Lucy passionately crying, "Mamma! mamma! I wants my mamma! I wants my mamma! I wants her so hard! Papa, Lucy loves mamma so bad! I loves my mamma so bad!"

And then she heard with burning heart Marc's reply: "You must stay in here, away from mamma, because you spit in Tommy's face and struck Tommy. You must stay in here, away from mamma, till you stop crying—stay in here till you are good. When you stop crying you may go to mamma. There, now! be good—stop crying."

In spite of his tender tone Mabel's heart was resentful. Tommy had followed her to the door, and was now pulling at her skirts and hand. Almost roughly she put him away.

"I wants Tommy's orange: Lucy likes um so bad," pleaded the sobbing baby.

"No, you can't have Tommy's orange: you had one," said the father.

"Yes, she may have it, papa," Tommy called through the keyhole. He had been habituated to giving up to her, and had

begun to learn a little of the sweetness of self-denial.

Mabel felt a sudden heart-warming toward her boy: she reached out for the little sun-browned hand and drew him nearer.

Soon after the sobbing on the other side was hushed: there were some soothing words from Marc, and then he came out with the baby. The mother's arms were opened: Lucy fell into them, and laid the wet face on its old resting-place.

"Baby may have it," said the little brother, holding out the orange.

Lucy reached both hands for it, and a bright smile broke over the liquid face.

Then Mabel, pressing the child close, went away with her. A hundred times she kissed the dimpled flesh, the angel flesh, in a passion of tenderness, in a rapture of pain.

While resenting Marc's action with the child, it was a serious suggestion to her: Would ungoverned childish passion, unchecked selfishness, show their tracery on the spirit in the hereafter? Would discipline of the child here better fit her for the coming life? Would it be a gain for the spirit there to take lessons in self-control here? For days these questions tore at the mother's heart, breaking its devotion, so sad, so sweet, to the child. At length she decided: "I will not inflict certain pain on my baby for a probable good. I will go on filling, if I may, her brief days with happiness."

It was with this feeling that she began the preparations for Baby's Christmas. The child was now at that age so enchanting to its watchful lovers, when all its walk is among wonders, and it is seeking the keys and asking them of all about it. To Lucy every new mood of Nature was an epoch. What an event to her was the squawk of the south-bound wild geese and the moving line of specks against a great, far-off sky! And how rapt became the little face at the mother's story of the land of ice whence they came, and the land of sun and blossom to which they journeyed! If the meeting with a bird or the opening of a calla made a romance for the child, what would Christmas prove, with all the mysterious

fore-movements, with all the glowing fanciful stories of Santa Claus, with the wonderful tree, with the far-off tinkling bells of Fairyland, and the quaint, grotesque, funny old saint himself?

"It will be her last Christmas!" the mother said as the festival drew near.

Marc rose up at these words with a gesture of impatient remonstrance.

"Now don't, please," she hurried to add. "I know what I say, Marc: it will be her last Christmas, and we must bring together all the Christmas delights. She must hang up her stocking on Christmas Eve: on Christmas Day we will have a Santa Claus, and at night a tree, the handsomest possible. We must crowd the Christmas with joy for her—must make it so delightful to her that even amid the bliss of heaven she will remember her last Christmas with gladness." The mother's jealous heart thrilled at the thought of making it rival heaven in happiness.

Marc was always impatient with Mabel's talk of her vision, and impatient of any plans bearing on its realization. He would always put in his protest, laughingly or vehemently, hoping thus to give a salutary jolt to the morbid fancy, and also because he was determined to keep his heart set against her fancy.

But, on the other hand, he had never felt satisfied as to the best way of meeting Mabel's possession. To oppose it to a practical final issue might be to intensify the idea; and besides, in the face of his resolve not to heed the warning, the fear was for ever dogging him that Mabel might be right. So set were her convictions that the only alternative from this fear was a conclusion hardly more tolerable to Marc—that her mind was diseased. So on the present occasion, after making his protest, he proceeded to fall in with her plans for Christmas—her plans for making it a great joy for Baby.

For weeks, then, the house was full of bustle. There was unstinted talk about Santa Claus, that the child's fancy might be stimulated to enjoy the climax of realization. The sleighing was fine: Mabel rode much in making the preparations,

and always with Lucy, Tommy being sent to the father's office or left at home with the servants. Sad as was Mabel's heart through all the preparations, there was yet a pleasure in noting the child's enjoyment—her wonder at "the big sugar," as she named the reach of snow, the wide eyes with which she met the glitter and color and movement of the shops.

The mother's plans did not miscarry: the child discerned Santa Claus in all that she saw and heard. It was something to be remembered—the baby air of mystery as she went tiptoeing into the softly-lighted parlor to hang her stocking on the doorknob, and then the swift, half-frightened run back to mamma in the sitting-room, and the wild glee and hand-clapping at the successful accomplishment of the mysterious rite. Tommy, too, of his own motion, hung his stocking, but his captivating air of heroic daring, of patronizing protection toward the baby-girl, and his awe of the mysterious,—all this the mother missed in her absorbed watch over Lucy.

The next morning all the house congregated to witness Baby's opening of the stocking. It was her wide eyes, her wonder-words, her innocent delight, which engaged the attention and made the delight of all the others. And when they returned from the breakfast-room it was not the little, grotesque saint sitting by the grate which everybody studied: it was the wondering, half-frightened baby face. And when, at night, the double doors glided apart, it was not the marvellous glittering Christmas tree which chained the interest, or the mysterious, far-off tinkling bells ringing elfin music: it was the little soul looking out of Baby's eyes, speaking from Baby's lips, which entranced. As for Tommy, thrilled, enraptured boy, he was hardly noticed.

On the day after Christmas, Baby again sat for her picture.

"Mayn't I go, mamma?" Tommy had said: "mayn't I have my picture taken? Baby has hers taken all the time."

"Some day, you may," said mamma, "but not now. Some day you may go with papa."

Tommy she was to have always—Baby for only four months more. She could not afford to have her study interrupted: she must be able to reproduce all the unfolding, to re-live all the sweet life.

The next day Baby was sick.

"She is very ill," said Mabel.

This startled Marc: she had never been ill before. "We must have the doctor at once," he said.

"Of course we must," the mother replied: "everything must be done that can add to her comfort."

"It is a sharp attack," the doctor said: "it looks now like double pneumonia."

This it proved to be. Marc thought the child must die: the doctor at one stage said that she could not live. Mabel through the whole worked and watched with tireless devotion, but it was to still the moans, to ease the breathing, to rest the worn little body, to cool the dry mouth, to tempt the feeble appetite: it was not to save the child's life. At the worst moment she did not fear death for her darling. "She will not die till April twenty-ninth," she said over and over. "This sickness may drag on till then, but I am not expecting Death to come in this way."

Since the date of her vision she had speculated much on this point—as to how Death would come. Would the darling waste and suffer and die by inches? or would Death strike a lightning blow? Would the bud be plucked in its perfect beauty, before blight or canker had touched it? A hundred times over she had in fancy seen her baby die; had seen her choking to death in the arms of the parent who would have perished to save her; had seen her brought in drowned, the pretty clothes clinging, the soft curls straightened and dripping. She had seen the precious life going slowly and painfully, the dimpled hands and feet and throat and cheeks all wasted—had seen the beautiful body in flames, in the cruellest of all deaths. Which would it be?

Day and night for weeks the watching and the nursing went on, and then the turning-point was passed, and Lucy was nursed back—past her birthday, past

the bleak March—to health and strength. "Only," said the mother, weeping, "that she may be ready to die!"

The spring opened early. Through the ineffable sadness Mabel had a vivid, a preternatural, realization of the abounding life about her. Her home was in a rural city of large yards and occasional orchard bits. In the yards, along the terraced streets, on the bluffs, was the unvarying living green, and sporting over it all was the unconscious insect-life. All the trees were greening and taking on patches of blossom-color. The lines of fruit trees leading down the yard's long green were white and pink with blooms. and over the corollas flew and swarmed and buzzed and droned the honey-seekers, and everywhere were the birds. Not for one second could Mabel shut her consciousness against them. The robins hopped about the doorstep, the blue-jays alighted on the gateposts and the cedar hedge, the orioles flashed in the apple trees, the blackbirds flocked in the elms; and in the air at all hours were wing-sounds and calls—the "twit! twit!" the "pee-wee!" the whistle, the song. She could not get away from the carnival of life: she heard and saw when she would not; and all the gladness was only sad, only mocking, to her poor heart. She felt an unreasoning resentment against the joyous life, and this while seeking to withdraw from all else to the child. Marc's and Tommy's comfort was left to chance. The mother lived and moved in the little Lucy. During this month the entries in the diary were brief, like, for instance, this on April 21: "Yesterday I found little time to write: she slept only half an hour, and in that time my breaking heart could do nothing but cry to Heaven for mercy! mercy! Tommy came to the door and waked her. He had got a thorn under his nail, and wanted his mother. It will soon be his turn to be mothered: he has only eight more days to wait."

This week was one of prayer and almost tearless grief. Sunday was the twenty-seventh. Marc made ready to go to church. He would have been grateful for a day at home, for he was heavy of

heart, but he feared to give in to Mabel's "whim," as he had always called it—feared the effect on her strained mind.

"I should think," Mabel said, "that you would want to spend the last Sabbath with her?"

With a cheerful smile he took up the little Lucy and set her on the piano: "Look what a picture of health she is! Do you think that in two days she can sicken and die? As for any accidental death, you keep her always with you: there is little occasion to fear accident. How is the death to come?"

"I have imagined it in every shape. This waiting for the sword to fall is agony: it seems to me that I shall be glad when it is all over."

On Monday, the twenty-eighth, Mabel said with a kind of exaltation, "To-morrow, Marc, we shall have an angel. Stay by me to-day. You and Tommy and I must stay with her: you must help me to catch and to keep the picture of her life on this day, that we may be able to recall all her words and all she does."

And Marc, trying to laugh at the folly, but trembling and heavy-hearted, stayed.

The twenty-ninth came—an ethereal day of ineffable charms. The home was in perfect order. While the baby was yet sleeping Mabel had bathed and dressed and placed an ivy-branch in her hair. Then she had gone about the house arranging the plants and flowers. Shutters and curtains were adjusted for the harmonious mingling of light and shade. She ordered that Tommy should be bathed and dressed in fresh linen. It was as though they were making ready for a marriage-festival.

Then Lucy woke. With tenderness indescribable Mabel bathed her baby for the sacrifice; with frantic, clinging arms she hugged the glowing, beautiful unclad body to her dizzy heart; with passionate lips she kissed the naked feet, the dimpled knees, the hands, the sweet throat, the warm, laughing, prattling mouth, till the baby said in protest, "You love me too hard, mamma." With trembling, lingering fingers she curled the yellow hair. And then there were put on the garments in which Death was to meet her,

the poor mother-heart feeling by turns frantic protest, abysmal sadness, crushing awe; rapture of exaltation.

Marc tried to show a cheerful front, but the heaviness of death was upon him, and he early gave up the struggle to seem light.

"I will keep her in my sight all day," he thought: "if watchfulness can save her, she shall not die.—It would be almost miraculous for her to die to-day," he said as the hours wore on. "She is in perfect health: every instant she is in your arms or on your knee, right here in our sight."

"Don't, Marc, waste the precious moments in speculating as to how it is to come about. Get all the sweetness out of them that is possible."

The sad minutes melted away, and when but seven remained the restless little feet were yet pattering, the blue eyes were laughing, the little mouth was prattling. Baby sat on the mother's knee; Tommy, weary of the sombre atmosphere, had slipped from the room, and was unmissed; Marc sat by in the silence of a dread he could not shake off; the mother's soul was strained in agony, yet hearing the great clock in the next room slowly ticking.

Marc took out his watch and held it open in his palm. "Three minutes to five," he said.

"Lemme hear it tick, papa," said Lucy, making to get off the mother's knee.

"Sit with mamma, sweet blessing," the mother said, with such beseeching tenderness that Marc's eyes filled with tears, adding to her heart, "She must be in my arms when Death comes: I must help her meet the terror."

"I want to hear it talk," the child persisted, struggling to get down and beginning to cry.

"Mamma will show you her watch," said the poor mother in a terror at having the child crossed in its last minute, while yet all her soul was pressing close to help and sustain the little one in the supreme moment.

In that instant Marc spoke: "There! it is five o'clock! The time is up: let her come to me."

The child stopped crying. Mabel felt

at her heart a cool, indefinable something: it was as though all weight had been dropped out of her being and she was about to soar.

Lucy slipped away from her, and then footsteps were heard in the hall advancing, and voices repressed, but with passion in them. There was some dread meaning in it all: perchance Marc's watch was fast—that her baby had not escaped, that this meant the oncoming fate.

In the doorway stood a man, her neighbor. He bore in his arms a limp body, a little boy's. The clothes were wet, the head was dripping. "It is your boy, Marc—little Tommy: he is drowned. I picked him up in the creek back of my yard."

No sound passed Mabel's lips, pallid as wax, but the mother's soul was shrieking: "Oh, I could have given her up! For three years I have been getting ready to let her go: my hold was almost loosed. I could have let her go. But Tommy, my boy! my poor little slighted Tommy! my first baby! Oh, not him! not him!" She stretched out her arms toward her drowned boy. "It has killed me!" she cried, and then she fell senseless on the floor. Neighbors came pouring in: two,

three, four doctors were brought. Again and again was she brought back to face the terrible reality, but they could not hold her consciousness. Swoon followed swoon: life seemed bent on getting away from all their efforts.

"Her spirit is trying to get to Tommy's," the mothers said, weeping.

Then from the group about the boy there came words that thrilled all the hearts: "There! did you see that?" was the cry. "He gasped! he's alive! he's coming to!"

The workers by Mabel's side repeated the electrical words: "He's alive! he's alive! Tell her! quick! Bring her back once more and tell her that Tommy's coming to—that her boy's alive!"

And with the strength which comes of hope they worked, the two bands of faithful souls.

And when that poor sinking spirit again was above the flood the rope was thrown to it: "Tommy's alive! Tommy is saved! Mabel, do you hear? Tommy lives!" And it was from Marc, kneeling, weeping by her side, "Tommy is living!" that her sinking spirit caught this, held to it, and drew itself up from the waves of death.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

A MORNING AFTER STORM.

(ON THE COAST OF NEW ENGLAND IN MARCH.)

ALL night the north wind blew: the harsh north rain
Lashed like a spiteful whip at roof and sill.

Now the pale Morning lowers, bewildered, chill,
Leaning her cheek against the misted pane,
Like some worn outcast, sick in heart and brain.

The wind that raved all night, though muttering still,
Moans fitfully, with faint, irresolute will,
Through dreary interludes, its low refrain.

In desolate mood I turn to rest once more,
Closing my senses to this hopeless morn,

This dismal wind. Still must the Morning gloom,
Still the low sighing pass Sleep's muffled door,
Till her veiled life is filled with dreams forlorn,
With hollow sounds and bodeful shapes of doom.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SIERRAS.

ONE day early in September, several years ago, I received a telegram from Carson City, Nevada, which read, "Come immediately: be here on the tenth, without fail." It was signed by a relative of mine, a young man who had gone West a few weeks before to establish himself in business and "grow up with the place." Having a desire to see the West myself, I had requested him to inform me if there was an opening for a schoolma'am in his locality, and this telegram was the response. I started at midnight, and was at Omaha the next night. Here I fell in company with another schoolma'am, a young lady of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who was going to the extreme North-west—Olympia, Washington Territory—to be married; and we travelled together very pleasantly. On the sixth night after leaving home the darkey porter woke me about midnight and told me that we were nearing Reno, Nevada, where passengers took the stage for Carson City. Half an hour later the brakeman shouted "Reno!" and the porter delved under the berth for my satchel and shawl-strap, and led the way to the door. A few minutes more and the warmed and lighted train glided away in the darkness, and I stood shivering in the cold wind that swept down the long platform. Lanterns twinkled at the upper end, where trunks and boxes were being loaded on trucks and the shadows of the moving forms loomed like giants. "All aboard for Carson City!" shouted a man in a gray overcoat, with a muffler around his neck and ears, as he came down the platform dragging two mail-bags. I presented myself as a passenger for Carson, and he conducted me to the other side of the dépôt and put me into what seemed a leathern sepulchre. It was perfectly dark: it had leather sides, leather seats and a leather strap across the middle. There were two leather bags on the front seat, and the driver threw in

two more as he answered my questions: It was one o'clock; we should reach Carson City at sunrise; I was the only passenger. Then he climbed to his seat on top, said "All right, Jim!" evidently to somebody who was holding the horses, and the next moment the stage started with a sudden plunge that threw me forward on the leather strap, and bounded away, up and down, up and down, over a road that seemed full of holes and ruts. The ill-smelling leather bags bounced up and down with the motion of the stage: now they were on the front seat, now on the floor, now they made lunges at me over the strap, now they bounded from side to side as if trying to get out under the leather curtains. In vain I put them in their place and braced myself in mine: the next bounce of the stage brought us all into one heap.

Mile after mile glided by in the darkness. The land may have been lovely, it may have been barren and dreary, but no glimpse of it was vouchsafed to me. About three o'clock we stopped to change horses. A dim form lifted the leather curtain, and the driver's voice asked cheerily, "All right inside?" His question seemed to include the mail-bags as well as his passenger. I answered for myself that the swinging motion of the stage produced a feeling akin to sea-sickness. "Then you'd better get on top," he said, "and ride the rest of the way." I assented gladly, and with his assistance mounted on the hub, then on the front wheel, then into the boot, and so to the high seat above and back of the driver's seat. Down below lanterns were twinkling, and men were leading the reeking horses into a stable with open doors and bringing forth fresh ones. Overhead the stars were shining. All around was dark, but in the west a wall of denser blackness was dimly outlined against the night sky. It was the Sierra Nevada range. Sitting here alone on top of the stage, I noticed for the first time the exquisite

purity and freshness of the air. Every breath was a taste of fragrance, a draught of divine elixir. It was a pleasure merely to breathe, to fill one's lungs with such glorious wine of oxygen and try to analyze the qualities which composed it. Its coolness was gained from the untrodden snows of the upper sierras, and some of its fragrance from the resinous forests of their lower slopes, but there was a subtle and exquisite flavor, the sparkle of the wine, that one could not trace to its origin.

Six mustangs had been brought out and harnessed. The driver mounted to his seat and took the reins: beside him was the Wells-Fargo Express agent. At a signal the hostlers quitted their hold of the leaders' heads, and away we went. Perched up so high on springs, swaying easily with every motion of the stage, we had all the delight and none of the discomfort of riding. It was more like flying—the cool air rushing against our faces, the sense of freedom and swift motion, the bracing and exhilarating air, every draught of which was a tonic. At first we seemed to be rushing against a wall of darkness, but as my eyes grew accustomed to the road I saw that we were now whirling over broad, level, treeless spaces, now spinning down a narrow shelf cut around the side of the mountain, now plunging into a deep cañon with dark masses of shrubbery on either side. The driver and express-agent talked occasionally, now discussing common acquaintances, now commenting on the merits or demerits of the horses, now rehearsing local traditions. In this cañon the stage had been stopped by robbers, near that divide Washoe Jim had been lynched. In the long intervals the monotonous clatter of the horses' feet and the rumbling of the stage were the only sounds. We passed Steamboat Springs, a region of geysers. The lighter shade of the gray and white burnt soil showed even in the darkness, and ghostly columns of vapor rose in the air with a sighing sound, while all around the puff and throb and bubble of jets and boiling springs, and the gases that tainted the purity of the mountain-air, warned us away from Nature's

laboratory and workshop. How dim and grand everything seemed in the starlight—the high sierra-wall against the dark western sky, the vast plain that stretched away to the eastward, the strange new land that emerged out of obscurity as we rolled southward!

Gray dawn appeared, and we approached a lake walled in by hoary hills, whose slopes were covered with bleached and faded sagebrush, and whose aspect was dreary, forlorn, remote. The mists were slowly lifting from the surface of the water, and a chilly wind blew from it. The breaking day revealed the outlines of a grand yet desolate landscape. Along the western horizon stretched the sierras, their steep sloping sides clothed with dark evergreens and their summits crowned with snow. The eastern horizon was filled with a succession of barren brown and gray hills resembling huge drifts of sand.

Turning the flanks of the hills that shut in the lake, we came in sight of the long level valley of the Carson River, which stretched away to the southward between the desolate hills of the east and the grand mountains of the west. The winding course of the river was marked by a ribbon of verdure which contrasted brightly with the gray sagebrush. In the middle of the valley, its domes and roofs glittering in the first rays of the sun, stood Carson City.

Here and there near the side of the road were piles of brush, with pieces of dingy canvas spread over them and little fires burning on the ground, and seated by them, wrapped in red or green blankets, were several Piute Indians, their cheeks, noses and chins marked with bright-colored paint. An old squaw, wrinkled and squalid and bent half-double, was bringing a load of brush on her back, and two or three scantily-clad boys with brown faces and bright eyes peered at us from under tangled shocks of hair. Leaving the wild open country, with its dreary hills and lonely lakes and vast expanses of sagebrush, we came now to ranches fenced in from the public road and watered by little streams brought from the Carson River. Seen from the

head of the valley, they had looked like the squares on a chessboard: now they widened out to hayfields of a hundred acres. We rattled fast by the ranches, by Chinese wash-houses, through the suburbs and into the main street. The city was just starting into activity: doors were being opened and shutters unbarred; bright streamers of dry goods flaunted in the morning breeze; Mexican saddles and bridles were exposed for sale here, gay blankets for Indians there; across the street a man behind a fruit-stall was arranging big California pears and peaches and magnificent bunches of pale-green and purple grapes.

There was a strange mingling of substantial public buildings and of hastily-built shells: the fine gray stone Mint, the State-house, hotels, banks, express-offices, contrasted with Chinese shanties and houses evidently built during the rush of the "early days." In the side-streets were churches and comfortable dwellings with vines and flowers and fruit trees around them—all that we associate with home and familiar conventional ways of living—while just beyond, on one side, were the wild and rugged sierras, and on the other the desolate hills, which suggested themselves to the imagination as the lurking-places of Indians and outlaws, the abode of everything at enmity with peace and security.

We rolled down Main street, the horses on a run and flecked with foam, and drew up in front of the Ormsby House, where a little crowd was awaiting the arrival of the stage. Right glad was I to see in the crowd one familiar face.

The sun was shining gloriously in a dome of perfect sapphire, and the white plains shimmered in the flood of light, as we left Carson City that afternoon for a little valley that lay several miles to the southward. The light dust, stirred by the horses' feet, rose in clouds, and the sagebrush, crushed beneath the carriage-wheels, gave forth a pungent, spicy odor. We passed under the dripping flume which, reared on high trestlework, floats logs from the redwood forests high up on the mountains down to the city on the plain. It follows the side of the moun-

tain several miles, with apparently little fall, yet the logs come booming down, one after another, with a fin of water flying backward from their heads, and sometimes pile up on each other in a terrific jam. Men wearing rubber boots reaching nearly to their waists, and carrying in their hands long poles barbed with iron, are stationed a mile or less apart to prevent jams. Sometimes a log leaps half out of water, and lies with one end resting on the side of the flume: then the man with the pole must be quick in dislodging it, or another log and another will come rushing down and pile upon the first, and the jam become inextricable.

Out into the desert we rode—not a desert like those which bear the ruins of ancient cities in their dust, where life has been and is not, where the pathos of desertion and desolation broods; but a desert ripe for its destiny, and waiting to be fruitful, ready to bud and blossom and yield—to resound with many voices and the hum of industry. Wherever water is brought, there grass and grain and flowers grow, and already streams brought from the mountain-lakes are beginning to trickle through the sagebrush, and squares of verdure along the base of the sierra-wall mark the ranches of industrious settlers. The road, deeply worn by heavy teams, was a foot deep in white dust, and the soil of the desert was dry and light as ashes, for it was yet six weeks till the time for the rains. A prickly white poppy bloomed along the roadside, its leaves and petals powdered with dust, and here and there, above the gnarled gray sagebrush, clumps of greasewood lifted their yellow flowers. Occasionally a long-eared rabbit started up near at hand, and bounded away to nestle in some denser cluster. Winding around hills that resembled huge drifts of sand, we entered a narrow pass between two of them, and descended into a long treeless, green valley that lay directly at the base of the highest sierra-wall. There were no intervening foothills: the mountains, clothed from base to summit with gloomy, dark-green firs and pines and redwoods, rose steeply upward ten thousand feet. At the upper end of the val-

ley stood a cluster of barren gray peaks: they looked like the lone survivors of some dead age of the world. At the lower end the valley narrowed till it was only a few hundred feet wide, and in this pass, clustered around several medicinal springs of excellent quality, stood a little town.

A small creek wound through the valley, but it was nearly dry, and the ranches were irrigated by streams brought down in flumes from the mountain. Several large, comfortable-looking houses, surrounded by barns and other outbuildings, stood on the western edge of the valley at the foot of the mountain-wall, but our course lay toward a smaller, poorer house on the main road which led through the middle of the valley. As we drove up to it we saw straw and dust flying and heard the sound of a threshing-machine in the corral, or barn-lot. A woman came to the door and invited us in. She was tall and thin, with dark eyes and hair and a sallow complexion: her front teeth were gone, and she wore a purple calico dress. My companion introduced her as Mrs. Carter, the wife of the school-trustee. Just then Mr. Carter came in, having seen our carriage stop at the front gate. He was much younger-looking than his wife, and had a fresh, ruddy complexion. He wore a dark flannel shirt, just now covered with chaff and dust from the threshing-machine, and instead of suspenders he had a leather strap buckled around his waist. He was quiet and pleasant in his manners and civil in his speech.

It was arranged that I should board with them, on account of nearness to the school-house. The school-house, by the way, was a little white frame house, as bare and unattractive as district school-houses usually are, and was set near the roadside on the edge of a field, facing not the grand mountains in the west, but the barren, dreary hills in the east. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Carter and their four children the household consisted just then of two or three hired men and a Chinese cook. The men slept in the granary, and the Chinaman bunked down in the kitchen. This Celestial went about

his work in blue trousers and white upper garment, as clean as a cat and as stealthy in his tread. His eyes looked out of a face the color of beeswax, and were as expressionless as two copper cents. If he knew any English, he did not speak it: if he had any thoughts, they were hidden, fathoms deep, under Oriental apathy and reserve. On wash-day a squaw came from a neighboring camp somewhere in the sagebrush to do the washing. She was a stout, short, middle-aged woman, with thick black hair as coarse as a horse's mane, and sullen black eyes. She wore deerskin moccasins, a calico dress and a green blanket pinned around her waist. In reply to a question of Mrs. Carter's, she said that her man had gone to Virginia City—that he had been gone a long time, adding, "Me think he have another squaw, me no live with him when he come back." But a few days afterward the recreant husband returned, and she rushed to meet him with a cry of welcome so loud that we heard it a quarter of a mile off.

The ranches in this valley are owned by half a dozen families, who came across the Plains together from a neighborhood in Missouri, stopping for a short time at Salt Lake City. They are Josephites, an offshoot of the Mormon stock, and, with the exception of polygamy, believe in and live up to the essential doctrines and practices of Mormonism. Harmony generally prevails among them, for they are law-abiding citizens and have many interests in common, but occasionally a dispute arises about the water for irrigation, those living farthest from the source of supply claiming that those above them take an undue share. These disputes are generally settled satisfactorily among themselves, but sometimes they go to law. Then the Carson lawyers have occasion to wonder, with the witty Saxe, why so many land-suits are groundless and so many water-suits are dry.

The owner of the largest ranche lives in one of the large, comfortable houses near the foot of the mountain. He is a peculiar character, full of whims and oddities, and his personal appearance adds

to his reputation for peculiarity. His long black hair, mingled with threads of gray, hangs unkempt about his shoulders, a long black beard falls upon his breast, and a pair of sharp, watchful gray eyes peer from under his bushy eyebrows. He wears a broad-brimmed slouch hat, which he rarely removes, even in the house. Report said that while in Utah he had served Brigham Young in the capacity of Destroying Angel. Whether he has been a destroying angel or not, he is a domestic tyrant. His children tremble at his footstep, and withdraw into corners and stop their noisy play when he comes into the room. He has one favorite among his seven or eight children, a little boy whom he loads with presents of candy and toys every time he returns from town, while the others stand by looking on wistfully, but not daring to claim a share. He would not allow his oldest daughter to receive company or to go to parties, and she finally ran away with and married one of the hired men. From that time her father never spoke to her or of her, or seemed conscious of her existence, although she lived not far off and sometimes came home on a visit. The wife and mother, as good and kind a woman as ever lived, interceded for her daughter, but could not effect a reconciliation, and had to content herself with supplying her daughter's home with many comforts. The eldest son, a quiet, well-behaved boy, was so hectored and harried by his father that he resolved to run away, and at one time had all his arrangements made to go to his relatives in Salt Lake, but his mother's pleadings persuaded him to stay and bear his father's tyranny with patience until he became of age.

One Sunday I went with the Carters to visit this family. The married daughter was at home that day, and there were others present, among them a red-faced, middle-aged man with a flashy watch-chain, and a young woman dressed in high colors and bad taste. They took their leave soon after dinner. When they had gone some one casually remarked that they were running away together, he from his wife or she from her hus-

band—I have forgotten which—and were going "down below," to San Francisco. No one seemed shocked or scandalized. In the dance of life in Nevada the order "Change partners!" is obeyed with alacrity and a graceful ease that comes only with frequent practice.

At the lower end of the valley lives an old Josephite preacher, also peculiar in his way. Having no church or pulpit, he disseminates his religious views by distributing tracts warning people against the heretical doctrines and practices of Mormonism, and urging them to accept the only true and orthodox belief, that professed by the Josephites. Besides the half-dozen families permanently settled in this valley, there are others who rent land for a season or two, living in loose, hastily-constructed houses and tending their crops. If, from scarcity of water, their own lack of industry or management, or some other cause, their crops are not good, they pull up stakes and go somewhere else to repeat the experiment. They belong to the class of people who are always in the track of bad luck—who move from one place to escape Scylla and fall upon Charybdis in another; or, to use an illustration nearer home, move from Indiana because their crops have been poor or they have had the "fever 'n' agur," and get to Kansas in time to be eaten up by the grasshoppers.

There are still other inhabitants, few and transient, who come and go of their own free will, without asking favors of settlers in the valley, and without intrusion. These are the original lords of the soil—Piute Indians. Where evening has shown only a patch of sagebrush on the hillside, morning will show one or two shelters composed of brush and dingy blankets, smoke curling upward from a fire of brushwood, and several Piutes, with long black hair and stolid faces, sitting on the ground wrapped in blankets, while their squaws prepare the long-eared rabbits or whatever they have provided for breakfast. Lacking such large game, they content themselves with grasshoppers or fat shell-less snails about the size of one's middle finger. Every fall

they go to Lake Mono, gather the small worms and flies that abound on its shores, and store them away in bags for winter provision. The squaws are patient creatures, who make little attempt at personal adornment, but put all the bright bits of cloth or strings of beads that they can get on their papposes, bright-eyed, round-faced little children, who peep from their shelter at strangers with the timid, watchful expression of a bird when some one approaches too near her nest. The Piute children are exposed to all sorts of weather, heat and cold, rain and snow, and those who die from the effects of exposure are considered too weak and puny to meet the requirements of life. These Indians never molest the inhabitants of the valley, nor are they molested by them. They have occasional conflicts with their hereditary foes, the Washoes, who inhabit the region around Virginia City, but as neither party is noted for bloodthirstiness, they wash the war-paint off their faces after one or two encounters and arrange an amicable settlement by exchanging squaws and ponies.

I spent several months in this little valley, and grew to love the scenery and to find constant entertainment in studying its various aspects. However limited and unsatisfactory life might appear when shut up in the house or looking toward the barren, depressing hills in the east, one step into the sight and presence of the grand sierra-wall was enough to renew my faith in my ideals, to suggest wide and noble thoughts. Their lofty grandeur was a perpetual benediction. I bowed anew every day before their royal strength and beauty. They were more than stupendous masses of stone and earth reared in the air, more than "representatives of unseen forces and voices from an infinite past:" their influence rebuked petty worries and sordid anxieties, and invested life with a largeness, a freedom, a serenity, never felt before. The fragrant, spicy air was healing and invigorating to the body, and there lacked not a balm for the spirit. To one who had received a secret hurt in life's battle this would be a "valley of Avilion," where he might rest,

Haply, like Arthur, till his wound be healed.

The scenery in this region is perhaps the finest in the Sierra Nevada. Lake Tahoe, that grand "sea above the clouds," lies, girdled by lofty summits, several thousand feet above and but a few miles away. We rode to it on wiry little mustangs that climbed like goats, and spent two days wandering along its lovely shores or rowing over its crystal waters, whose extreme depth the plummet has never sounded. Imagine a circle of grand mountains four thousand feet high, covered with tall green pines and firs to the very summits, so arranged as to form a valley more than a hundred miles in circumference. Then imagine this valley filled with the purest, clearest water that ever distilled from snow or welled up from a spring, until the encircling mountain-walls are but three thousand feet higher than the bosom of the lake. After all, I think the liveliest imagination cannot paint the picture as beautiful as reality. One steps into a skiff from the pebbly beach and pushes off. Beneath is the white sandy bottom, flecked and glimmering with the peculiar golden quiver that sunshine makes in passing through clear water. Farther from shore great boulders and crags covered with brown moss start up to meet one: at first I instinctively lifted my head suddenly, for it seemed as if they towered to the surface and would strike the boat. It is odd to see the speckled trout floating about so lazily in ether, for the element that sustains them is so transparent that it is invisible. Receding from the land, one sees the pine-clad sierras faithfully pictured in the depths beneath, and it is hard to say which vision is lovelier, that of the upper or the under world. Below, as well as above, are white fleecy clouds, a blue sky and a bright sun. Toward the centre of the lake the water is a dim blue, on account of its great depth. Beautiful as Lake Tahoe was by day, it was still more beautiful by night, with the splendor and glamour of moonlight upon it. I stole a brief half hour from the company of a travelled and talkative lady who was a guest in the same cottage with us, and who talked from supper till late bedtime of her life and ad-

ventures in Palestine, and, going out alone, stood under the black shadow of the pines, breathed deep draughts of the pure, spicy air, and looked now at the full moon, just risen above the eastern sierras, now at the sea of liquid silver that stretched to the snowy western range. The beauty of that scene baffles language.

The lady referred to was Mrs. Adams, wife of the person who tried several years ago to establish a colony of New England farmers and mechanics in the Holy Land near Joppa, and to introduce improved agricultural machines into that country. His attempt was a failure, and the bankrupt colonists were glad to avail themselves of the charity of their countrymen and return to America. Mrs. Adams gave us a history of this experiment, and defended herself and husband against the complaints and accusations of the colonists. With the bows on her cap trembling with indignation she said, "They may attack and vilify us, but there is one thing they cannot do: they can never take from us the glory of introducing the first threshing-machine into the Holy Land."

But to return to Birk's Valley and the people there. While studying the characteristic traits and local customs of the neighborhood, and drinking in the strengthening beauty of the mountain-scenery, I suddenly found myself on the verge of a curious domestic revelation—a little tragedy in which I was to take the same part that the chorus does in a Greek play. One Saturday, when two or three weeks of school were gone, I was sewing on some curtains for the school-house windows, and Mrs. Carter came and sat down by me, offering to help. There was no one in the house but ourselves. The hired men had finished their work and gone, and the Chinese cook had been discharged; the children were playing in the sunshine in front of the door; Mr. Carter was away with his team. Mrs. Carter was naturally rather quiet and serious, and sickness and hard work had given a pathetic and subdued expression to her thin face and dark eyes; but to-day she seemed more than usually

saddened and depressed. Yet it was with an effort at cheerfulness that she began to talk as she took one of the curtains and sewed on it. Presently she said, hesitatingly and with some emotion, as if introducing a painful subject, "I am glad that you are going to board here this winter: you will be company for me when Jim is gone."

"When is he going away?" I asked without surprise, supposing that he was going to the mines or up to the lumber-ranches on the mountains to earn some money by teaming when his crop of potatoes was dug and his hay all cut and pressed.

"In two or three weeks, as soon as he can get ready," was the reply.

"And when is he coming back?"

"He says he is never coming back," said Mrs. Carter calmly; then, as I remained silent in bewildered surprise, she went on: "I may as well tell you the whole story, for you must learn it sooner or later." She stopped a moment, then continued, like one talking in a dream: "Jim says he has nothing against me. We have never had a quarrel, and he has never spoken a cross word to me since we were married, but he says he is tired of the life here on the ranch, and he is going to leave me and the children and go off to the mines and start afresh. He will leave me everything we have—the farm-wagon and horses, the crops on the ranch and what is in the house; which is not very much, for we've always been poor. The ranch is my brother's. He'll take with him only the wagon and two horses he uses for teaming. He says I can get a divorce if I want to—he can't, for he has nothing against me—and the court will give me the possession of the property and of the children. I'm eight years older than him, and I've been sick a good deal, and he says I'm too sober for him." She stopped a moment, thinking of the past, then went on again: "My brother's family came across the Plains from Missouri eleven years ago, and I came with them, for father and mother were both dead, and there was nobody left in the old home. My brother had a good many teamsters and hired men

working for him when he first settled here, and I did the cooking and washing and ironing: my sister-in-law had enough to do to take care of her babies. My work was hard, and I didn't pay attention to anything else; and Jim—he was one of the men who was teaming for my brother—said he noticed my quiet ways and was attracted to me because I was different from the other single women out here. He used to bring in buckets of water for me, and stove-wood; and once, when I had done a big washing and went to hang out the clothes and was so tired, he came and stretched the line for me and helped me to hang up the clothes, and said, 'It's a shame you have so much hard work to do.' And then he asked me to marry him, and said he would take better care of me than my brother did. Says I, 'Jim, I'm eight years older than you,' and he says, 'Mandy, I don't care for that. You are different from the other single women around here. Some of them are gay and fast, and I know you're good and that I can depend on you.' Says I, 'Jim, I've always had poor health,' and he says, 'That is only a better reason why you should have somebody to take care of you.' I sat down on the doorstep: it made me kind o' weak to think of it"—more to herself than her auditor, dreaming over the one romance of her life. "I had nearly always been sick, and didn't think I should ever be married, and it seemed like a dream, it was so sudden, and I couldn't realize that I would have a home like other women; and when I looked up there was Jim standing there waiting for an answer; and I said, 'Yes, if you want me, Jim, and you're sure you'll never be sorry of your bargain,' and he said he was satisfied. And I went about my work like I was in a dream, and I didn't care for being ordered around or for having the children impose on me, for I felt as if Jim was always going to take care of me. And he said he was going to finish teaming for my brother, and then we would be married, and he would rent a ranch and we would have a home. Then he told my brother, who was surprised, but he was willing, for Jim was a steady-go-

ing fellow; and my sister-in-law was a little spiteful, and said, 'La, 'Mandy! I never thought you would get a husband: you're near thirty.' But I didn't care for what she said. About two months afterward we went to Carson and were married. Then Jim rented a ranch at the upper end of the valley, and we went to housekeeping. He was just as good and kind as he could be, and I was happy, and thought that all of our life would be like that first year. But we had poor crops, and I was sick a good deal after Willie was born, and Jim had to hire somebody to wait on me and do the work; and it was discouraging. Then we left the upper ranch, for the water failed there sometimes, and came down here, and I worked hard, and Jim worked hard, but somehow we didn't prosper. Jim took to teaming again, and with that and what we made from the ranch we managed to get along and pay our debts, but we never had anything ahead. Jim was always good to me and never gave me a cross word, but I couldn't help feeling that the home we had wasn't the one he'd pictured to himself. Some men would have taken to drink, but he didn't: Jim was never drunk in his life that I know of. I noticed that every time he came back from teaming he was more and more dissatisfied, and lately he's talked a good deal about going to the mines; and now he says he's going to leave me and the children and take a fresh start. He says he wants to do things on the square—not have anything underhanded or sneaking about it—and he tells me before he goes that he don't expect to come back. He says he's done the best he could for ten years, but things don't get any better, and he intends to have some enjoyment before he dies."

She broke into sobs, as if she had reached the most painful part of the story, and buried her face in her gingham apron: then, controlling herself by an effort, she went on: "I was brought up with a religious training, and I've always tried to be a Christian, but Jim's father was an infidel—he didn't believe in God nor any hereafter—and Jim was trained to think the same way. He says

he believes this world is all there is, and that when we die we go out like a candle; and he has never had any very good times so far, and he intends to have some enjoyment before he dies. I can get along somehow. I have the children, and my brother will not let us suffer; but what is to become of Jim? I am afraid he will go to ruin."

She ended, and we sat silent for a moment. The case transcended my powers of consolation: it seemed to me worse than the bereavement of death. I spoke this thought, and Mrs. Carter replied, "Yes, it's what my mother used to say: 'Living trouble is worse than dead trouble.'"

Just then the children came in clamoring for something to eat. She gave them all some bread and butter, and took up the baby to rock him to sleep. He was a sturdy little fellow of two years, with pink cheeks and large blue eyes like his father's. Mrs. Carter said, "I asked Jim how he could bear to leave the children, and he looked at the baby and said he would take him with him. 'No,' says I, for that roused a different feeling: 'you may go if you've determined to go, but you don't take one of the children away while I am alive!'" Then she laid the child on the lounge, spreading an old veil on the pillow to keep off the flies, and went into the kitchen to get dinner—to take up the prosaic round of everyday work as if her heart was not weighted with trouble.

In the light of this revelation I looked at Mr. Carter that evening when he came back and had seated himself, as usual, before the fire with the baby on his knee, but saw only what I had seen before—a quiet, undemonstrative man with an open, intelligent countenance, who appeared like a guest or transient sojourner rather than the head of the family. He seemed like one whose interests were elsewhere, but he was evidently not disturbed by any reproaches of conscience, for his eye was clear and his expression unruffled.

No allusion was made to the approaching departure during the ensuing week, and I wondered if it had been postponed or abandoned; but on Saturday Mr. Carter said to me in a simple, straightforward

way, "I'm expecting to go away pretty soon, and I want to leave everything square with you, so there will be no trouble about school-matters. I'll sign a warrant, so that you can draw your money when it is due, and I'll notify the two other trustees that I can no longer act, and at the next school-meeting there can be another trustee elected."

Mrs. Carter was sitting by sewing, and when he went out she remarked quietly, "He says he's going to start on Monday, day after to-morrow."

Sunday dawned, calm and peaceful and bright: the sun rose above the pale-gold eastern hills, and shone upon the grand, dark-green sierras, flooding the valley between with light. The world seemed as fresh and fair as if it had just been made; the pure air was fragrant with faint, spicy scents; there was not a cloud in the serene azure. No sound, not even the faintest echo, disturbed the quiet of the valley: one might have thought that it was the abode of perfect peace. But a gloom hung over this home: it was like the day between a death and a funeral. Breakfast was eaten in silence: the children felt, but could not understand, the trouble that brooded in the air. To escape from the oppressive feelings that weighed upon me in the house, I took a book, and, crossing the road, climbed to the top of a hill on the other side, and sat down on a boulder among the sagebrush. The peaceful valley lay in view, the grand wall of the sierras stretched before me, but I hardly noticed the beauty of the landscape and my book lay closed beside me.

I was puzzled over the case. My range of observation had not been wide, but I had read, and in books the scoundrel was generally an unmitigated scoundrel. There were few or no redeeming traits about him: all his acts were consistent. Now, here was a man deliberately deserting his wife and children, leaving them to shift for themselves, breaking away from the strongest obligations of duty and honor, and starting on a search for selfish happiness. Viewed in that light, he was a scoundrel. But there were opposing considerations. He had always been kind

to his family and had labored for their support. He despised sneaking, underhanded actions, and desired to do everything "on the square." There was a certain straightforward honesty about him which was not characteristic of scoundrels. Evidently, there was some lack in his moral education, for he seemed to feel no reproaches of conscience for the course he had marked out: perhaps there was some natural deformity in his moral character. But it was a puzzle any way I looked at it, and I resolved to wait for the sequel before trying to decide about it.

Looking down, I saw the children playing with the big dog on the porch, and Mr. and Mrs. Carter in earnest conversation. She was sitting on the doorstep, he standing by with his hand against the house. It was the same attitude in which he had stood when he asked her to marry him, but they were no doubt too much absorbed in the present to think of the past.

The next morning Mrs. Carter prepared an early breakfast, busying herself with the hot cakes while the others ate, and calmly serving the plates as though nothing unusual were occurring. It was her husband's last meal at home, but the woman's pride was stronger than the wife's humiliated sorrow. I made haste to start to school. The Carter children were late that morning, and had poor lessons. The little girl cried quietly behind her book, and at recess the boy informed his playmates that his pa was gone, gone for good, evidently more impressed with the temporary celebrity this conferred upon him than with any grief for his father's departure. I dreaded to go home in the evening, but a glance toward the house showed a long line of clothes whipping in the wind, and proved that Mrs. Carter had been busy. She was mopping up the kitchen-floor, and looked tired but not heartbroken. When she had finished she sat down and told the story of the morning: "After breakfast Jim went out and harnessed up his horses and drove them around to the front, and then came in to get his things. He rolled up some blankets which he had used

when away teaming, but I unrolled the bundle and took them out and put in two good ones: I knew he had little money to buy anything new, and the old ones would not last much longer. There was a twenty-dollar gold-piece in the house which I was determined he should take, but he was equally determined I should keep it. He laid it on the mantelpiece and took his bundle out to the wagon, and I picked it up and rolled it in a piece of paper with a tin-type of the baby, and when I went out I put it in his vest-pocket, saying, 'That's the baby's picture.' I was bound I would say nothing to keep him back after we had talked it over so much and I had said everything I could think of to prevail upon him to stay; and if he expected to see me break down at the last and beg him not to go, he was mistaken. He began to say what I had better do—that the schoolma'am's board would be some help to me—but I said, 'Jim, it's none of your lookout how we get along. You're going your way, and we'll go ours.' He bade the children good-bye, and told Willie he must be a good boy and mind his mother; and Lizzie she began to cry, but I didn't cry. I stood holding the baby, for I thought to the last that he might take him off with him; he kissed the baby and was going to kiss me, but I drew back and said, 'No, Jim:' then I shook hands with him, cool-like, and said, 'I wish you well,' and came into the house and shut the door. Then, when I heard the wagon drive off, I sent Willie and Lizzie to school, and put on the wash-water, and cleared the breakfast-table; and I've been hard at work ever since. I feel mad to-day: I don't know how I'll feel to-morrow."

Her thin cheeks were flushed: woman's pride was in the ascendant. The thought of what the neighbors, of what her own relations, would say, stung her, and she felt indignant at the man who had exposed her to so much humiliation. Healthy resentment acts like a tonic. Instead of being cast down, she was strengthened.

Next day she sent her little boy across the ranch to tell her brother to come, and informed him in a manner that forbade

pity or commiseration that Jim had gone away and didn't expect to come back. The brother was astounded. He burst forth in hearty indignation, and called his brother-in-law some hard names. Then he conferred with Mrs. Carter about business-matters, and ended by advising her to apply at once for a divorce. This she refused to do, and he went away vexed, telling her that she could not hold any property or be sure of keeping the children until she had been divorced.

For the next few weeks she was braced up to endure the questions and comments of her neighbors: then, as the sensation flagged in interest and the gossip turned to something else, she settled into a quiet round of life and began to realize the forlornness of her position. Her moods varied as the long lonely days passed. Sometimes resentment and wounded pride were uppermost, then pity for herself and her children, and then anxiety for her husband exposed to danger and temptation. She would say to me, rousing out of a painful reverie, "If I only knew that he would be saved I would not care, but I know he's doing wrong, and I'm afraid he'll be lost. I don't expect him to come back, but I'll not get a divorce: perhaps the thought that he has a wife and children and a home will keep him from going to ruin. I pray for him." Then she would burst into tears and sob, but soon check herself and press her hand against her fluttering heart. She had heart disease, and was afraid that it would become worse if she yielded to violent emotion.

The long bright autumn passed and the rainy season set in. For days together the rain fell as if the skies were opened and a second deluge had begun. The snow-line was halfway down the mountains. The gulches were filled with roaring torrents and the flumes overflowed. Mournful as had been her reveries and her lonely hours, Mrs. Carter found that they had been easy compared with the sharp anxieties that now encompassed her about. To be dependent on her brother while her husband was alive would add a fresh humiliation to her troubles, and she resolved that she would not

apply to him for aid until her own means and efforts were exhausted. Necessity roused a new energy in her, and so carefully did she work and manage that she kept her little household comfortable without going beyond her own slender resources. But there were many trying circumstances, many petty vexations. Among other things, some cattle broke into the yard and began devouring a pile of straw on the edge of the adjoining field which was her chief dependence for her two cows. In vain she and her little boy advanced upon them with threatening gestures, in vain they threw stones and sticks and ordered them away: they stood complacently devouring the widow's substance, eating farther and farther into the stack, making great caves in it and trampling the straw under foot. The chief terror among them was a large white bull, which ate and ate and trampled the straw, never turning his head when the sticks and stones thrown from a safe distance came against his sides. Mrs. Carter was in grievous dismay. She saw the winter store for her cows disappearing before the invading cattle, but could do nothing to prevent it. She could not send her little boy across the ranch to her brother's, for the rain was falling in torrents and she was afraid that he would be drowned in some of the swollen streams. "I could drive the others away if I wasn't afraid of that bull," she said; and finally desperation seized upon her. Trembling with fear and with her heart fluttering, she took a short rope with a noose in each end, walked up to the bull, put one noose around his horns, as he had his nose deep in the straw, then led him quickly to a post and dropped the other noose over it. Then she retreated to the house and sat down, unnerved and "as weak as a cat," as she expressed it. Presently, summoning courage, she sallied forth again with her little boy, drove the other cattle away and patched up the broken fence. The white bull was now a white elephant on her hands: she could not get rid of him, and she had to feed and water him. She carried some straw and a bucket of water to him every day, anx-

ious lest he should starve to death and she should be held responsible by his owner.

The snow-line came lower and lower, and by Christmas all the valley was white with snow. All the roads were lost in the trackless white. The last few days of the term I struggled to the school-house through snow that was nearly waist-deep, picked some wood out of the drifts and built a fire, but only half a dozen children came. The aspect of the valley had changed since I first saw it that lovely September day. The pines upon the mountains were great plumes of snow, and the barren eastern hills were billows of spotless white. The snow drifted through the holes in the roof above my bed, through which I had often seen the stars at night, and although Mrs. Carter stuffed pieces of coffee-sacks into them they still leaked, and I was obliged to move in with her and the children. We were cut off from all communication with the outside world, for even the stage stopped running. Yet the memories I have of this time are by no means unpleasant. Mrs. Carter and I sat by the fireplace every night till late, she telling me stories of her early life in Missouri, of their long journey across the Plains, their stay in Salt Lake City and their final arrival in this valley, and I listening with rapt attention, and inwardly reproaching myself because I had at first thought this woman commonplace and uninteresting.

We had plenty of flour, meal, molasses and potatoes, but no meat, and taxed our ingenuity to provide a variety of dishes. One day the big dog came in bringing a rabbit in his mouth, which he laid at his mistress's feet, and great were our rejoicings at this unexpected addition to our scanty larder. We fared sumptuously on rabbit-stew that day, not forgetting to give the dog his portion, and next day he brought in another. On another day, while sitting near the window reading, the dim December light that fell upon my page was darkened, and looking up I saw an Indian with his nose flattened against the pane. He was dressed in blanket and trousers, and had his bow and arrows in his hand. He did not move nor speak when I looked up, but

continued to stare steadfastly into the room.

I called Mrs. Carter, and when she came she recognized him as the husband of the squaw who had washed for her in the summer. He had been hunting in the mountains, and had killed a deer, a hind quarter of which he had on his back and wished to sell. Mrs. Carter bought it, and he put the silver into his cheek, as a squirrel does a nut, and went away, with the intention, no doubt, of exchanging the money for fire-water at the first opportunity.

Just beyond the sierra-wall lay California, and thither my thoughts turned longingly, but it seemed as if the roads were blockaded for the winter. Day after day we watched for the stage, but saw no moving speck far to the south—nothing but unbroken snow. Finally, there came a thaw, and the high drifts dissolved into water, which poured into the swollen streams and washed great holes and gutters in the road. That evening at dusk the stage came, and, bidding Mrs. Carter a hasty good-bye, I was off. She had promised to write to me, and a month later, amid the rain and roses of a California winter, I received a letter from her. She was not a fluent writer, and in the stiff lines of her epistle she gave only the barest outlines of news. Besides mentioning the children, her own health and the state of the weather, she said: "The owner of the white bull came and took him away. My brother's boy Tom stays with me now, and does the milking and feeding and gets the wood. We have got a letter from Jim: he is in Ureka."

The sequel to this story reached me some time later in a letter from Carson, which read as follows: "Do you remember the family you boarded with down in Birk's Valley, and how Mr. Carter went off and left his wife and children? He has evidently come to the conclusion that it is useless to search for an earthly paradise in Nevada. He sent for his wife and children, and they have gone to him. I saw Mrs. Carter as she passed through town, and she told me to tell you that it had all come out right."

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

DECORATIVE ART AND ITS DOGMAS.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

"A STRICT line must be drawn between representative and decorative art, and all decoration properly so called must be conventional." This I have named as the third dogma insisted upon in our theories to-day, and followed as nearly as may be in our practice. And I have said that because it is more vehemently preached and more implicitly accepted than any other it is therefore liable to work us more harm. But this is not all. It is in itself more unsound than any of our current maxims, containing less truth and preaching error of a more dangerous kind. For while we have in the second of its assumptions another temporary, makeshift theory exalted into a permanent precept, in the first we have a complete fallacy, unsupported by the voice of past successes and untenable in our actual exercise of art.

Can a definite line be drawn between what we are pleased to call decorative art on the one hand and representative art on the other? Are they, in truth, as we are told, two things different in kind as well as in degree—two branches of art, with different aims, and therefore governed by differing laws and to be pursued by differing means? To the beginner this idea must recommend itself, for it seems to introduce a certain clearness and classification into the tangled question of the ends and aims of art. And paramount in the half-educated mind stands the desire to have everything defined, systematized and tabulated. But as one's knowledge grows, one learns that nothing earthly is absolute—that nothing can be isolated and confined within narrow borders of theoretical red tape, and then balanced, weighed and measured with other things similarly treated. All currents of human effort touch at their edges, meet, mingle and modify each other in a thousand different ways. Especially is this true of things intellectual and spiritual—most especially of the arts,

which speak to the least logical part, so far as we can see, of our mental life—which speak to our senses, and through them, by inexplicable channels, to our emotions and imagination. We like to think that each art runs alone, seeking its own ideal, working by its own methods and appealing to a specially adapted and quite distinct portion of our sensibilities. Very broadly taken, this is true. But when we come to draw the line between the aims of one and of another, we find them as hard to separate as the colors of the rainbow, which yet we see as so distinct. Viewed closely and carefully, the boundary-lines waver and disappear. The specific powers of each art in their intensest application produce results that are possible to that branch alone. But each art, covering a wide and varied field, touches right and left the territory of its neighbors, and it would be hard to set up terminal gods that might always be respected. It is, of course, but poor and mistaken and wasted work that tries to imitate with the tools and materials of one craft the special excellence and the typical successes of another. But the extreme yet still legitimate efforts of one may stretch out to grasp the laurels of the next. If we thus can set no limit to methods or to aims when we consider two arts in contact and relation, how shall we dogmatize for any one of them inside its own strict limits? How can we go to painting or to sculpture and divide its vast field into contrasting halves? How can we point to one side of the boundary and to the other, and say, "*Here* lie all your duties and your legal possibilities when you wish to 'represent' something—*there* they lie when something is to be 'decorated' by your means"? No one can deny that there is a difference in aim, and should be one in method, between representation and mere ornament in their extremest functions, whichever art we are working with. But any examina-

tion of past or present effort will show that there is no antithesis between them, and no definite division—that they meet on common ground, not as two things of different kinds may meet, but mingling and passing insensibly into one another as things in essence absolutely identical. Perhaps even in speaking thus I concede too much to the popular mode of thought. All art is such by representing something in one way or another; and the object of all art is, being beautiful, to decorate the place where it is put. So representative and decorative art are in very truth not two separate things at all, but one æsthetic system with two aims, both of which are kept in view when any work whatever is conceived.

Many formulas have been framed to show just where and how our supposed boundary-line should be drawn. The most clear-sounding runs somewhat as follows: "Where the subject portrayed and the manner of its portraying are the main things, and the material upon which it is portrayed is intrinsically naught, then the art is 'representative.' When the material or object worked upon is the main thing, or the thing that has originally suggested the creation of a work of art, then the art is 'decorative' and should be governed and limited by the special rules of decoration." Nothing sounds clearer, nothing more plausible. But apply the rule, test it as a gauge for past work or for future plans, and see how ill it serves. Though strongly-marked extremes are to be found at either end of the scale, yet in the best achievements of human handiwork it were hard to say whether background or decoration may be called the paramount fact, to say which has been the *raison d'être* of the other, so intimately are they interwoven, each depending upon the other for much of the value it possesses, yet each having in and by itself the fullest excuse for being.

The second phrase of our dogma depends, of course, for its authority upon the establishment of the first, yet if disproved it helps in reaction to invalidate that first. It teaches that all decoration, strictly so called, must be "conven-

tional." What, to begin with, is the exact force of the word when used in this semi-technical way? In French dictionaries, though not as yet in English, we find it specially defined as a "*terme des beaux arts*," and credited by M. Littré with two distinct though allied meanings. The first makes it relate to a "tacit agreement to admit certain fictions or certain processes. The artist is constrained to resort to certain conventions, or thinks best so to do. The spectator submits thereto, thus fulfilling a condition without which he could not experience the sensations which art is calculated to produce." The second definition points us to the "false method of certain artists, who designate objects with features or colors that are not those of Nature, and who count upon the spectator to accept these quite arbitrary conventions as he accepts the conventions indispensable in every art; conventional drawing; conventional color." If we turn now from the clear-cut phrases of the lexicon to the loose acceptations of popular speech, we shall find that in our use to-day of the term "conventional" we make it cover the field noted in M. Littré's second definition, and overlook the other. We apply it only to unnecessary and wilful conventions, forgetting that it is strictly—yes, necessarily—applicable to all art-methods without exception.

In the clearness of his defining M. Littré neglects to note that it may be difficult at times to decide as to what are necessary and what are wilful conventions. We may supplement his words by remembering that "conventional" work, as we use the term, represents objects in a quite arbitrary way, that arbitrary way being not a necessary means to an end, as in "representative" art, *but an end in itself*. Abstraction, for instance, bears a great part in the scheme of conventional decoration. Now, in all art whatever it plays, and must play, a mighty rôle. Indeed, if we were set to discriminate among the gifts of a great artist, and point out the one to which more than to any other he owes his greatness, we should find it in his power of seizing amid the overwhelming detail of Nature her vital lines and

her principal intentions. In all art, again, there is not only abstraction, but there are paraphrases, distortions, subterfuges and clever juggleries with line and color—actual lies told, indeed, about the object represented. But both abstraction and paraphrase are used with the intent to reproduce as nearly as may be the appearance of that object, it having been found that the effect of Nature could only be rendered by what were in reality non-natural lines, colors, details and combinations. This is, of course, conventional treatment, according to the widest bearing of the word. Examples of it exist on every canvas that was ever brushed, and are very palpable where the style is at all "broad." But this is not what we mean when we say "conventional" work. We mean work in which both abstraction and paraphrase have been used for the express purpose of producing *other than natural effects*. Forms are simplified, balanced and changed, detail is omitted, perspective and all solid effects discarded. Abstraction is pushed to its farthest limit, and usually leaves not so much the main and vital lines of the subject as its outlines merely. In a word, the motive taken from a natural object is altered till it presents a stiff, formal, unnatural and more or less geometrical appearance. This is conventional design, and it is almost invariably applied to a constant repetition of motive, such as we should not tolerate in representative art. Conventionalism in color consists not in eliminating all color whatever—which is an abstraction proper to art of every sort—but in partially eliminating it—reducing it to one or two tints of allied grade, flat and without shading—or in replacing it by color of another and quite different kind. Design, color and detail are all altered to produce an object unlike the model. We lie, not to seem artistically true, but because we consider falsehood just then and there of more value than the truest truth could be. I do not say that these wilful conventions always indicate, as M. Littré implies, a "false method:" they may sometimes be right and admirable. But what I wish to enforce is the fact that they do not characterize

the *only* method to be used in art, even when it is most strictly decorative.

It is hardly necessary to go over the ground already twice covered, and show how the idea of a necessary conventionality in decoration grew up among us, dragging with it the allied notion of a radical difference between the art that ornaments and the art that represents. We get a key to the whole thing in a paragraph of Mr. Eastlake's book: "Common sense points to the fact that as a wall represents the flat surface of a solid material which forms part of the construction of a house, it should be decorated after a manner which will belie neither its flatness nor its solidity. For this reason all shaded ornaments and patterns which by their arrangement of color give the appearance of relief should be strictly avoided. Where natural forms are introduced they should be treated in a conventional manner—*i. e.* drawn in pure outline and filled in with flat color, never rounded. No doubt many excellent examples of arabesque and other surface-decoration, as at Pompeii and in the Loggie of the Vatican, may be cited where a certain degree of roundness has been aimed at in the case of animal form, but such examples excel not *because* of their style, but in spite of it. Moreover, it must be remembered that these paintings were the actual handiwork of consummate artists, and, as we cannot hope to imitate by machine-printed paper the refinement of manual skill, it is better that we should limit our designs to those forms which need no such delicacy of treatment."

Need I point out that we have here not one argument, but two that are quite distinct, and that stand, indeed, in actual contradiction to one another? The first proscribes the naturalistic work referred to as intrinsically bad: the second, declaring it inexpedient for our feebler powers and processes, testifies thereby to its value. The true apology for our dogma is, of course, the second: we are unable to manage truthful design and natural color, and apply them in a rightly dec-

* *Hints on Household Taste* (fourth American edition), p. 116 *et seq.*

orative way, so we try to persuade ourselves that they are actually unfit for decoration. Where, however, do we find authoritative precedent for their exclusion? In Raphael's Loggie and Pompeian walls Mr. Eastlake cites counter-testimony of no mean weight, and does not succeed in upsetting it. Surely he understates the matter when he says, "A certain degree of roundness has been aimed at in the case of animal form." Surely more than this is true of the arabesques and figures and medallions of the Loggie—more a great deal of the vivid cabinet pictures and architectural perspectives of Pompeii. Nor could it well be proved that they excel "in spite of their style." How, indeed, are we to understand this phrase? Abstract their "style"—that is, I suppose, alter their naturalistic round treatment into conventional stiffness and flatness—and nothing at all would remain of Raphael and the Pompeian artists save color; which would, by the way, be also lost in the process, for it is adapted to the original scheme of relief, perspective and gradation.

But the Loggie are by no means the best witness to what the greatest designer perhaps of the greatest epoch considered true decoration. Look at the Stanze of the Vatican or the Farnesina ceiling, and see what he did when he had broad, clear walls at his command instead of the broken spaces of a narrow open gallery. He filled them full with works of "representative" art, which equal or excel all other such works on earth for the very qualities condemned by modern theories—the qualities of delicate line and expression of noble, varied composition and illusory perspective. Mr. Eastlake says a wall "represents the flat surface of a solid material which forms part of the construction of a house." More accurately put, it is such a surface, but that seemed no reason to Raphael why it should not represent something very different—a grated opening, perhaps, through which we see St. Peter delivered from prison by the angel. And Raphael, of course, does not stand alone in his conception of decorative propriety, but in agreement with all other great artists. From the time when the

Catacombs were painted down through the rude essays of the darkest days of art, we find representation applying itself to ornamental purposes, and being as natural as it could with its limited technical power. We should never forget that when we choose our models from early Gothic art, affecting an archaic stiffness of attitude as most appropriate for our walls, we imitate a youthful phase of artistic development, not a deliberate self-restraint or a wilful distortion. The acme of organic decoration we may see in the Orvieto frescoes of Luca Signorelli. Not only the main compartments of the wall, but their framework and settings, are so conceived that "the human form, treated as absolutely plastic, supplies the sole decorative element. The pilasters by the doorway, for example, are composed, after the usual type of Italian *grotteschi*, in imitation of antique candelabra, with numerous stages for the exhibition of the artist's fancies. Unlike the work of Raphael in the Loggie, these pilasters of Signorelli show no birds or beasts, no flowers or foliage, fruits or fauns, no masks or sphinxes. They are crowded with naked men, drinking, dancing, leaning forward, twisting themselves into strange attitudes and adapting their bodies to the several degrees of the framework."* We may not advocate so extreme a style, but dare we exclude it, or the more reserved yet similar work of Signorelli's brethren, from the sphere of "legitimate" decoration?

Of the Venetians I need scarcely speak. Their best work was fresco for palace-fronts or oil on huge canvases for permanent stretching on some open wall or ceiling. Very "insincere" work this last, by the way, for it imitated the effect of paint immediately applied. And what must a man who has what Mr. Eastlake calls a "reasoning mind"—i. e. a mind which "recognizes the necessity of discriminating between pictorial and decorative art"—think of the "insincerity," the flagrant falsehood, the misapplied art, of Correggio's decorations, which none the less draw trains of pilgrims for their sole sake to Parma? Of Michael Angelo I do not speak, although the Sis-

* Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy: Fine Arts.*

tine ceiling comes first of all to mind in this connection. For Michael Angelo, like, perhaps, in some degree, Signorelli, from whom he learned so much, may be held to have overstepped even the furthest limits of his art. Not only did he produce as decoration the extreme effects possible to pictorial art, but he added to them effects of imitated architectural sculpture. We should be chary of condemning dogmas of any kind, however, when we reflect what a triumph he wrought on that very ceiling while transgressing rules whose authority the most aberrant must respect—when we reflect that his noblest laurels were won by a painter's lawless raid into the very home-close of the sculptor.

But it will be said the conditions of life have changed. We no longer want such ornament as this, which was in place, perhaps, for palace-fronts and huge and empty walls. We live to-day in small apartments filled with furniture and lined with pictures, where a Roman fresco or a wide Venetian canvas would be all but invisible itself, and would form no fitting background for other things. What we need is a flat surface of sober tint, with a pattern that may be pleasing, but must be unobtrusive. Such an argument we may admit as valid very often, but it is a quite different argument from those already quoted. And when we thus work round again to an excuse of expediency, do not let us try to gild it with the charm of a supposed æsthetic need. Let us make a flat surface of tinted paint and paper if all we want is indeed a background, but do not let us say our room is decorated when it is merely prepared for decoration. And let us see that it is speedily covered with veritable ornament. Most of our papers to-day are a vast improvement on those of twenty years ago, which were ugly in themselves and fatal to whatever hung upon them. But, all the same, they show no actual art in any but the lowest sense of the word. Here also, as with color, the simplest, least daring things are the safest, but never the most noble. Diapers and conventional leaves and traceries in flat lines and tints are of exactly the same

value on our walls to-day as when Pompeian artists used them to frame their frescoes or mosaic-workers to relieve the lofty figures of Byzantine decoration. The true decorator is not he whose conventionalisms may be measured off by the yard, fitted into any place and applied to any purpose. It is he whose work is specially designed for each special spot. The more of subtle color and varied line, of life, of motion, of reality, of true "representation," he can *appropriately* apply, the better, not the worse, his art. Frescoed cherubs and wreaths of flowers, if rightly done, would be more lovely beneath our cornices than outline figures in stiffened attitudes and solid tints and monotonous repetition. There is no reason why a landscape may not be painted between our windows or an ideal head above our door if they may be done on canvas, framed and hung there—none, that is, save a practical, commercial reason potent in these days of rented homes and quick removals. It is a sign of worldly wisdom, I admit, to have our pictures portable—and salable—but it is not on that account an æsthetic necessity. If we ever grow into a truly artistic people, we shall have decorators to do good work with sufficient ease to make it sufficiently cheap. The Pompeian painters were indeed "consummate artists," as Mr. Eastlake says, but they must have been at the same time a numerous guild of artisans, capable of original design, yet at the service of even humble householders. Even now we may have excellent decoration more readily than we perhaps imagine if we *know what we want*, and can judge between the good and the bad that are offered us.

There are, moreover, places where true decoration, no matter how costly, might find a safe abode. Our churches and public buildings are not as immutable as Egypt, yet they are more permanent than our homes, and their walls are not likely to be obscured by other things. Instances will occur to us all where our highest art has of late been employed upon them. Such are but isolated instances, however, and most commonly we plume ourselves on having "deco-

rated" a vast interior when we have covered it with a meaningless little pattern in pretty tones of peacock blue and Indian red and Naples yellow.

When Mr. Eastlake complains of a lack of clever artists he says most truly that "we cannot hope to imitate by machine-printed paper the refinement of manual skill." This is no reason, however, why we should restrict it to the monotonous little designs he illustrates, except where it literally forms a background for a decoration composed of easel pictures and other portable works of art. Japanese printed paper shows what may be done with mechanical means in the way of brilliant color and of design conventionalized to a certain extent, it is true, but in a very different way from ours. Some hangings, more or less ornamental in the true sense, are now also to be found from our own factories, though the most "æsthetic" teaching of the day condemns them just in proportion as their design becomes clever and their color realistic. And the best of them make boast of the very "conventional" qualities never found in even the lowest Oriental decoration—of symmetry and balance and constant repetition of motive.

Representation, adapted in one way or another, is the only truly artistic decoration for our walls. It is a strange fashion that has taught so many to prefer flat tints to varied color, and pottery—usually insipid, often ugly—to pictures the most exquisite. Has not the current English ideal of a drawing-room wall been defined as a "sage-green expanse with a more or less complete dinner-service hung about upon it"?

We have confined our attention thus far to wall-covering alone, but if we glance now at other things we shall hear the same gospel of conventionalized being preached, and still in the teeth, most often, of past successes. It is most conclusive, perhaps, when it speaks of floor-covering. Many arguments against natural form which are silly in reference to the walls and ceilings we look at, seem logical when referring to the floors we walk upon. We might say, indeed, that definite design, even in outline, should

always be omitted here, did we not remember the famous *Battle of the Issus* and the countless other mosaic floors which boldly contradict us.

Let us turn now to our minor arts. To the potter and the porcelain-painter, to the goldsmith, the embroiderer, the carver and the weaver, the same thing has been said: You are all decorators, for your work is in applying art to things which yet would rationally exist without it. You should therefore remember that "decorative art is degraded when it passes into a direct imitation of Nature;" that the "conditions of beauty in pictorial art are widely remote from those which are fulfilled in judicious decoration;" and that "the art of the decorator is to *typify*, not to represent, the works of Nature, and it is just the difference between this artistic abstraction and pseudo-reality which separates good and noble design from that which is commonplace and bad."* Now, the only real difference between good and bad art of any kind is that the first succeeds artistically in what it undertakes, and the second fails. Of course, if a decorator in any branch attempts that which it is impossible for him to accomplish with his materials and tools and the surface at his command, his art is bad. And, again, if he produces beautiful results, but in so doing unfits the article decorated for its proper purpose, renders it too costly or too clumsy or too fragile or subject to injury of any kind, his art is, to say the least of it, misapplied. Some things are put to such ignoble uses that the pleasure they still may give us must come from form alone. Others may bear a simple ornament easily applied, and easily replaced if marred. But where surface-decoration is safe from injury there is no reason why it should be conventional, even though the thing which bears it has a separate and intrinsic value. We may put as much delicate and "realistic" painting on our china vases as we like of a kind unsuitable, perhaps, to plates, which run daily risk of breakage and of damage from knife and fork. Be it understood, of course, that the paint-

* EASTLAKE: *Hints*, pp. 70, 133.

ing is of such a kind as can be perfectly rendered in spite of firing and consequent mutations of color and of shape, and that it does not look like an unskilful application of oil to canvas. Nor can form itself in pottery be proven bound to a style of strict conventions.

When Mr. Eastlake speaks of wood-carving, and cites cathedral-stalls and old armoires and buttery-safes as advocates for "abstract" work, he refers to those of early date, forgetting, again, that their abstractness was due less to deliberate intention than to limited formative power. As the latter grows the abstractness vanishes and gives place to the realism of true sculpture. Surely the time has gone by when in our newly-awakened and most laudable enthusiasm for Gothic art we were ready to exalt even its defects above the triumphs of later days. Would we to-day rank a twelfth-century cupboard, except for rarity, above a carved buffet of the Cinque-cento with its exquisite figure-sculpture and perfect flowers and fruits? There is no more reason for so doing than for preferring an early Gothic warrior in his last sleep to Michael Angelo's *Moses*, both having been designed to decorate a tomb, or a painting by the precursors of Cimabue to the *Last Supper* at Milan. "Incised, conventional ornament" is easier than bold relief and scientific modelling, and therefore more suitable to ignorant beginners, but it is not, I repeat—at the risk of being tedious—as decoration more artistic, more "correct" or admirable. Are not Ghiberti's "Gates of Paradise" sufficiently decorative, or Luca della Robbia's terra-cottas, or any works that give us noble representative art adapted to a given spot and therefore to ornamental purposes?

With embroidery and the weaver's craft we are brought once more to our old excuse for expediency. When we think of the atrocious "fancy-work" we studied at our mother's knee, with its chenille bouquets and its figures in shaded beads and its biblical scenes awful in color and line, we see the wisdom of those who pointed out artistic value in the simple catkin and beauty in the ge-

ometrical sunflower. Catkins could be easily worked, and were not very flagrantly hideous under the most stupid fingers, but they are not intrinsically more appropriate for artistic work than roses, and they certainly tend to become insufferably tiresome. Storks in outline were not difficult, and sunflowers could be made from bits of yellow flannel; so they have been driven to death along with all the other devices we call sincere because they are shallow and decorative, because they can know neither the sins nor the successes of more complicated things. Once more, what is here the evidence of past achievement? Mr. Eastlake says one never saw "a picture of bird, beast or flower on these specimens of Eastern (textile) manufacture," but he is very much mistaken. And if we leave Oriental work, whose great virtue, after all, we must remember, is its color, not its form, and turn to Europe, what do we see? I cannot detail the conscientious and skilful and successful way in which actual representation has been turned to account in tissues, leathers, tapestries and hand-embroideries from the earliest days of church-vestments to those when Raphael made his divine cartoons as weavers' patterns, and the still later times when Teniers and the Dutch and Flemish masters, or Boucher and all the Frenchmen, were copied with the shuttle and the thread. Gothic art, no less than Renaissance, did its pictorial best in this way as well as with brush or chisel, knowing no restrictive law but that of adaptation, not cutting up a human figure to make a bodice nor feeling it a necessity to weave a huge hanging in unbroken diaper. Our timidity is well reprov'd, our narrowness condemned, our self-complacency alarmed, when we look over the chapters on woven fabrics in such books as Lübke's *Ecclesiastical Art* or Jacquemart's *History of Furniture* or Lacroix's *Moyen Age*.

In metal-work I may use the same arguments. Turn to these books and see the procession of reliquaries and table-ornaments and utensils of all sorts and values. Scarce one made after the artist could grapple with noble form at all is

conventionally treated throughout, and their "representative" effect increases just as skill and knowledge grow. Mr. Eastlake chooses an unfortunate illustration when he says that Benvenuto Cellini, although he lived "in an age when decorative art had lost its early simplicity," did not "forget its conditions so far as to let a natural treatment of animal form prevail in his designs for plate." Benvenuto not only designed, but executed, metal-work himself. There is very little authenticated handiwork of his now extant, but there is much which indisputably belongs to his school and perfectly shows his style. It is all characterized by this so reprobated manner of naturalistic treatment, and especially delights in accurate rendering of the human form. There is at least one quite unchallenged piece of Benvenuto's own plate in existence, the *Salt-Cellar of Francis I.*, in the treasure-cabinet at Vienna. It is perhaps the most celebrated thing of the kind in Europe, and is composed of two large detached nude human figures, with but the slightest accessories in what we call "decorative design." When we can manage organic form like Benvenuto and his fellows we shall not fear to use it in our daily work. When we no longer fear it we shall not be so irrational as to despise it.

If, with the single exception of Græco-Pompeian art, I have quoted all along only Gothic and more recent evidence against our theories, it has been because the multitude of witnesses was hard to manage and these lay nearest to my hand. Greek art speaks with a consonant voice, however, not only from imperial Rome, but from the Periclean age itself. There is no true Greek ornament that is not more or less composed of organic form naturally treated. The frets and mouldings and conventional leafage we are apt to think of when we say "Greek ornament" were for the Greeks but a border, framework or setting for the main ornamental motive. It was so on their ceramic ware, so in the cornices above the temple's frieze and round its pediment. It is as illogical to call our pseudo-classic buildings "decorated"

when mouldings are applied and bas-reliefs omitted as it would be to hang an empty picture-frame upon our walls for ornament. Everywhere in the minor arts of Greece we have perpetual recurrence of organic form in its very highest types. Altars, vases and sarcophagi bear much of the noblest antique sculpture, sometimes in low relief, sometimes in the highest possible. And in metal we see tripods encircled with bold groups or made of claw-like legs and topped with statuettes. The very pedestal of statue or of vase, whether stone or bronze, is not left to linear decoration, but rivals in artistic value the object it supports. Look, too, at the varied relics of Pompeii—the lampstands and candelabra and tables with their figures human, animal or chimeric—everything so treated down to galley-prows and armor-plates and heaters, down to the very weights of a grocer's scale, which are lovely human heads. More than this. Both in metal and in terra-cotta we have numberless utensils that are not only decorated with natural forms, but are moulded into such forms themselves—into shapes of bird and beast and gay humanity. And jewelry goes the same way, and numismatic art, not to speak of graven stones whether set for personal adornment or forming larger articles of use. And what is, by the way, the value of the famous "Hildesheimer treasure" if representative sculpture may not be used in ornament? Be it remembered here that Pompeian and all late Roman art, from which our illustrations are so largely drawn, was due to Grecian artists, post-classical in date of course, but working by traditions of the noblest school. What remains from an earlier period is quite similar, even more perfect in execution, but the same in style.

Greek vase-painting has sometimes been cited to uphold the necessity of "conventional decoration." But it is no more conventional in our sense of the word than Grecian bas-reliefs, conventionalized though they both may be in the widest, truest sense. Color is entirely eliminated from the one, almost entirely from the other, and perspective too, but design is not simplified—save by the

omission of light and shade—except in the archaic days of art, and it is never balanced or repeated or made apparently to exist for the sole sake of the surface it adorns. The drawing is free-hand always, and exhibits in its successive periods the advance of the formative arts in general.* The free, rapid touch and ever-creative fancy of Greek vase-painting teach us, if rightly studied, the same lesson we learn from Signorelli's frescoes, vast as is the difference between them—that the human figure, naturally treated, may be the noblest sort of decoration.

I cannot go through all antiquity for further evidence. Suffice it to say that all great styles have employed representative art for definite ornamental purposes. Saracenic art is the sole exception. In admiring its lovely architectural devices we excuse the poverty of ornament, and persuade ourselves, perhaps, into an actual approval. But we correct ourselves abruptly if we think what Moorish buildings might have been if the minds which formed their subtle shapes and exquisite proportions had applied thereto organic ornament as original and as fair.

In pointing my arguments, as I have done throughout, with references to the past, I do not imply that all artistic possibilities are exhausted or that the world has naught ahead but repetition. There may be successes in the future to far out-rank the past. As yet, however, they are potential in our theories. Until those theories bear fruit that is its own unanswerable advocate, we must test their probable fecundity by the record of all former harvests and of the culture that produced them.

Let us conclude with a brief example of current taste when practically applied. Our dinner-tables are not adorned, as are our cabinets, with articles collected in various ways—by gift or accident, for their rarity or oddity or temporary vogue. They are the exponents, more or less exact, of contemporary art, of our theories about the beautifying of useful things. We shall scarcely see on or about our boards to-

* KUGLER: *Kunstgeschichte*.

day things that offend the eye as it was offended a score of years ago. Furniture of the room and fittings of the service are alike pleasing and refined. But are there many things in the conventional art of the one or the other that afford us the vivid delight, the permanent, high satisfaction, afforded by art at its truest? Can we not improve upon them if we fancy ourselves able to choose from the relics of all the past or to emulate them in our own performance? Let us choose table-linen not with geometrical designs, but with the naturalistic rose-wreaths or "Bacchus-patterns" still made in Saxony, or colored in some subtly artistic way. Let us have utensils in the perfect shapes Cellini gave to gold, and Germans of the Renaissance to silver, and that Pompeian artisans have left in bronze. Let us add, in pottery, fine Gubbio portrait-dishes and the realisms of Palissy, and exquisite porcelain figurines from Meissen, and Greek vases with their faultless shapes and free-hand sketches. Let us drink from fantastic forms of Venice, or from ivory tankards with battle- and hunting-scenes in high relief, or from Bohemian glass with similar groups in deep intaglio. Let us sort our flowers into appropriate settings, and not shun the most gorgeously effective. Let us put heavy jasmine in a green bronze tazza, and tall lilies in a slender glass, and tulips in a Chinese vase with dragons round its foot, and bright pink roses to enhance the kindred grace of Dresden babies. So much for the table itself. Now let the wall be tinted flat behind our pictures, but painted above with designs to all but rival them. Let the hangings be the most glowing products of the needle, the most masterly delineations of the loom—shining satins from Japan, heavy webs with a story of Atalanta or of Paris or Alexander. Let us have Venetian buffets of redundant sculpture, and eighteenth-century cabinets with figures in ormolu, and marquetry tables with inlaid flowers in brilliant tints. Surely our eyes would feast more sumptuously on such surroundings than on our mild neutralities of color and of form. "But we cannot have these things, nor copy them,

nor equal any one of the dozen schools of work here typified." No, truly. But we must not dare find comfort in the thought that our methods are more "right" than theirs. We may not put aside the world's best work and weave

a narrow theory afresh. And we should not credit with their makeshift virtue our simple shapes and naked outlines, our timid color, our design degraded to the modern workman's level.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

PLAYING A PART:

A COMEDY FOR AMATEUR ACTING.

The Scene is a handsomely-furnished parlor, with a general air of home comfort. A curtained window on each side of the central fireplace would light the room if it were not evening, as the lamp on the work-table in the centre of the room informs us. At one side of the work-table is the wife, winding a ball of worsted from a skein which her husband holds in his hands.

H *(looking at watch, aside)*. This wool takes as long to wind up as a bankrupt estate. *(Fidgets.)*

She. Do keep still, Jack! Stop fidgeting and jumping around.

He. When you pull the string, Jenny, I am always a jumping-jack to dance attendance on you.

She (seriously). Very pretty, indeed! It was true too—once—before we were married: now you lead me a different dance.

He. I am your partner still.

She (sadly). But the figure is always the Ladies' Chain.

He (aside). If I don't get away soon I sha'n't be able to do any work to-night. —*(Aloud.)* What do you mean by that solemn tone?

She. Oh, nothing—nothing of any consequence.

He (aside). We look like two fools acting in private theatricals.

She (finishing ball of worsted). That will do: thank you. Do not let me detain you: I know you are in a hurry.

He. I have my work to do.

She. So it seems; and it takes all day and half the night.

He (rising and going to fireplace). I am working hard for our future happiness.

She (quietly). I should like a little of the happiness now.

He (standing with back to fireplace). Are you unhappy?

She. Oh no—not very.

He. Do you not have everything you wish?

She. Oh yes—except the one thing I want most.

He. Well, my dear, I am at home as much as I can be.

She. So you think I meant you?

He (embarrassed). Well—I did suppose—that—

She. Yes, I used to want you. The days were long enough while you were away and I waited for your return. Now I have been alone so much that I am getting accustomed to solitude. And I do not really know what it is I do want. I am listless, nervous, good-for-nothing—

He (gallantly). You are good enough for me.

She. You did think so once; and perhaps you would think so again—if you could spare the time to get acquainted with me.

He (surprised). Jenny, are you ill?

She. Not more so than usual. I was bright enough two years ago, when we were married. But for two years I have not lived, I have vegetated; more like a plant than a human being; and even plants require some sunshine.

He (aside). I have never heard her talk like this before. I don't understand

it.—(*Aloud.*) Why, Jenny, you speak as if I were a cloud over your life.

She. Do I? Well, it does not matter.

He. I try to be a good husband, don't I?

She (indifferently). As well as you know how, I suppose.

He. Do I deprive you of anything you want?

She (impatiently). Of course you do not.

He. I work hard, I know, but when I go out in the evening now and then—

She (aside). Six nights every week. (*Sighing.*)

He. I really work. There are husbands who say they are at work when they are at the club playing poker: now, I am really working.

She (impatiently). You have no small vices. (*Rising.*) Is there no work calling you away to-night? Why are you not off?

He (looking at watch). I am a little late, that's a fact: still, I can do what I have to do if I work like a horse.

She. Have you to draw a conveyance? That is the old joke.

He. 'This is no joke. It's a divorce suit.

She (quickly). Is it that Lightfoot person again?

He. It is Mrs. Lightfoot's case. She is a very fine woman, and her husband has treated her shamefully.

She. Better than the creature deserved, I dare say. You will win her case for her?

He. I shall do my best.

She (sarcastically). No doubt.—(*Aside.*) I hate that woman! (*Crosses the room and sits on sofa on the right of the fireplace.*)

He. But the result of a lawsuit is generally a toss-up; and heads do not always win.

She. I wish you luck this time—for her husband's sake: he'll be glad to be rid of her. But I doubt it: you can't get up any sympathy by exhibiting her to the jury: she isn't good-looking enough.

He (quickly). She's a very fine woman indeed.

She (aside). How eagerly he defends her!—(*Aloud.*) She's a great big, tall, giantess creature, with a face like a wax doll and a head of hair like a Circassian Girl. No juryman will fall in love with her.

He. How often have I told you that Justice does not consider persons! Now, in the eye of the law—

She (interrupting). Do you acknowledge that the law has but one eye and can see only one side?

He. Are you jealous? (*Crossing and standing in front of her.*)

She. Jealous of this Mrs. Lightfoot? (*Laughs.*) Ridiculous!

He. I am glad of it, for I think a jealous woman has a very poor opinion of herself.

She (forcibly). And it is her business which takes you out to-night?

He (going toward the left-hand door). I have to go across to the Bar Association to look up some points, and—

She (rising quickly). And you can just send me a cab. I shall go to Mrs. Playfair's to rehearse again for the private theatricals.

He (annoyed, coming back). But I had asked you to give it up.

She (with growing excitement). And I had almost determined to give it up, but I have changed my mind. That's a woman's privilege, isn't it? I am tired of spending my evenings by myself.

He. Now be reasonable, Jenny: I must work.

She. And I must play—in the private theatricals.

He. But I don't like private theatricals.

She. Don't you? I do.

He. And I particularly dislike amateur actors.

She. Do you? I don't. I like some of them very much; and some of them like me, too.

He. The deuce they do!

She. Tom Thursby and Dick Carey and Harry Wylde were all disputing who should make love to me.

He. Make love to you?

She. In the play—in *Husbands and Wives*.

He. Do you mean to say that you are

going to act on the stage with those brainless idiots—

She (interrupting). Do not call my friends names: it is in bad taste.

He. What will people say when they see my wife pawed and clawed by those fellows?

She. Let them say what they please. Do you think I care for the tittle-tattle of the riffraff of society?

He. But, Jenny— (*Brusquely.*) Confound it! I have no patience with you!

She. So I have discovered. But you need not lose your temper here, and swear. Go outside and do it, and leave me alone, as I am every evening.

He. You talk as if I ill-treated you.

She (sarcastically). Do I? That is very wicked of me, isn't it? You take the best possible care of me, you are ever thinking of me, and you never leave my side for a moment. Oh no, you do not ill-treat me—or abuse me—or neglect me (*breaking down*)—or make me miserable. There is nothing the matter with me, of course. But you never will believe I have a heart until you have broken it! (*Sinking on chair C.*)

He (crossing to her). You are excited, I see; still, I must say this is a little too much.

She (starting up). Don't come near me! (*Sarcastically.*) Don't let me keep you from your work (*going to door R. 2d E.*), and don't fail to send me a cab. At last I revolt against your neglect.

He (indignantly protesting). My neglect? Do you mean to say I neglect you? My conscience does not reproach me.

She (at the door on the right). That's because you haven't any! (*Exit, slamming door.*)

He (alone). I never saw her go on that way before. What can be the matter with her? She is not like herself at all: she is low-spirited and nervous. Now, I never could see why women had any nerves. I wonder if she really thinks that I neglect her? I should be sorry, very sorry, if she did. I'll not go out to-night: I'll stay at home and have a quiet evening at my own fireside. (*Sits in chair in the centre.*) I think that will bring her

round. I'd like to know what has made her act like this. Has she been reading any sentimental trash, I wonder? (*Sees book in work-basket.*) Now, here's some yellow-covered literature. (*Takes it up.*) Why, it's that confounded play, *Husbands and Wives*. Let me see the silly stuff. (*Reads:*) "My darling, one more embrace, one last, long, loving kiss;" and then he hugs her and kisses her. (*Rising.*) And she thinks I'll have her play a part like that? How should I look while that was going on? Can't she find something else? (*At work-table.*) Here is another. (*Takes up second pamphlet.*) No, it is a *Guide to the Passions*. I fear I need no guide to get into a passion. I doubt if there's as much hugging and kissing in this as in the other one. (*Reads:*) "It is impossible to describe all the effects of the various passions, but a few hints are here given as to how the more important may be delineated." (*Spoken.*) This is interesting. If ever I have to delineate a passion I shall fall back on this guide. (*Reads:*) "Love is a—" (*Reads hastily and unintelligibly:*) "When successful, love authorizes the fervent embrace of the beloved!" The deuce it does! And I find my wife getting instruction from this Devil's textbook! A little more and I should be jealous. (*Looks at book.*) Ah, here is jealousy: now let's see how I ought to feel. (*Reads:*) "Jealousy is a mixture of passions and—" (*Reads hastily and unintelligibly.*) Not so bad! I believe I could act up to these instructions. (*Jumping up.*) And I will! My wife wants acting: she shall have it! She complains of monotony: she shall have variety! "Jealousy is a mixture of passions." I'll be jealous: I'll give her a mixture of passions. I'll take a leaf out of her book, and I'll find a cure for these nerves of hers. I'll learn my part at once: we'll have some private theatricals to order. (*Walks up and down studying book.*)

She re-enters, with bonnet on and cloak over her arm, and stands in surprise, watching him.

She. You here still?

He. Yes.

She. Have you ordered a cab for me?

He. No.

She. And why not?

He (aside). Now's my chance. Mixture of passions—I'll try suspicion first.—(*Aloud.*) Because I do not approve of the people you are going to meet—these Thursbys and Careys and Wyldes.

She (calmly sitting on sofa). Perhaps you would like to revise my visiting-list and tell the servant whom I am to receive.

He. You may see what ladies you please—

She (interrupting). Thank you; still, I do not please to see Mrs. Lightfoot.

He (annoyed). I say nothing of her.

She. Oh dear, no! I dare say you keep it as secret as you can.

He (aside). Simple suspicion is useless. What's next? (*Glances in pamphlet.*) "Peevish personalities." I will pass on to peevish personalities.—(*Aloud.*) Now, these men, these fellows who strut about the stage for an idle hour, who are they? This Tom Thursby, who wanted to make love to you—who is he?

She. Are you going to ask many questions? Is this catechism a long one? If it is, I may as well lay aside my shawl.

He. Who is he, I say? I insist upon knowing.

She. He's a good-enough fellow in his way.

He (sternly). He had best beware how he gets in my way.

She (aside). There's a great change in his manner: I do not understand it.

He. And this Dick Carey—who is he? (*Stalking toward her.*)

She (starting up and crossing). Are you trying to frighten me by this violence?

He (aside). It is producing an effect.

She. But I am not afraid of you, if I am a weak woman and you are a strong man.

He (aside). It is going all right.—(*Aloud, fiercely.*) Answer me at once! Is this Carey married?

She. I believe he is.

He. You believe! Don't you know? Does his wife act with these strollers? Have you not seen her?

She. I have never seen her. She and her husband are like the two buckets in

a well: they never turn up together. They meet only to clash, and one is always throwing cold water on the other.

He. And Harry Wylde? Is he married?

She. Yes; and his wife is always keeping him in hot water.

He. And so he comes to you for consolation?

She (laughing). He needs no consoling: he has always such a flow of spirits.

He. I've heard the fellow drunk.

She (surprised, aside). Can Jack be jealous? I wish I could think so, for then I might hope he still loved me.

He. And do you suppose I can allow you to associate with these fellows, who all want to make love to you?

She (aside, joyfully). He is jealous! The dear boy!

He (fiercely). Do you think I can permit this, madam?

She (aside). "Madam"! I could hug him for loving me enough to call me "madam" like that. But I must not give in too soon.

He. Have you nothing to say for yourself? Can you find no words to defend yourself, woman?

She (aside). "Woman"! He calls me "woman"! I can forgive him anything now.

He. Are you dumb, woman? Have you naught to say?

She (gleefully, aside). I had no idea I had married an Othello! (*She sees the pillow on the sofa, and, crossing to it quietly, hides the pillow behind the sofa.*)

He (aside). What did she mean by that?—(*Aloud, fiercely.*) Do you intend to deny—

She (interrupting). I have nothing to deny, I have nothing to conceal.

He. Do you deny that you confessed these fellows sought to make love to you?

She. I do not deny that. (*Mischievously.*) But I never thought you would worry about such trifles.

He. Trifles! madam? Trifles, indeed! (*Glances in book and quoting.*)

"Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

She (surprised, aside). Where did he get his blank verse?

He (aside). That seemed to tell. I'll give her some more. (*Glancing in pamphlet, and quoting:*)

"But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at!"

She (aside, jumping up with indignation). Why, it is *Othello* he is quoting! He is acting! He is positively playing a part! It is shameful of him! It's not real jealousy: it's a sham. Oh, the wretch! But I'll pay him back! I'll make him jealous without any make-believe.

He (aside). I'm getting on capitally. I'm making a strong impression: I am rousing her out of her nervousness. I doubt if she will want any more private theatricals now. I don't think I shall have to repeat the lesson. This *Guide to the Passions* is a first-rate book: I'll keep one in the house all the time.

She (aside). If he plays *Othello*, I can play *Iago*. I'll give his jealousy something to feed on. I have no blank verse for him, but I'll make him blank enough before I am done with him. Oh, the villain!

He (aside). Now let me try threatening. (*Glancing in book:*) "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man"—I've got the wrong place. That's not threatening—that's senility. (*Turning over page.*) Ah, here it is.

She (aside). And he thinks he can jest with a woman's heart and not be punished? Oh, the wickedness of man!—(*Forcibly.*) Oh, if mamma were only here now!

He (threateningly). Who are these fellows? This Tom, Dick and Harry are—are they—(*hesitates, and glances in pamphlet*) are they "framed to make women false"?

She (aside). Why, he's got a book! It's my *Guide to the Passions*. The wretch has actually been copying his jealousy out of my own book.—(*Aloud, with pretended emotion.*) Dear me, Jack, you never before objected to my little flirtations.—(*Aside, watching him.*) How will he like that?

He (aside, puzzled). "Little flir-

tations"! I don't like that—I don't like it at all.

She. They have all been attentive, of course—

He (aside). "Of course"! I don't like that, either.

She. But I did not think you would so take to heart a few innocent endearments.

He (starting). "Innocent endearments"! Do you mean to say that they offer you any "innocent endearments"?

She (quietly). Don't be so boisterous, Jack: you will crush my book.

He (looking at pamphlet crushed in his hand, and throwing it from him, aside). Confound the book! I do not need any prompting now.—(*Aloud.*) Which of these men has dared to offer you any "innocent endearments"?

She (hesitatingly). Well—I don't know—that I ought to tell you—since you take things so queerly. But Tom—

He (forcibly). Tom?

She. Mr. Thursby, I mean. He and I are very old friends, you know—I believe we are third cousins or so—and of course I don't stand on ceremony with him.

He. And he does not stand on ceremony with you, I suppose?

She. Oh no. In fact, we are first-rate friends. Indeed, when Dick Carey wanted to make love to me, he was quite jealous.

He. Oh, he was jealous, was he? The fellow's impudence is amazing! When I meet him I'll give him a piece of my mind.

She (demurely). Are you sure you can spare it?

He. Don't irritate me too far, Jenny: I've a temper of my own.

She. You seem to have lost it now.

He. Do you not see that I am in a heat about this thing? How can you sit there so calmly? You keep cool like a—(*hesitates*) like a—

She (interrupting). Like a burning-glass, I keep cool myself while setting you on fire? Exactly so, and I suppose you would prefer me to be a looking-glass in which you could see only yourself?

He. A wife should reflect her husband's image, and not that of a pack of fools.

She. Come, come, Jack, you are not jealous?

He. "Jealous"! Of course I am not jealous, but I am very much annoyed.

She. I am glad that you are not jealous, for I have always heard that a jealous man has a very poor opinion of himself.—(*Aside.*) There's one for him!

He. I am not jealous, but I will probe this thing to the bottom: I must know the truth.

She (aside). He is jealous now; and this is real: I am sure it is.

He. Go on, tell me more: I must get at the bottom facts. There's nothing like truth.

She (aside). There is nothing like it in what he's learning.

He (aside). This Carey is harmless enough, and he can't help talking. He's a—he's a telescope: you have only to draw him out, and anybody can see through him. I'll get hold of him, draw him out, and then shut him up! (*Crossing excitedly.*)

She (aside). How much more his real jealousy moves me than his pretence of it! He seems very much affected: no man could be as jealous as he is unless he was very much in love.

He (with affected coolness). You have told me about Tom and Dick: pray, have you nothing to say about Harry?

She. Mr. Wylde? (*Enthusiastically.*) He is a man after my own heart!

He. So he is after it? (*Savagely.*) Just let me get after him!

She (coolly). Well, if you do not like his attentions, you can take him apart and tell him so:

He (vindictively). If I took him apart he'd never get put together again!

She. Mr. Wylde is very much afraid of his wife, but when she is not there he is more devoted than either of the others.

He. "More devoted"! What else shall I hear, I wonder?

She. It was he who had to kiss me.

He (startled). What?

She. I told him not to do it. I knew I should blush if he kissed me: I always do.

He (in great agitation). You always

do? Has this man ever— (*Breaking down.*) Oh, Jenny! Jenny! you do not know what you are doing. I do not blame you—it is not your fault: it is mine. I did not know how much I loved you, and I find it out now, when it is perhaps too late.

She (aside). How I have longed for a few words of love like these! and they have come at last!

He. I have been too selfish: I have thought too much of my work and too little of your happiness. I see now what a mistake I have made.

She (aside). I cannot sit still here and see him waste his love in the air like this.

He. I shall turn over a new leaf. If you will let me I shall devote myself to you, taking care of you and making you happy.

She (aside). If he had only spoken like that before!

He. I will try to win you away from these associates: I am sure that in your heart you do not care for them. (*Crossing to her.*) You know that I love you: can I not hope to win you back to me?

She (aside). Once before he spoke to me of his love: I can remember every tone of his voice, every word he said.

He. Jenny, is my task hopeless?

She (quietly crossing to arm-chair).

The task is easy, Jack. (*Smiling.*) Perhaps you think too much of these associates: perhaps you think a good deal more of them than I do. In fact, I am sure that to-night you were the one who took to private theatricals first. By the way, where's my *Guide to the Passions*? Have you seen it lately?

He (half comprehending). Your *Guide to the Passions*? A book with a yellow cover? I think I have seen it.

She. I saw it last in your hand—just after you had been quoting *Othello*.

He. *Othello*? Oh, then you know—

She (smiling). Yes, I know. I saw, I understood, and I retaliated on the spot.

He. You retaliated?

She. I paid you off in your own coin—counterfeit, like yours.

He (joyfully). Then Tom did not make love to you?

She. Oh, yes he did—in the play.

He. And Dick is not devoted?

She. Yes, he is—in the play.

He. And Harry did not try to kiss you?

She. Indeed he did—in the play.

He. Then you have been playing a part?

She. Haven't you?

He. Haven't I? Certainly not. At least— Well, at least I will say nothing more about Tom or Dick or Harry.

She. And I will say nothing more of Mrs. Lightfoot.

He (*dropping in chair to her right*).

Mrs. Lightfoot is a fine woman, my dear (*she looks up*), but she is not my style at all. Besides, you know, it was only as a matter of business, for the sake of our future prospects, that I took her part.

She (*throwing him skein of wool*). And it is only for the sake of our future happiness that I have been playing mine.

He holds the wool and she winds the ball, and the curtain falls, leaving them in the same position its rising discovered them in.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

HAIL AND FAREWELL!

HE takes her head between his hands:
He looks down straight into her eyes,
As through the gates of longed-for lands
The pilgrim looks before he dies;

And sees what was before surmise
Take life, more beautiful than dreams,
Under the blue, untroubled skies,
Beside serenely-flowing streams.

For him, that one full look redeems
The foregone raptures of past years—
Sweeter than ever to him seems
The face he looks upon through tears;

Fairer, though pale with pain and cares,
Striving to smile through all on him,
Till some quick thought darts unawares,
And anguish smites and makes it dim,

As if in some unheard-of whim
The sun should top the blushing east,
Then sink behind th' horizon's rim,
Like guest that flies the waiting feast.

When that supreme, sweet moment ceased
Drear looked the day that lay before;
But they had glimpsed the sun at least,
And knew the light true loving wore.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

lands and Timbuctoo into a seaport-town: we might have done all that, and have money enough left to celebrate the birth of a new era by a grand international thanksgiving day.

Prince Gortschakoff and Monsignore Beckx would probably have been sick on that day, but true civilization, as distinguished from bureaucratic and jesuitical pseudo-civilization, has achieved no purer triumph in the course of the nineteenth century than the completion of the Suez Ship Canal and the Union Pacific Railroad.

The dwellers along the line of that railroad alone can be acquitted of the great disgrace of our age and of our country, the long neglect of the American Suez. They alone cannot be charged with the shameful shiftlessness of having paddled their canoes day after day around a long narrow sandbank, when a little ditch would have shortened their trip by four-fifths. For all other Americans and all seafaring nations of Europe the only legitimate excuse was the supposed insuperable difficulty of the work. That excuse exists no longer. Thus much at least our endless preparations and aimless rambles in the Isthmus country have now established: among the nine different parts of that country which have been proposed at various times as offering special facilities for the construction of an interoceanic canal, there are three where the desired connection could be effected at an expense which would be fully justified by the prospective revenues—those, namely, which from their principal towns are respectively known as the Isthmus of Panama, of Nicaragua and of Tehuantepec.

The plan of a direct navigation between the coasts of the Atlantic and the eastern shores of Asia is no modern idea: the discovery of our continent was the consequence of an attempt to realize that very project, and Amerigo Vespucci, as well as Columbus, died in the full conviction that the attempt had been successful. And even after it had become apparent that a New World had been revealed, the primary object of the Spanish explorers was still to seek out some strait or canal by which they might reach

the *nacimiento de la especeria*, the "birth-land of the spices"—i. e. the shores of India and Southern Cathay. In a letter dated from Valladolid, March, 1523, the emperor Charles V. instructs Cortés to search diligently for the *secreto de los estrechos*—the secret of the straits—since Magellan's discovery (1520) shortened the circumnavigation of the immense continent by only a few leagues. In New Spain that *secreto* was past finding out, but other nations did not yet relinquish the hope: the Père Marquette made his way from Quebec to the falls of Ste. Marie, ascending lake after lake, overcoming all obstacles, under the impression that he was on the highway to the Pacific, while the English coasted along the frozen shores of Hudson's Bay in their efforts for the discovery of the "North-west Passage."

The growing conviction that recourse must be had to artificial means at last recalled attention to the Isthmus region, and since 1798, when Bryan Edwards explored the hill-country of Tehuantepec, from one hundred and seventy-five to one hundred and eighty different surveys and negotiations have attested an appreciation of the importance of the work, which only aggravates the shame of its long delay. Our will rather than our poverty consented to that delay, for it is a curious fact that Suez and the Union Pacific were undertaken by French and American capitalists in a period of great financial distress, shortly before and shortly after the most ruinous wars which their respective nations ever engaged in.

The surveys of Don Miguel Galisteo, De Garay, Purdy and Colonel Childs prove that the expenses at two at least of the three above-named routes would not greatly exceed those of the Suez Canal, and as the probable profits would be four or five times larger after the increase of traffic which would doubtless follow, two or even three rival lines might remunerate their stockholders; and the twentieth century may possibly verify the prediction of Don José de Garay, who enumerates on the Atlantic shore alone five seaports whose growing commerce will yet recommend the construc-

tion of as many separate transcontinental canals. For it is impossible to foresee the scope of the general revolution in the commercial affairs of nations which will be effected by the removal of that narrow barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific highways, and equally impossible to anticipate the results of the rapid and increasingly rapid development of the great American republics.

The next point to be considered is the doubt about the *best* of the three good routes, the controversy about the "first choice" among the above-designated three eligible lines. This question can be more positively answered, but it should be answered clearly and fairly, without unwarranted inferences or unfair omissions—nay, even without omitting those arguments in favor of the weaker side which its advocates may have happened to overlook: in short, it should be answered in the interest of the general public, which, in weighing claims against claims, has a right to ascertain not only a preponderance, but also the approximate degree of that preponderance.

The American Suez is not a short neck of land like the connecting link of the eastern continents, but a vast triangle, tapering like the neck of a giraffe, and with its countless excrescences and indentations stretches from the mouth of the Chimalapa to the Gulf of Darien, a length of about fifteen hundred geographical miles. A glance at the map will show that a little below the ninth degree of northern latitude two opposite indentations so nearly bisect the continent that the *prima facie* advantages of that point appear very considerable, the distance from ocean to ocean across the Isthmus of Panama being only forty miles.

But a chart exhibiting the results of the soundings along both coasts, and of the altimetric surveys in the interior of the country, would also show that as the continent contracts the mountains become lower and the sea shallower, just as if the convulsions of a volcanic catastrophe had clogged the ocean with the débris of former mountain-chains. For perhaps analogous reasons we find that in the Mediterranean high mountains and deep

seas go together: Southern Europe and Northern Africa abound with good harbors, except on the shores of the Campagna and of Eastern Tunis, where the land is low and sandy. The best engineers who have surveyed the harbors of Central America—Chevalier, Lieutenant Bailey, Commander Lull, etc.—agree that the difficulties of the construction and preservation of a *marine canal*—i. e. an artificial roadstead through a shallow harbor—make all terra-firma obstacles appear trifling in comparison; and if the sierras of Tehuantepec were interrupted at any single point, the practicability of the work would probably be in inverse ratio to the shortness of the distance, for the harbors of Tehuantepec are the finest, and those of Panama the worst, between Vera Cruz and South America. But the northern Isthmus is traversed by three uncompromising mountain-chains of hornblende rocks and syenite—too hard to be tunnelled and too high to be surmounted, except at an outlay which could only be refunded by the toll-monopoly of the greatest international highway of the world.

There remains a region which, being half intersected by a great lake and blessed with deep coast-waters, unites the advantages of Panama to those of Tehuantepec, but whose superior claims, though often acknowledged, have not been sufficiently urged, except by foreign capitalists, the Nicaraguan government, since its quarrel with Great Britain in 1848, having been somewhat seclusive in its domestic policy.

Let us now consider the pro and contra arguments in detail.

The distance from the Bahia de Limon (Navy Bay) to the mouth of the Rio Chepo in the Bay of Panama is about thirty-eight miles in a bee-line, but, following the windings of the Rio Chagres as far as San Pablo, and avoiding the heights of Las Cruces by a détour to the south-west, the length of the proposed canal would be about fifty-four miles. The summit-level between the two oceans (fifteen miles south of Las Cruces) is hardly one hundred and sixty feet, and the nature of the ground is, on the whole, very favor-

jetties and breakwaters, while its entrance, after all, could in rough weather be approached only by steamboats; and the Caribbean Sea is, unfortunately, the most tempestuous portion of the Western Atlantic. The Bay of Panama, on the other hand, is getting shallower from year to year, owing to the accumulating alluvium of the Grande and Chepo rivers, drained from a country which the activity of the railroad woodchoppers is fast converting into a region of sandhills. The Russians have had the same experience with their harbor of Kertsch on the Black Sea. The town was declared a free port in 1827, a free lazaretto and extensive wharves were built in the hope of attracting a large traffic, but all in vain: the quarantine regulations compel a certain class of vessels to call at the port, but the harbor can only be reached through a narrow roadstead in the Strait of Yenikale, and no shipmaster will brave the dangers of the passage in stormy weather.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec is recommended by its genial climate, its fertility and its accessible coasts. Cortés, after the conquest of the Mexican empire, selected for himself on the highlands of this Isthmus the estate from which he derived his title as marquis, and travellers in Southern Mexico vie in extolling the beauty of a region which combines the eternal spring of Madeira with the arboreal wealth of the Amazon Valley. The mouth of the Coatzacoalcos (properly Huatsacolgos) is six hundred yards wide, with never less than sixteen feet of water on its bar; and the narrow estuary of the Chimalapa could be easily connected with the Laguna Superior, a deep and commodious basin with a good anchorage close to the land. A great deal has been said about a supposed difference in the levels of the Atlantic and Pacific. The truth seems to be, that in the Pacific, where the equinoctial tides prevail, the sea rises and falls about twenty feet, while the western recess of the Gulf of Mexico, like the Adriatic, is almost a tideless lake, so that the Bahía of Tehuantepec is alternately higher and lower than the Bay of Vera Cruz. The direct distance

between the two seas is here about one hundred and thirty miles, and the lower twenty leagues of the Coatzacoalcos are navigable for all but the largest vessels, and could easily be deepened by dredging-machines and jetties; but west of that the river becomes a continuous cascade, and the Sierra de Soconusco interposes its triple rock-barrier, three uninterrupted mountain-chains, each of which has to be separately tunneled or scaled—easier said than done, the lowest pass of the main range, the Portello de Tarifa, being at least seven hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Pacific. De Moro, the zealous advocate of this route, speaks of one hundred and eighty locks *viâ* the bee-line, or one hundred and fifty by way of the Tabasco River; and Colonel Rochez, who surveyed the shorter route four years ago and puts the probable expense at eighty million pesos (eighty-three million dollars), omits from his calculations such weighty items as shelter-houses for the laborers and surveyors and the construction of an artificial reservoir with force-pumps if the water-supply on the summit-levels should prove inadequate. The real cost would probably not fall much short of the threefold amount. It is a pity, for Tehuantepec would be one thousand miles nearer to New Orleans than the mouth of the San Juan and fifteen hundred miles nearer than Aspinwall.

We come now to the long-projected Nicaraguan Canal, which would in all probability have been begun thirty years ago if the negotiations had not been unhappily interrupted by the crisis of the British embargo. The breadth of the Isthmus, measured due west from the mouth of the San Juan, is ninety-five miles; obliquely from the same point to the Bay of Fonseca, two hundred and eighty miles. But nearly two hundred miles of the space between the two last-named points are occupied by the lakes of Nicaragua and Managua and the navigable portions of the San Juan River, so that the proposed canal may be said to be more than half made by the hand of Nature. Beginning with the Atlantic section, we find that the San Juan reaches

the sea by three channels—the San Juan proper, the Taura and the Colorado. The town and harbor of San Juan de Nicaragua are at the mouth of the first-named channel, now the shallowest of the three, since the great flood of 1874 turned the main current of the river into the Colorado branch, whose mouth is within the territory of Costa Rica. In the four driest months of the year the Colorado has now from twelve to eighteen feet of water on its bar—in the rainy season, from eighteen to twenty-five, and even thirty, feet. The San Juan receives two large tributaries,

the San Carlos and the Serapiquí, both rising in the highlands of Costa Rica, and up to the mouth of the San Carlos the Río de San Juan is navigable for vessels of twelve-feet draught. A few miles above the junction a ledge of limestone rock forms a natural dam across the river, and would require the construction of the first lock, the fall of the rapids below that point being about eight feet in the course of half a mile. Before we reach the great lake we encounter another large and three smaller rapids, demanding as many separate



MAP OF THE PROPOSED NICARAGUAN ROUTE.

locks, and perhaps the construction of a lateral canal to avoid the Cascadas de Machuca, the most dangerous of the four rapids, having a fall of ten feet in a horizontal distance of less than a furlong. The bee-line from San Juan harbor to the lake is about seventy miles: following the windings of the river, the distance is nearly one hundred and twenty miles.

The lake itself, though studded with islands, is as navigable as the Grecian Archipelago, its depth varying from six to forty-five fathoms. It so happens that its greater axis (south-east to north-west) agrees precisely with the direction of the

most eligible route of the proposed canal, which could hardly seek the Pacific from the main lake directly without encountering mountain-barriers not much less formidable than those of Tehuantepec, while by following the indicated direction through Lake Managua and the Estero Real its western section could reach the sea over a gently-sloping plain. The breadth of the neck of land separating Lake Nicaragua from the Lake of Leon (or Managua) is about sixteen miles, but for twelve miles the canal could follow the Estero de Panaloya, a deep lagoon which in the rainy season becomes a bight of the great lake, so that the real

distance is only four miles. Lake Managua has an average depth of ten fathoms, and, measured along its main axis (also from south-east to north-west), is about forty miles long. From this lake to the Pacific three different routes have been proposed, but for two important reasons the Fonseca route alone need here be described: it avoids the mountains altogether, and it leads to a good harbor.

Between the north-western extremity of Lake Managua and the Estero Real extends the broad plain of Conejo and Leon, whose highest point is about fifty-five feet above Managua and one hundred and forty above the Pacific, the difference of eighty-five feet representing the height of the lake above the ocean. In the midst of this plain stands the city of Leon, one of the two capitals of the republic, and from the flat roof of its cathedral the waters of the lake and of the ocean can be seen at the same time—a proof (since the height of the building is only sixty feet) that the slope must be gradual and very uniform. A straight line from Lake Managua to the south-eastern corner of the Estero Real would make the artificial section of the canal about forty miles (eight miles less than at Panama); and here all difficulties end, for the Bay of Fonseca has, next to Acapulco, the finest harbors on the Northern Pacific. Ten years ago the port of Real-ejo, twenty miles farther south and fifteen miles nearer to the lake, would have served all main purposes; but a singular fate has befallen its once excellent coast-waters: the mangrove-swamps of the Rio Telica have spread their jungles along the coast, and, like a vegetable coral reef, a thick wall of tanglewood now obstructs the formerly best landing-places. The Bay of Fonseca must therefore be our first choice.

The cost of the work * has been various-

* According to Baron Lesseps, the dimensions of the canal should be at least twenty feet in depth by a width of one hundred and twenty feet at the top and forty at the bottom. Assuming that many circumstances would combine to raise the rate of expense to one and a half or one and three-quarter times that of the French-Egyptian average, and taking the Suez Canal as our standard of comparison, the maximum cost would probably not exceed eighty-five million dollars.

ly estimated at from fifty to eighty million dollars. If we cannot come to terms with the Costa Ricans, who hold the Colorado channel, we shall have to send Captain Eads to San Juan, and the last-named figures would probably represent the correcter estimate. At any rate, Nicaragua is our Hobson's choice if we want a canal for sailing vessels, for the writer of this, being thoroughly familiar with the topography of Tehuantepec, does not hesitate to say that on the northern Isthmus the sierra section alone would require an outlay of two hundred million dollars.

The republic of Nicaragua cannot boast of the incomparable climate of Tehuantepec, but in regard to scenery and resources it has been rightly called a microcosm, an epitome of the whole inhabited world. It has Caucasian snowfields and African jungles, Italian terrace-lands and Texan prairies, high coasts and sandy coasts, mountain-torrents, rivers and lakes, fertile valleys, romantic plateaus, savage sierras and a large and diversified assortment of volcanoes, with eleven larger and two hundred and forty to two hundred and fifty smaller craters. For the last four decades these *infiernos* and *infernillos* ("hells" and "little hells"), as the natives call them, have hardly deserved those offensive epithets, but fifty years ago their ruinous activity would have been a grave objection to a permanent settlement, at least in the western parts of the country. At the time of the Conquest the *Infierno de Masaya* was the terror of all Central America, and in 1835 the crater of *Conseguina* scattered its ashes over a circle fifteen hundred miles in diameter. But the stockholders of a ship-canal company need not apprehend any serious peril from that cause. One-story buildings of tolerably solid masonry are generally considered earthquake-proof, and even a Lisbon or Caracas catastrophe could hardly damage earthworks and stone piers to an irreparable extent. The native population of Nicaragua, like that of Southern Mexico, consists of harmless frugivorous Indians, mixed with about ten per cent. of gambling and bull-fighting mestizo city-dwellers and one-half of one per cent. of mer-

chants and landed proprietors of the un-mixed *sangre azul*.

The comparison of the respective pros and cons. may be facilitated by the following résumé:

PANAMA.

<i>Favorable.</i>	<i>Objectionable.</i>
Shortness of the distance,	Shallow harbors,
No mountains,	Deterioration of Panama
No earthquakes,	Bay,
Acclimatized foreign ar-	Insalubrity of the Atlan-
tisans, etc.,	tic coast.
Railroad facilities.	

TEHUANTEPEC.

Healthy climate,	Mountain-barriers.
Fertile soil,	
Mineral resources—coal	
and iron,	
Available harbors,	
Short distance from the	
United States.	

NICARAGUA.

Good harbors,	Numerous volcanoes,
No mountains,	Costa Rica claiming the
Distance shortened by	most available channel
two large lakes,	of the San Juan.
Friendly disposition of	
the Nicaraguan gov-	
ernment.	

The Panama Canal, if ever completed, will at best be only a steamboat route, but even this would no doubt confer great benefits on the country through which it passed, as well as on the passenger-lines between California and Central America; and the arrival of M. de Lesseps at Panama City is a guarantee that the question of cost will now be definitely settled. The improvement of the Chagres River has already been determined upon, and operations upon the land-canal will not be postponed much longer unless the difficulties of the pre-

paratory work should greatly overtask the available resources.

In Nicaragua there exists no reason for any delay whatever. Colonel Childs's and Commander Lull's surveys have removed all apprehensions about the most doubtful section of the route, the solitary llanos between Lake Managua and the Pacific. At the mouth of the San Juan we have the choice between three channels, two of which need little, if any, improvement. Moreover, both Costa Rica and Nicaragua, though not on the best terms with the European powers, are friendly disposed toward the United States, to whose protectorate in 1849 one, or perhaps both, of them owed the preservation of its national independence. If we should decide upon the Colorado mouth, we might obtain the formal sanction of the Costa Rican government: if we should prefer to reclaim the harbor of San Juan—which might, on the whole, be the best plan—we could do it without considerable outlay by widening the channel of the river below the divergence of the Colorado. But whatever can be done should be done soon.

For the last two hundred years we have been wandering up and down the American Suez with tape-lines, red flags and all kinds of trigonometrical apparatus, opening and suspending negotiations, interviewing Mexican dictators and Indian sachems, or coasting along the shore and prying around the bays as if we still hoped to discover the *secreto de los estrechos*. Since that knotty problem cannot be solved, it is about time to cut it short. The strait is needed, and, as we cannot find any ready-made, let us go to work and make one.

F. L. O.

MUSK AND PENNYROYAL.

MISS MARGARET WILLIS slapped her maid in the face one morning as the girl was dressing her hair. "How often must I tell you not to draw the hair so tightly back from my forehead?" she exclaimed. "It must be quite loose, though firmly held. You make me a fright!"

It was a soft hand, yet it could give a ringing blow, as Agnesina had learned during the last few weeks; for such blows were new in her experience with Miss Willis, who till lately had been the sweetest of mistresses. She said nothing, however, but made haste to loosen the brown hair over that snowy forehead till Margaret's sharp "*Così!*" told her that the right point had been reached.

One can take blows from a hand that scatters gold, thought Agnesina. Besides, was not the signorina about to become a marchioness? Much may be forgiven to a marchioness, and still more may be forgiven to a beautiful lady who is about to marry a rich elderly nobleman when she very much prefers a certain more youthful but poorer suitor.

For the servants understood the affair perfectly, and talked it over quite freely among themselves and with their friends. Miss Willis was certainly in love with Professor Marinelli, but, very properly, was going to marry the marquis of San Giorgio; and although, according to some of them, it really mattered very little whom one married, yet it was natural that, for a time, the young lady should be rather irritable. Professor Marinelli was so handsome and had such a fascinating way of using those large black eyes of his!

Thus the servants' hall, which is often rather than not the source of society gossip.

Miss Willis was already dressed, for she had adopted the custom of the empress Eugénie of having her hair arranged last. When it was finished she rose, letting slip the large cambric mantle that covered her, and went to take a

careful survey of herself in a long mirror that stood between the two windows. The result could not have been otherwise than pleasing. She wore a long tunic of lace and muslin in stripes over a lavender silk, and rose-colored bows on the half-open sleeves and under her lovely chin.

"*Non c'è male,*" she owned; and, drawing toward her a vase of large pink-and-white fuchsias, she fastened a bunch of them in the braid that surrounded her head like a coronet, and, taking the pearl rings from her ears, hung fuchsias in their places.

"I am going for a walk below the belvedere," she said then to her maid. "Say nothing about it to any one, and keep people away if you can. If any of those dreadful tourists come here to see the grounds, tell the gardener to come to the terrace and whistle. Or"—she turned abruptly and looked at the girl—"can you whistle?"

Agnesina laughed, puckered up her rosy mouth and emitted a low, clear whistle, a small and silvery imitation of a locomotive-alarm. "I can make it far louder," she said proudly, her eyes sparkling. "I know how to whistle just loud enough to be heard by the person I wish to reach."

"Where did you learn this?" her mistress asked in astonishment and without a smile, rather displeased than otherwise.

The girl laughed again, shrugged her shoulders and affected reserve. "Oh, I have sometimes found it useful," she said, looking away from the lady's steadfast gaze. "There are other ways too. That one meant that there will be danger if you don't make haste. This one"—whistling in another manner—"means that you must turn back from the direction in which you are going, and go in the opposite direction. This one"—still another whistle—"calls a person to watch. Oh, there are many ways of giving a sign," she said with another laugh.

"You can say almost anything you want to with a whistle."

Agnesina would probably not have exposed so much of the science of intrigue, learned with quite different mistresses, if she had not been sure that Miss Willis had a rendezvous with the professor. For what else, pray, could a lady wish to take a solitary walk when no one was about, and to receive warning if any one should approach? That she might wish to be alone, with that sense of freedom which the open air gives, and to commune with her own thoughts with a beautiful and living Nature all about her, not only the servants, but many of their superiors, were incapable of understanding or of believing.

Miss Willis went down the grand stairs. Not a soul was in sight. At this hour—it had just struck eleven from the clock in the grand fountain—all the ladies and gentlemen in the villa, except, perhaps, the master of it, the marquis of San Giorgio, were in their own rooms, and would leave them only at sound of the breakfast-bell, which rang precisely at noon. If the marquis were out—which was doubtful—he would be at the potteries in the very farthest corner of the villa. He almost invariably devoted the hour or two before breakfast to his correspondence.

Margaret could fancy just how they were all employed at that moment. Young Count Marden would be making an elaborate toilette, studying solemnly the effect of different neck-ties, and would finish only in time to saunter down stairs at noon, exquisitely dressed, yet with an air of simple carelessness calculated to deceive any but a practised judge, who would know that nothing requires so much care as a careless elegance; Mrs. Willis, her aunt and chaperone, would be just taking the tiny cup of coffee which was always brought to her bed an hour before breakfast, and without which, she declared, she could not open her eyes; and Madame Duprés would be lying on a sofa before her balcony-window reading a novel and smoking a cigarette. Madame was in the habit of taking both coffee and lunch in the morning before the noon breakfast, which, for her, was

a misnomer. She ate because it was bad to smoke on an empty stomach, and she smoked because otherwise her food did not digest well.

Just outside the door by which Margaret left the house there was a flower-garden, which she had to pass on her way to the green below the grand terrace, or belvedere. It was simply a crowd of splendid flowers, in which Nature was left to harmonize her colors as best she might. As she passed through, a tea-rose bud, half opened, touched her cheek from a tree taller than herself. She stopped and smiled at it—her first smile that morning, and a very sweet one. But she did not gather the bud, though she looked at it a little while. After the flower-garden came a rose-trellis, all pink and fragrant and dim, the light shut out by roses. This trellis covered a walk and a stair leading down to the carriage-road, that, after making a circuit of the whole villa, crossed the centre of it here. At the other side of this road a little gate opened into that part of the villa which lay next the public street. This was an immense level half-circle of green, bordered on the curved outer side by a double row of fine chestnut trees shading the carriage-road. On the straight side, on a single green terrace, the last on the hillside, was planted a thick screen of mixed trees, with glossy green shrubs underneath. The dark and sculptured precipice of the belvedere broke the centre of this screen, and over the belvedere looked the wide front of the casino, which was, in fact, a palace; and over the casino could be seen the upper part of a succession of fountains that came bounding down the steep slope till they reached the level of the casino and flower-gardens. There they stopped and danced before the windows in half a dozen snowy and glittering columns, finding rest at last in a wide stone basin softly fringed all round with trembling maiden-hair ferns. Into this basin stared for ever two stone lions, one at either side, and out over it, from a sculptured semi-circle of wall that made its background, stared as fixedly a score of huge stone masks, each expressing some different degree of mingled pride and ferocity.

Of all the paradises which sit upon hill-sides and look toward Rome across the Campagna, none was more beautiful than this villa of San Giorgio.

Following a little path that wound among the shrubs and trees, Margaret descended to the level, where, from the windows above, she might have showed like a large flower in the midst of the rich green. She did not wish to be seen from the windows, however, but to escape all observation for a time, and to study for an hour her position, with the airs of heaven blowing about her. So she went nearer the belvedere, and when she saw its dark balustrade stand out against the blue sky began to walk slowly to and fro in its shadow. The grass was not too deep to walk in, the flowers grew thick and rich about her feet, and the buckles in her little shoes twinkled in and out at every step. She drew up the train of her dress and carried it over her arm. She was trying to think, to decide, and it was as though she were trying to grasp and condense a mist. She stretched her thought, gathered all the circumstances of the subject to her, arranged them, and when she sought for a conclusion everything escaped her. A host, a mob, of new feelings and of forgotten circumstances rushed in and destroyed the order for which she had labored, or some hidden force in her own heart rose at the critical moment and overset it.

Here was her position. She was a young, beautiful and accomplished New England girl, rich for her native city, but not rich for one of the grand cities either of the Old or the New World. A wealthy and ambitious aunt, who had spent the greater part of her life in Europe, had brought her here, intending to find a grand match for her. Margaret had gladly come abroad, but had not committed herself to the matrimonial scheme—had indeed been very cool about the candidate who immediately presented himself. The marquis was agreeable, elegant, rich and of very high lineage, and he was not very old. She had no serious objection to make, but she had not yet been able to consent, though daily urged by her aunt and by the lover himself.

She could say neither Yes nor No. She was too indifferent to accept, and the position was too brilliant to refuse. She had seen enough of society in London, Paris and Rome to be weary of taking a subordinate place. With a coronet in her golden-brown hair she could become a social power. Her bright, disdainful eyes had searched out all the wheels and cranks of the social machine, and with time and familiarity disdain was rapidly losing itself in ambition. It was a game, and a brilliant and exciting one it seemed to her. She was beginning to find that her beauty was a weapon to use, not merely a pretty flower. It might procure her other advantages besides a coronet.

But just as her imagination was about taking fire and she thought, "I will carry in a half-open rose and give it to him before them all, and give him a smile with it which he shall understand," some other second thought set aside her half-formed decision.

The image of the beautiful professor for whom she was supposed to be pining never crossed her mind. She was perfectly indifferent to him.

Walking thus preoccupied, almost tormented, she became conscious presently of some sensible touch that reached her heart, yet so delicately that she was not aware by what sense it entered. It persisted softly, withdrawing for an instant to make its presence more clearly felt on returning, and at every return the emotion it caused became more perceptible. It was like a delicate April breeze that passes through the forest, and turns over a rustling leaf and bears it a few inches, then dies away and leaves it there, yet comes again presently and draws away another leaf; and so on, lifting leaf after leaf, itself a nothing, till at length a pink spot is revealed, and finally the whole knoll blushes with May-flowers that have bloomed with an exquisite freshness underneath the dead leaves of a vanished year.

Her attention at length arrested by this soft importunity, Margaret Willis paused and looked around to see what it was that had set her heart murmuring inarticulately like a mother over the cradle of her

sleeping child. It was no sight or sound, though the scene was of a rare beauty and the birds were singing their noon lullabies.

It was a perfume, strong, penetrating and familiar—how far more familiar than anything else there even while unrecognized! She stood and breathed it a moment, then bent and looked searchingly in the grass. It was gay with flowers of every hue, and, set thickly among them and looking over their heads, were stalks of pennyroyal, the dear old New England herb, studded all along the branching stems with tiny blue blossoms.

Lights and shadows passed rapidly over the lady's face as she hastily gathered large bunches of the plant and held them to her bosom. Tears dropped down and lay in a shining dew on the leaves and blossoms. She was a child again, and in the fresh, pure morning of life all things looked lovely to her. The splendors of all the earth were hers, and her crown had no thorn in it. Her palace was a great rock crowned by the flickering shadow of an aspen tree in the morning and by the dense shadow of a spruce tree in the afternoon. A fragrant, flaky bough that lay over the lichens was her table, and a cushion of moss was her throne.

Picture after picture started up. The large, old-fashioned mansion-house, with its pleasant verandas, its fields and gardens and woods, appeared, all its twittering swallows circling round; the boiling spring bubbling up under a birch tree in the field; the well, with its curb, pole and bucket, mossy and dank, in the midst of the chip-strewn back yard; shining tin milk-pans drying on a sunny bench outside the back door; lace curtains waving in the drawing-room windows, and transparent muslin curtains fluttering and puffing out from the chambers above. A blue smoke curled up from the chimney of the kitchen, where the floor was so white, and the bird's-eye maple ironing-table turned back on hinges and left a great chair for all but ironing-days. The town, but a mile distant, looked over an intervening hill, and the primeval forest hung dark as a thundercloud close at the

other hand. It was the best of the city with the best of the country.

She had gone into the woods with her brother Jamie. She had coaxed him to take her, and Jamie never refused her anything. How good he was to her that day, lifting her over the wet places, giving her all the little yellow violets he found, holding her up to look into a bird's nest while the mother-bird chirped distressfully from a near tree, and telling her such wonderful things of birds and trees and flowers that he had learned from books!

And how beautiful was the walk homeward through the solemn green shadows, where only a few tiny spots of the western sunshine could penetrate! Then the tall trees gave place to slender, sweet-smelling alders, which lay between them and the open field and home. And here, in the black rich mould, they found pennyroyal growing thick and rank. With what eager joy she had gathered it, giving Jamie her flowers to hold! For the herb was prized at home almost more than flowers. Many an ugly cold it had cured, many a threatening fever ward off. And she knew that now in the long, low garret only one little bunch of it hung to its nail on the beam. How glad mother would be! The setting sun shone through the slender trees in bars of gold so solid that she involuntarily turned out for them. The birds were hastening to their nests, twittering as they went. Soft shadows rose from the earth.

Picture followed picture—some bright, others mournful, many of them interwoven with the simple herb which she held clasped to her breast with unconscious hands.

There was John. With a dreamy smile on her lips and her unseeing eyes fixed, her fancy saw him grow up through all her remembrances of him: first, Jamie's dearest friend and playfellow; later, her friend too, and for ever her friend. An earnest, good boy, and an earnest, good man—as firm as a rock in principles and character, and with something that might remind one of the rock in his form and face, in the square broad shoulders, the wide forehead, and the firm mouth that

was never too ready to smile and never had too much to say. He was gentle too. From the time when, in her seventh year, he lifted her, all wet and trembling, out of the brook into which she had fallen and carried her home in his arms, to their last interview, when she had laughingly turned aside the declaration of love that for the hundredth time he had attempted to make, and left him with that hurt yet patient look which she had so often caused his face to assume,—in all that time not a hasty or unkind word had he spoken to her, and never once had he neglected a wish of hers or seemed to resent, even in his own heart, her careless coquetry. This love had begun on that day when, half drowned and wholly terrified, she had clung round his neck and sobbed out her gratitude to him: "Oh, John! how I do love you for coming up just now! The water was choking me. I wish you would always stay close to me just as long as I live." And John had responded, with his cheek blushing warm against her chilly wet one, "I'll never fail you when you want me, Pansy." And he never had failed her.

A bell rang. Was it the bell of the school-house hidden behind the trees, or of one of the many churches in the town beyond the hill? It rang so loudly and sounded so near that it broke through her reverie. Her mind came back to her eyes, and looked about, receiving a shock that almost blinded her. For all the landscape seemed in a whirl, and her visions reeled and fell like a city over an earthquake. The slim birch trees thickened to dense chestnuts; the branches of the pines ran up the trunks as an umbrella runs up in opening, and set themselves in a tuft high in the air; the wooden house with its long verandas changed to a palace with sculptured stone balconies and crowned with the airy arches of a grand *loggia*; and where a moment before the savage woods had climbed the hillside, a white flood of water came falling down in foamy plunges, sprinkling the leaning flowers and the masks and the cupids as it fell.

She saw the splendor of it all, and remembered a century-old temptation so

clearly that it seemed to be newly whispered in her ear: "All this will I give thee if, falling down, thou wilt worship me."

One bright, sweeping glance over the whole: then, gathering up her long skirts, she went swiftly toward the house. The first breakfast-bell had ceased ringing, and the other would ring in fifteen minutes. Reaching the house, she was told that a gentleman was waiting in the blue *salon* for her.

"What an hour for a visit!" she thought discontentedly as she went trailing through the empty rooms to the last, where a tall, broad-shouldered man stood at a window looking out.

At sight of him the blood rushed to her forehead. "I am bewitched to-day—I am certainly bewitched!" she thought, and walked slowly toward him, not so aroused from her former dream as to have laid aside or thrown away the bunch of pennyroyal which she had clasped to her bosom.

He turned at the light rustle of her garments. His face was pale, but his manner quite calm. "How do you do, Margaret?" he said, as if he had seen her the week before. "I hope I am not intruding?"

How it happened she knew not, but at sight of him all the old mischief and malice woke in her heart. The intense blue eyes which were drinking in her face, the slight tremor in the deep voice—all the signs which told that he was to her just what he had ever been—made of her again the laughing tyrant. Yet she laughed with joy, and was triumphant at seeing how handsome he was. Her educated eyes found him finer-looking than he had looked to her ignorant ken.

"You do intrude awfully, John," she said, giving him her hand: "there are two persons in the house who will be enraged at your coming."

"One is your aunt," he said coldly. "And the other is—who?"

"Never mind: come and get some breakfast. The bell is ringing and I am hungry. Oh, you needn't hesitate about the invitation: we all ask whom we please. I have had one or two persons to break-

fast. They will already have laid a plate for you."

'She was turning away, half waiting for him, when he took her hand: "If you are going to marry him I will not sit at his table. Tell me the truth: don't play with me, Margaret."

She had never heard his voice so passionate: it was almost commanding. "What is your advice about the matter?" she asked innocently, turning once more toward him and dropping her eyes.

"I advise you to marry him if you want to," he replied, almost angrily.

She looked into his face with her sweetest smile: "And if I do not want to, John? If I hate to, and won't?"

"In that case we had better not keep breakfast waiting," he replied quietly.

They went out into the tent-hung breakfast-room, where the company were all assembled, and Miss Willis was edified to see how very cordial her aunt's greeting of the new-comer was after the first involuntary scowl of recognition. As for the marquis, he was so truly and gracefully courteous that Margaret added a few explanatory words to her introduction. "Mr. Norton was a schoolfellow of my brother's," she said: "I have known him all my life."

"The poor man may as well eat his breakfast in peace," she thought. "Of course he will never dream that John would have let me stay here years and years if he had cared anything for me."

She compared the two while they talked. The marquis was tall, slender and pale, and his beautiful face had that look of mildness which is the result of pride and culture rather than of a mild disposition. The pride of an American or English face is very likely to be insolent, while that of an Italian face is noble and calm: it is like the serenity of the gods. One might have said of this man that his face was calm and unruffled, not because his passions were not strong, but because of their strength, which carried all before it. It is obstructed passion which graves the face, as obstructed water has a broken surface. Whatever the marquis of San Giorgio had wished to do, that he had done, and whatever he had wished to

possess had never long been denied him. The two gentlemen talked a little on political subjects. John was now a Senator, and interested in the question of the resumption of specie payment. His ideas were quite clear and were well expressed. To be sure, his French was not chopped quite finely enough: he had the English accent, and pronounced too conscientiously all the little words which he should only have brushed; but he spoke grammatically, and, some way, it seemed a condescension for him to speak French at all.

"I must make him practise talking with me against the time when he will be President and have to talk with the four winds," thought Miss Willis.

She saw with real gratitude and admiration that the marquis, perceiving that his guest did not understand readily, spoke more slowly and distinctly than usual, and sometimes repeated.

After breakfast they all went wandering through the large, shady rooms. Mrs. Willis fastened herself upon the new-comer, and confided to him the story of Margaret's approaching marriage.

"Whom is she to marry?" he asked.

"Why, the marquis of course. Haven't you heard?"

"Is she?" he asked dryly.

The marquis stood beside Margaret. "You have known this gentleman all your life?" he asked gently, but at once.

"Oh yes." She was beginning to feel the painful embarrassment of a woman who is obliged to refuse a man whom she admires, and who fears that she should have refused him more promptly. To be sure, she had expressly stipulated that her consenting to spend a week at his villa should not be taken as an encouragement of his suit; still, she was now sorry for having come.

"His wife is in Rome with him?" the marquis pursued, watching his companion's downcast face.

"Mr. Norton is not married," she replied.

There was a moment of silence: then he exclaimed, "How long am I to wait for your answer, signorina? If you did not know before, you must know *now*," emphasizing the last word and glancing

to where John, imprisoned in a distant corner by Mrs. Willis, was yet watching their conversation.

"I can answer you now, marquis," she said. "And I wish that I had done so before. Forgive me—"

"Enough!" he said passionately. Then, making an effort, added with gentle coldness, "I would spare you the pain of an explanation."

"You do spare me a pain," she said with an almost pleading look in her face. "I esteem you so highly, and I should like to please you if I could."

"You will please me in consulting your own happiness," he said with a proud smile.

"He's got his quietus," thought John Norton, "and he takes it rather finely. I ought not to stay here any longer. —I am going back to Rome now," he said somewhat abruptly to Mrs. Willis. "Good-bye. I suppose I shall see you there some time or other?"

She ignored the good-bye, and followed him as he went toward Margaret. The marquis, seeing his movement, recollected an engagement. "Please ask your friend to stay to dinner," he said hastily. "I shall return in an hour." And he left the room.

"When and where am I to see you again, Margaret?" John asked, conscious of Mrs. Willis's angry face at his elbow: "I am going to the station now."

"I'll walk down across the green with you," she said, "and we can talk it over."

"But, Margaret, it is too hot to go out now," her aunt interposed sharply. "It doesn't look well to go out at noon: no one does."

"This is one of the exceptions," the niece replied.

She led him out through the flower-garden, by the path she had taken but an hour before, and, going, told him the story of the pennyroyal.

"I knew you couldn't do it, Pansy," he said with a tremor in his voice. "I heard in America that you were going to marry an Italian, and I started in twenty-four hours afterward. Yet I never really believed it, though I knew that your aunt would be teasing you."

"You were much too sure of me, then," she replied pathetically. "I am awfully wicked, John, and I was becoming ambitious to shine in society."

"Why shouldn't you like to shine in society?" he asked, smiling in her beautiful face.

"Oh but, you great honest goose! you do not know what that sometimes implies," she replied, quite seriously. "When there is a crowd of handsome, brilliant women trying to do the same thing, it sometimes means all sorts of petty tricks and spites."

John became serious and looked down. He had heard of such things.

"And it isn't impossible that I might have accepted the marquis if it had not been for you and the pennyroyal."

John's face flushed and he looked at her sternly. "How could you accept him when you had never refused me, and knew that I was waiting and hoping for you?" he demanded.

"Because you had no right to wait and hope," she replied tranquilly. "You ought to have come and taken me. I like men who cut the Gordian knot."

"Better late than never," said John Norton, with the quick, strong breath of one who has escaped a danger. "I've come for you now, and I intend to take you back with me not later than the first of November: we can be married in October. I'm going to name the day myself. It shall be on the seventh day of October: that will give you nearly two months to reconcile Mrs. Willis."

Margaret laughed. "But you do not know how you will be taken in if you marry me," she said. "I have become a dreadful woman. John, don't be too much horrified, but I beat my maid!"

"Nonsense!"

"I really do. I have struck her once with the hair-brush, and countless times with my hand."

"Poh! your hand wouldn't hurt a fly," he said, and took for an instant the soft hand and gave it a little squeeze to try its quality.

"It almost makes a blister," she persisted: "Agneseina cried. I'm a fury when I'm angry."

He looked at her seriously, and saw

that she was serious. "It is high time that you should go home and have some one to take care of you," he said. "I'm sure that you have been tormented till you are nervous. In future don't beat any one but me, Pansy. It isn't nice, you know, for a servant to see her mistress in a passion. I could understand, but she would not."

That was the way he always excused her when he saw that she regretted a fault.

They walked silently along the golden road till they came to the great gate. That was shut, but a little one opened, and the gentleman passed through, shut it, and leaned a moment on the rail that separated them.

"I cannot give you anything like this," he said rather sadly, glancing back at the villa. "You are sacrificing a great deal to me, dear."

"It is all beautiful, but such things do not make one's happiness," she replied.

"In a very little while it becomes an old story. Only Nature keeps one perpetually delighted."

"I know what will keep me perpetually delighted," said the gentleman. "It hasn't begun to be an old story to me, though ever since you offered yourself to me—"

"Why, John!" she exclaimed indignantly, drawing back.

"Ever since you offered yourself to me that day when I took you out of the brook," he went on, "I have been poring over it. Good-bye, dear: it is time to go. I shall see you in three days."

She looked dreamily after him. "Now, I could obey John, only I will never tell him so," she mused. "But I could never obey the marquis. The only place that suits him is at my feet, going through heroics. But John—" She smiled and blushed a little. She didn't say where John's place was.

The Author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece."

THE UTE MATTER.

WHATEVER course the government or Congress may pursue in the Ute matter, it is an open secret in Colorado that the reservation will be invaded in the spring by a body of men who will go prepared to protect themselves. Nor is it likely that the War Department will repeat the mistake of 1874. In the summer of that year General Custer's discoveries of gold in the Black Hills transpired in advance of his official report, which was dated September 8, and so many prospecting-parties invaded the Sioux reservation that General Sheridan, commanding the department, issued orders on September 3 to commanders of posts, directing them to use the force at their command to "burn the wagon-trains, destroy the outfit and arrest the leaders" of all such parties. In several instances the order was literally obeyed. The pioneer settlement known as Gordon's Stockades

was destroyed by the troops, and the entire population marched off as prisoners in sight of the Indians. Quite a number of prospecting-parties were driven out of the reservation with the loss of their wagons and outfit. But, so far from having the desired effect, these harsh measures did not in the least check the rush of prospectors, and the only practical result of the interference of the troops was to provoke derision and contempt. After a few months the government, finding it had not the power to prevent its citizens from entering the Black Hills, and that the retainers of Sitting Bull would neither develop nor sell them (the Sioux had the coolness to ask forty millions for this piece of property), tacitly acknowledged its error and practically threw the country open to settlement. We repeat that it is unlikely a similar mistake will be made this year. Whatever treaties government may

make with Indian tribes, it will be found impossible in practice to restrain citizens of the United States from entering upon United States territory, and it is not likely that General Sheridan will again try to do so.

The ways of the Interior Department are so inscrutable that it is difficult to determine what course will be pursued with the Ute murderers. When Mr. Schurz begged Messrs. Colorow, Douglass, Johnson, Jack & Co. to step into his parlor in order to be hanged, he must have had some reason of some kind or other for preferring a request which on the face of it seemed ridiculous. He may now have other schemes, based on grounds not known to the public. The speeches of Mr. Conger of Michigan show that it is not safe to set limits to the folly which men will evince when they try to deal with matters they don't understand. Two courses appear to offer themselves to the government, for both of which precedents can be found. One is to confess its inability to deal with the problem, and to leave the murderers unpunished, as it did in the Black Hills and elsewhere. The other is to follow the Modoc precedent, turn all its spare troops into the reservation, call for a regiment of mounted riflemen from Colorado, and hunt the assassins down till they are caught and punished. Strange as it may seem in the East, the people of Colorado, who are the people most directly interested in this matter, are perfectly indifferent which of these two courses the United States may pursue. If it is decided to punish the guilty and obtain security against fresh Ute outbreaks in the future, Colorado will furnish a couple of battalions of mounted riflemen, who by next fall, with the help of a few companies of United States troops, will do the work very thoroughly indeed. Or if the United States prefer to let matters be, Colorado will undertake the job alone, and with pleasure. We are much mistaken if Governor Pitkin has not already in his desk the offer of more men than would be required, if let loose, to satisfy any reasonable person that Father Meeker's murder will be the last the Utes

will commit. Some of the chiefs of that tribe are fond of boasting that "Ute heap fight," and there is no doubt they are both brave and well armed. But there are fighting-men enough in Colorado to take care of them, especially as, in going into battle, they would be not unlikely to remember old General Harney's address to his troops on a similar occasion: "Boys, we are going to fight the Indians. My duty requires me to tell you that, according to the laws of war, if an enemy asks for quarter you are bound to give it to him. At the same time I must say that there is nothing so troublesome as Indian prisoners on a-march."

The events of September, 1879, have been so thoroughly described in the papers, especially in the admirable correspondence of the *New York Herald* and *Denver Tribune*, that all readers are familiar with them. Yet in view of the place they must hereafter fill in history it may not prove tedious to recapitulate a brief narrative of the facts.

In the fall of 1877, Nathan C. Meeker, well known as a valued contributor to the *New York Tribune* and the founder of the thriving town of Greeley, Colorado, was appointed Indian agent at the White River Agency, in Summit county, Colorado. He took his family and seven employés with him. Up to the time of his appointment the policy of the Indian agents, under the sanction of the Department, had been to furnish the Indians their regular supply of food and clothing at the appointed time, to allow them perfect liberty of action so long as they remained on the reservation, rather to encourage them to spend their time in idleness or hunting, and to permit their children to grow up in ignorance. Mr. Meeker thought this policy could be improved. He surrounded the agency with a farm and raised vegetables: he urged the chiefs to do likewise, offering them tools and seeds. His daughter opened a free school for the children. Against these innovations the Ute mind rebelled. "Ute no work," said the chiefs: "Ute hunt; Ute get tired digging; Ute no want school, no want garden or flowers or white fashions." The year 1878 was spent in

sulky observation. Meeker continued to farm, the Utes to growl. In June, 1879, all Western Colorado was distressed by never-ending stifling clouds of smoke, which rolled from the range halfway to Denver. It soon transpired that the Utes had fired the grass and the woods, not only within the reservation, but throughout Route, Grand, Summit and a part of Gunnison counties. Some houses having been consumed by the fire, a requisition was made on General Pope for military aid, and a company of cavalry was despatched to the scene of the conflagration. It does not appear that any arrests were made. In August a party of chiefs visited Father Meeker at the agency to protest against further farming and schooling. Violent language was used, and Chief Johnson, losing his temper, struck the aged Mr. Meeker, knocked him down, trampled on him and left him half dead. While this was going on, says Mr. Meeker, "the Indians who had received continued kindness from me and my family stood around and laughed at the brutal assault." The facts were reported to the Department of the Interior, but no response was made.

A few days later, on September 12, Colonel Steele of the Post-Office Department visited the White River Agency. He also was roughly treated by the Indians, and may be said to have had a narrow escape. Satisfied that worse mischief was intended, he advised Mr. Meeker to abandon the agency forthwith. The agent replied that he had notified the Department and the governor of Colorado of the facts, and that he would remain at his post until relieved. A force, he was sure, would be sent to his support. In fact, a week later, on September 19, in compliance with an urgent appeal from Governor Pitkin, General Pope ordered three companies of cavalry to the White River Agency. The Department of the Interior seems to have still remained impassive, its chief, as was reported in the newspapers, being on a fishing-excursion in the North-west. A week later, on September 26, the cavalry detached by General Pope, consisting of two companies of the Fifth and one of the Third United

States Cavalry, numbering one hundred and sixty men, under the command of Major T. T. Thornburgh, met at Bear River, some fifteen miles north of the reservation, a party of Utes commanded by Chiefs Colorow and Jack. They professed friendship. Major Thornburgh does not seem to have been struck with the fact that they were off the reservation, or to have suspected that they were scouts reconnoitring his force.

Three days afterward, on September 29, the cavalry entered Milk Cañon. The road winds along the bank of the creek, which is bounded by precipitous mountains on either side. Near the summit of these hills a large body of Utes, led by Colorow, Johnson, Jack and other chiefs, had ensconced themselves in rifle-pits, and as soon as the troops came within range opened fire on them from their Winchesters. In a few minutes twelve of the troopers, including Major Thornburgh, were killed, and forty-two wounded. The survivors, seldom able to hit one of the Indians, owing to the elevated ground occupied by the latter and the breastworks behind which they fought, hastily constructed a barricade of wagons, flour-sacks, dead horses and dead men, and tried to shelter themselves from the plunging fire of their foes.

At half-past one on that same day dinner was over at the agency. Douglass dined there, and stood after dinner drinking a cup of coffee and joking with the ladies. An Indian came suddenly running in, and Douglass went to meet him. It has since been ascertained that this man brought news of the beginning of the fight. Almost immediately twenty armed Indians appeared, and without challenge or warning shot down all the male employes of the agency and fired the buildings. The females took refuge first in the milk-house, then in the sagebrush, Mrs. Meeker receiving a shot in the leg as she ran from the buildings. After the men had been killed the Indians gave chase to the women, and soon found them, each of the three, Mrs. Meeker, Miss Meeker and Mrs. Price, being appropriated by a particular chief and carried off to his tepee.

These events are of so recent occurrence, and the accounts of them in the newspapers are so fresh in every one's mind, that we forbear to repeat many circumstances that will be of thrilling interest a few years hence. Suffice it to say, that Captain Dodge's company of colored cavalry (forty-three in number), scouting in North Park, heard accidentally, on October 27, of the straits to which the late Major Thornburgh's command was reduced, and instantly made a forced march, covering some eighty miles in a single night, arriving to their succor. These gallant negroes lost all their horses, every one being shot by the Indians as they dashed into the beleaguered camp. In so much that may provoke tears it is pleasant to hear of one amusing incident. After these poor darkies had ridden in to the rescue of their white comrades at imminent peril of their lives, a trooper actually shook hands with one of them, and, describing the scene afterward, said, "Will you believe it, 'sir, we took those darkies right along with us in the pits! We let 'em sleep with us, and they took their knives and cut off slips of bacon from the same sides we did!"

No one who loves the army, and whose blood thrills at the recital of gallant deeds, can remain unmoved by the story of the final rescue: nothing in military history can excel it. It is glory for all concerned. First, to Captain Payne must due praise be decreed. When he took the command, after Thornburgh's death, the little army lost very few men, which—when their position is considered, at the bottom of a cañon, with Indians on both heights firing incessantly down on them, and surrounded by dead horses and men putrefying in the sun—is little short of marvellous. Next, to Joe Rankin the scout. To leave the army in daylight, with the Indians watching from their rifle-pits on each side of the cañon, was certain death. He waited till ten o'clock that night, and then started. He rode the whole one hundred and sixty miles to Rawlings without drawing bridle, arriving there in twenty-eight hours, at 2 A. M. on the morning of October 1. It did not take him long to wake the tele-

graph-operator. An hour and a quarter afterward, at 3.15 A. M. on that dark October morning, by candlelight, in their night-clothes, General Williams at Fort Omaha, General Crook at Chicago, General Merritt at Cheyenne and the commanding officers at Camp Douglass, Salt Lake and Forts McPherson and Sanders, were discussing the situation, and before daylight a conclusion had been reached. Troops were to concentrate at Rawlings, and Merritt was to command: "Old Wesley," they said, "would go in with a twirl." Eight hours afterward a column of men, with complete equipment, left Ogden for Rawlings. An hour later three hundred men and six hundred horses, with ample provisions and forage, left Cheyenne for the same point. Reinforcements were ordered from Forts Fetterman and Robinson. At 11.45 A. M. on the 1st, just eight hours and a half after the arrival of the exhausted scout Rankin at Rawlings, General Merritt at Cheyenne telegraphed General Williams at Omaha that all his preparations were complete, and that he would start from Rawlings at 4 A. M. on the following morning, October 2. He kept his word. At four in the morning of that day, twenty-five hours after the first news of the fight reached Rawlings, he marched south at the head of a column of five hundred and fifty men well armed and provisioned. The distance to be traversed was about one hundred and sixty miles, over mountain-ranges, through difficult passes and over roads a foot deep in dust. The cavalry were mounted, the infantry in wagons. But, as it was unsafe to divide the expedition, the pace of the whole was that of the slowest mule-team in it. It was therefore nearly daylight on the morning of the 4th when the beleaguered and heartsick garrison at Milk Cañon heard the joyful sound of the bugles blowing the night-signal of the Fifth Cavalry. They were saved! Old Wesley had indeed come with a twirl!

What remains to be told may be said in very brief space. On Merritt's approach the Indians fled: he pursued them, but was recalled by orders from head-quarters. The captive women, conveyed to Douglass's camp at many miles'

distance from the agency and shamefully ill-treated, were released on the solicitation of Ouray, and handed over to General Adams, agent of the Interior Department. Finally, that department appointed a commission consisting of General Hatch, General Adams and Chief Ouray to investigate the case. These gentlemen sat many days and heard many witnesses, including some of the murderers. But none of the Indians knew anything either about the murder of Meeker or the fight with Thornburgh. The proceedings of the commission reminded the reader of the Crittenden Peace Convention which met in Washington in April, 1861, except perhaps that in the former there was nothing to laugh at except the Secretary of the Interior.

Such are the facts upon which the people of the United States and their representatives at Washington will before long have to make up their minds and determine upon a policy.

Certain philanthropic persons at the East, who profess an admiration for the Indian—probably for the reason which induced the Jesuit naturalist to speak well of the rattlesnake, because, after all, he was one of God's creatures—oppose the extirpation of the Utes, because, first, the United States guaranteed them the reservation by solemn treaty; second, because the hue and cry against them is merely a greedy effort on the part of Colorado miners to rob them of their lands; and, third, because only some of the Utes are bad, a large number of them, headed by Ouray, being friends of the whites and faithful to their treaty obligations.

First: as to the treaty matter. The fact is as stated: the United States did grant the Ute reservation by treaty. But is a treaty never to be broken? If international law teaches anything, it is that treaties are in their nature temporary, to be broken whenever the necessities or policy of either party require it, subject always to an appeal to war. If it were otherwise, there would never have been any wars in the world. Posterity may condemn, history may censure, nations which break treaties for light reasons or

selfish aims. But an historian who would blame the United States for breaking our treaties with England if she let our ambassador be murdered and our troops be ambushed and shot down, and did not punish the assassins, would have to sell his history for wrapping-paper. The day the chiefs murdered Father Meeker the treaty was dead, dead—dead as the treaties of Sir William Johnson with the Mohawks. From the hour they shot down Thornburgh and Weir the United States were as completely released from their treaty obligations as they are from their allegiance to King George III.

Second: it is not true that the cry against the Utes has arisen from a covetous desire on the part of Colorado to possess the reservation. This is a matter of fact, and we can only set our naked assertion against that of the Indian sympathizers. There are no miners on the reservation: there never were any. For aught anybody knows, there are no mines there: there may be, but no one knows anything about it. It is a great barren stretch of mountain and valley, in which it is said that there is not one flat field of a hundred acres in extent, and not one hundred thousand acres which can ever be cultivated. As a piece of property Colorado could not afford to buy it for the sum which the United States spent each year at the Los Pinos or White River Agency. It would be dear almost as a gift. Colorado, on the other hand, is teeming with districts in which rich mineral is known to exist, but which are not developed because one man cannot simultaneously dig holes everywhere. Indeed, one of the chief difficulties with the State at present is that there are so many promising camps. Every wealth-seeker grabs so much that he cannot develop, and is like the boy in the pantry who ate so much that he couldn't get back out of the window. If, then, our Indian sympathizer will reply, the Ute reservation is so worthless, and Colorado so full of unoccupied and valuable land, why do you grudge the poor Indian his desert? The answer is simple: Colorado does not grudge the Indian his desert. She grudges him his

existence—on her soil. She holds that he cumbers the earth—that quiet, peaceable life and the building up of a great civilized State within her borders are not possible so long as this band of murderous savages, whose hands have been dripping with the blood of white men from the days of the Mountain Meadow massacre to the present, are allowed to occupy her soil under the protection of the United States flag.

Third: as to the good Utes. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not agree with that old Indian-fighter who said there were no good Indians but dead Indians. Mr. Bancroft speaks quite approvingly of several of the old chiefs, though Mr. Parkman does not appear in his vast researches to have found many whom he could conscientiously recommend. But sweeping generalizations are always dangerous. There may be good Indians, although, considering the generality of those with whom the United States have had to deal, it would seem that the onus of proving his goodness ought to rest on the Indian. Ouray, who is held up as the type of the white man's friend and the good Indian, has advantages. His father and his mother were actually married, and he was absolutely baptized into the Catholic Church, though he hastened to repudiate it when he grew old enough. He gets one thousand dollars a year from the government for being its friend, and lives in a fine house which the United States built and furnished for him. After the fight in Milk Cañon he wrote a letter urging his friends not to molest the whites, and he used his influence to secure the release of the captive women. He claimed, or at least it is said that he claimed, he could compel the murderers of Meeker to appear before the commission and tell the truth—also that he could enforce the attendance of the chiefs who attacked Thornburgh and oblige them to explain themselves. If he did make these claims, he did not fulfil his undertaking. We shall know more about Ouray's power and his behavior as a member of the commission when General Hatch makes his report. In the mean time, an impres-

sion prevails not only that Ouray could not do what he said he could do, but that he took at least a very neutral stand between the government and the murderers.

The fact is, the power of these Indian chiefs only exists when their words and their acts are in sympathy with their tribe. Unlike hereditary monarchs or magistrates elected for a specific time, they are liable to deposition the moment they lose the respect of their tribe. Colorow, one of the chiefs who led the attack on Thornburgh, was an instance of this. At one time he quarrelled with General McCook, who was in command in New Mexico. Calling on him in his office, where the general was writing, the Ute sat down and grunted, "McCook liar."

The general never looked up, and the Indian repeated, "McCook d——n liar."

Still, with impassible face, the general continued his writing. Again the savage grunted, "McCook heap d——n liar."

The general never moving a muscle, the Indian concluded that no fight could be got out of him, and let his revolver, which he had held ready for service, fall to his side. In a lightning-flash the general had his wrist in his clutch and wrenched the weapon from him. Then, seizing him by the collar, he dragged him to the stairs, kicked him down, and, following him, kicked his prostrate body into a group of his friends, to whom, pointing to the bleeding and dusty object at his feet, he said briefly, "He no chief. Get a man for chief."

That night Colorow was deposed, and remained many years in the ranks.

Without doubt, Ouray, who is a man of some sense and education, and has travelled through the United States, must see plainly enough where a contest between the Utes and the government would end. But can he make his people see it in the same light? Can he teach them what he knows? Can he control them? It certainly doesn't look like it. And if not, what is the use of wasting time with him? What the people of the West want is satisfaction for past murders and security against murders in the future. If Ouray can't give us this, of what avail is it that he is the white man's friend?

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC CHARITY IN PARIS.

PARIS, like all the large cities on earth, presents too often the spectacle of frightful poverty side by side with splendor and show. But poverty in Paris is not so terrible, ghastly and hopeless as it is in London, nor does wealth within her limits wear so magnificent and grandiose an aspect as in the British capital. French poverty is generally decent, and almost invariably pleasure-loving. It is the latter quality that brings so much trouble upon the working classes of Paris. They live meanly and fare frugally, but they cannot resist the temptations of the wine-shop and the ball-room, and they will expend on one evening's amusement the earnings of months. Hence, when there comes an exceptionally cold winter, as was the one that has just passed, or a failure of work from any cause whatever, the suffering that ensues is frightful. Fortunately, the improvident poor of Paris have at hand to aid them the wide-reaching and colossal institution known as *L'Assistance Publique*. By this title is designated the public and official administration of the funds accruing from public and private sources which are destined to relieve the wants of the needy and to succor the suffering. No document or paper, no passport, certificate of marriage or proof of citizenship, is required from those who come to ask its aid: all that is necessary is for the petitioner to give proof of needing help, and help is at once bestowed.

The origin of this important and beneficent institution is of ancient date. It took its rise in the Council of Notables to which in 1505 was confided the management of the affairs of the *Hôtel Dieu*. In the reign of Francis I. this council became known as the *Bureau des Pauvres*, owing to an edict issued by that monarch in 1544, wherein he commands the city magistrates to succor the city poor. At present its administration is confided

to a *conseil de surveillance*, presided over by one responsible director. It has charge of all the benevolent institutions of Paris—the hospitals, the asylums, the *bureaux de bienfaisance*; it presides over the distribution of alms to out-door petitioners: it is the guardian of foundlings, the protector of the insane: in a word, it watches over all who are helpless, sick or starving. To accomplish this vast work requires a command of colossal resources, and these it possesses. There is a tradition among the people of Paris that "the fortune of the poor" is the largest in the world. This vast fund has been formed by slow accumulation, and unites the property of the *Hôtel Dieu*, the revenues of the great *Bureau des Pauvres* and those of the general hospital. Its list of benefactors and donors is immense, beginning with Louis VII., who bestowed on it a revenue of three sous and eight deniers, and Philip Augustus, who in 1208 by a formal deed bestowed upon the sick of Paris the straw that strewed the floors of the royal palaces, to be used for beds. So meritorious a deed was it considered to bestow donations on the public poor-fund that the popes accorded indulgences to those persons who did so. Some of these indulgences are preserved among the archives of the *Assistance Publique*. In all, the list of benefactors who have enriched the fund by important gifts or legacies amounts to over eight thousand. Some of the privileges accorded by the kings of France are very odd. Among them is a permit from Charles IX. to loan out a certain sum of money at twelve per cent. The bed of the bishop of Paris after his death was one of the perquisites of the *Hôtel Dieu*. As luxury increased and beds became more and more costly, especially those occupied by the higher class of ecclesiastics, there often ensued contests between the bishops' heirs and the hospital relative to the curtains, the counterpane or some other appendages of this important perquisite. So

late as 1654 the Parliament was called on to settle a dispute of this nature relative to the bed of François de Gondy, archbishop of Paris, and its decision was in favor of the hospital.

At one time the revenue belonging to the lay charitable establishments of Paris amounted to over eight million francs. It is far less considerable now, owing to the changes and revulsions caused by the Great Revolution, and does not quite amount to four million francs annually. But to this must be added at least three million francs more drawn from various taxes, such as those on cemetery-lots and on the profits of the Mont de Piété, and finally the much-declamed-against *droit des pauvres*, a tax levied upon all theatre-, concert- and ball-tickets which are issued in Paris; and this tax alone produces an income of some one million seven hundred and fifty thousand francs annually. Yet large as is this income (one million four hundred thousand dollars), it does not suffice. The city of Paris pays over annually to the funds of the Assistance Publique a further sum of two millions and a half of dollars. Add to this the government distributions of alms, the private subscriptions, etc., and it will be found that the amount of money annually disbursed in Paris for charitable purposes does not fall far short of eight millions of dollars.

The Assistance Publique provides its own material supplies. It grinds its own flour and bakes its own bread: it has its own warehouse, wine-cellar, meat-market and pharmacy. The bakery is installed in a mansion interesting by its antiquity. It was built by a wealthy Italian, one Scipio Sardini, in the reign of Henri III., at a point then beyond the city limits, and now near the Rue du Fer à Moulin. Part of the ancient building still exists in good preservation, and is ornamented with medallions in sculptured stone that ought to be removed to the Hôtel Carnavalet, the present museum of Parisian antiquities. The pharmacy, situated on the Quai de Tournelle, affords one curious point in the labels still to be seen on the cases and drawers intended to contain drugs. There, in spite of the fact that

the whole plenishing of the establishment was renewed in 1812, may be read the names of such obsolete remedies as ibex blood, crabs' eyes, powdered stag's horn, red coral, dried vipers, earth-worms and wood-lice. To this establishment are attached an herbarium and a laboratory. The latter is a scene of untiring activity, for the Assistance Publique prepares its own medicines, and even grinds its own flaxseed for poultices by means of a busy little steam-mill that is kept in ceaseless motion, so great is the demand from the hospitals for that soothing product.

The central warehouse is quite new, having been founded so lately as 1868: it occupies a spacious building on the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, and contains all articles in general use in the hospitals or in demand for distribution among the poor of Paris. Old linen for lint and new linen for bandages figure largely among the stores, the consumption of the latter amounting to some one hundred and fifty thousand yards annually. It is rather sad to note the piles of crutches stacked up in bundles like fagots, and speaking eloquently of the throngs of cripples that issue from the hospitals. In the courtyard of this storehouse the hospital beds are remade, their wool stuffing being there washed, disinfected and carded anew. In other departments are packages of garments made up in suits for either sex and for every age—layettes, sheets, bed-linen, table-linen, etc. In another department is to be found furniture of all kinds, also table-utensils of every description, from the coarse pottery used in the free hospitals to the cut glass and delicate porcelain reserved for such hospitals as Sainte Perine, where the patient pays largely for board and medical attendance. Very useful establishments are these last, which secure to the wealthy the intelligent care, the constant watchfulness, the immunity from communicating contagion, the isolation from all external and pernicious influences, that are the privileges of invalids who are cared for in a hospital, and which in our country are enjoyed by the poor alone.

For the distribution of alms each arrondissement of the city is provided with

a *bureau de bienfaisance*, or charity-office. Each office has its director, appointed by the general council, and its physicians and medicines, assigned to it by the prefect of the Seine. No poor person has a right to aid if his or her name be not inscribed on the register of the establishment. Application must first be made for admission to the list: the applicant is then visited by the director, a charitable lady-visitor or one of the public physicians, and a report is made upon the situation and needs of the petitioner. If the verdict be favorable, the name of the applicant is then inscribed on a yellow card if the succor demanded be temporary, and on a green one if it be permanent. Temporary aid is accorded to those suffering from wounds or sickness, women in childbed, fathers of families out of work, widows with two or three children to support, etc., and it is withdrawn as soon as all necessity for it has past. The permanent pensioners are the aged and infirm, and those afflicted with incurable maladies for whom there is no room in the crowded hospitals. The donations consist of tickets for food and fuel, packages of clothing, medicines, etc., and occasionally a very small sum of money, this last being usually accorded to the permanent pensioners only. From the age of seventy to seventy-nine pensioners receive five francs a month, which is gradually increased with advancing years to twelve francs a month.

The usual routine of attempted frauds on the poor-fund takes place in Paris as elsewhere. The physician when distributing drugs has to guard against fraudulent demands for wine of quinquina and camphorated alcohol, which are dear to the hearts of confirmed drunkards, notwithstanding their nauseous taste. Of the latter the consumer contrives to make a drink by diluting it with water sweetened with burnt sugar; and it is a common practice with many poor wretches to inflict bumps or bruises on themselves in order to get possession of a phial full of this strong, burning spirit. Of wine of quinquina, in spite of all precautions taken against fraud, the consumption does not amount to less than forty thousand quarts

annually. The article most in demand at the bureaux de bienfaisance is—will it be believed?—sugar! It is invariably refused, and a computation has been made that to satisfy all demands for this article would ruin that branch of the society in less than two years.

Paris is divided by the Assistance Publique into forty-six zones or departments, which are visited regularly by the *service ambulant*, composed of sixty-two visitors, whose sole mission is to call at the dwellings of the poor, to hear their complaints, to inquire into their wants and to draw up the report that is to determine the bestowal or refusal of alms. This service is one of considerable difficulty, and requires an unceasing activity on the part of the functionaries, so as not to get behindhand. Among those who regularly subsist by beggary may be found some individuals bearing names that are counted among the highest and proudest in France. A titled dame, the widow of a general of the Restoration, is among the regular pensioners of the Assistance Publique, and subsists wholly on its alms and on contributions obtained from the chancellerie of the Legion of Honor, the Ministry, all the private charities that she could discover, etc. A small pension accorded to her by Napoleon III. was suppressed after the fall of the Empire. This noble lady has three female companions, who go out to solicit alms for her and who share the product of her mendicancy.

Occasionally, some terrible case of destitution becomes known to the authorities, as was the case a few years ago, when a gentleman, returning home on foot in the early morning after a ball, beheld a woman groping among the refuse of a dust-heap for some scattered crusts and cabbage-stalks, which she devoured greedily. As he passed the miserable creature raised her head, and to his horror he recognized the wife of a once-celebrated newspaper editor under Louis Philippe—a lady who had possessed a large fortune and whose brilliant entertainments had once been the talk of Paris. Her husband had wasted her wealth in wild speculations and reckless debauchery, and the unhappy lady had sunk to the lowest depth

of misery and degradation, reduced to fight with dogs in the streets for the scraps of food flung from the doors of the rich. She was admitted, through the exertions of her former acquaintance, to the asylum for indigent old women at the Salpêtrière, but did not long survive. Her husband had died some years before at the asylum of Bicêtre, the corresponding institution for men.

In this brief sketch it will be seen how noble, how widespread and how discriminating is the work of the Assistance Publique of Paris. In 1879 through its various channels—the hospitals, the asylums, the bureaux de bienfaisance—it afforded aid to over four hundred thousand persons. It acts with the impartiality of an intelligent mother: its hand is ever open to those who suffer. It is a state within a state: it possesses a government, its functionaries, its revenues, its offices. It reigns over a nation—the nation of the suffering, the indolent—alas, often of the criminal. But it aids also in the prevention of crime, hindering as it often does want from taking those hideous and desperate proportions that drive the sufferer to horrible deeds. Nowhere in all the annals of Paris is the talent of the French for administrative detail shown in a more favorable or beneficent light than in the Assistance Publique.

L. H. H.

LA FAYETTE AT OLMÜTZ.

THE announcement of a work by Mr. Friedrich Kapp on *Justus Erich Bollmann, the Liberator of La Fayette from the dungeons of Olmütz*, recalls to mind what is at once a romantic episode of modern history, and probably the first instance of the interference of the American government in European politics. La Fayette was a conspicuous figure in French history for nearly two generations, but a portion of his life has hitherto been screened by a thick veil, under cover of which there has been full play for the imagination of melodramatic historians. This period extends from the general's desertion of his army in 1792 to his return to France in 1799, and upon it Mr. Max Budinger of Vienna published a few months since a little book entitled *La*

Fayette in Oesterreich, compiled from the imperial archives. It will be remembered that soon after crossing the border La Fayette was recognized by the *émigré* troops, but what is less generally known is that the general and his companions owed their escape from personal violence at the hands of their countrymen to the interference of the Austrian commander, who assumed the charge of them till he should receive special orders from the emperor. A council of representatives of all the members of the coalition finally condemned the republican officers to imprisonment, and by agreement the Prussian government became their first jailer, keeping them successively in the fortresses of Wesel, Magdeburg and Neisse. May 17, 1794, they were handed over to Austria, which tried repeatedly to shift their care upon Great Britain, as the head of the allies. In Magdeburg, La Fayette had been confined for a year in a small, damp cell, but the tale of his ill-treatment at Olmütz turns out fabulous. He there occupied two rooms on the ground floor of a barrack, and, though he would give no pledge not to escape, was allowed to take long walks in the company of a sergeant. But upon the eighth of November of the same year, with the aid of the German-American Bollmann and the American student Huger, he made an attempt at escape. After this he was naturally subjected to harsher treatment, and when his wife and daughters, having been released from their French prison, asked permission to live with him, it was granted only on military conditions. They were not allowed to leave the building, and were denied the use of knife and fork; but the story of the whole family having to occupy the same room and sleep on a straw pallet is pure invention. Such was the state of things when President Washington (May 15, 1796) addressed a letter to the emperor requesting La Fayette's release, while Gouverneur Morris, who spent the winter of 1796-97 in Vienna, made efforts of the same kind. It is commonly asserted that the general's release was one of the stipulations of the treaty of Leoben (April 8, 1797), but, in

fact, nothing was said about the matter in the treaty, though Bonaparte, after its conclusion, expressed a wish to that effect. He did not, however, seem really to desire it, and his action was assumed to be perfunctory. But on the ninth of August of this year the emperor became convinced that nothing more was to be hoped from his allies, and sent orders to his envoy at Hamburg to arrange with the American consul in that city for the delivery of the prisoners. After giving a written promise never to re-enter the Austrian states except upon a military or diplomatic mission of their governments, they set out from Olmütz September 18th, and October 4th Consul Parish took charge of them in Hamburg. It should be said, however, that Mr. Kapp's account, as given in an article in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, does not agree with this version in respect to the importance of Washington's interposition in obtaining La Fayette's release. We do not yet know, he says, what finally induced the emperor to let his prisoner go, but one thing is certain, that it was not the influence of the American government. But if not, why should he have been officially handed over to a representative of that government? A. V.

DANCING MEN.

THERE used to be a prevalent superstition in New York that givers of balls were dependent for their male dancers upon a regiment of spruce, well-dressed, agile-limbed youths who were called "Brown's Men." They were said to be hunted up by that admirable and portly functionary, gathered from dim and dingy places down town, from stifling offices, behind gray ledgers. From these gloomy chrysalids they would emerge radiant, faultless in boots and neck-ties, nice as to gloves and linen, with coats of the best swallow-tail pattern, and hair and moustaches in wavy and bandolined perfection. One can hardly overestimate the privileges of these youths: they were not the *jeunesse dorée*, but the gaslight gilded them for the nonce. They were essential to the success of the balls which they graced: they were led with flattering dis-

tinction up to the feet of Beauty. "Can I have the honor of your hand for the next dance?" were the simple yet magical words which, in the twinkling of an eye, made them for the next twenty minutes proprietors, so to speak, of all those maidenly charms, gave them permission to encircle that taper waist with their arm, to clasp the little gloved hand and wrist, to murmur with soft, slow-syllabled utterance into the exquisite pearly ear, to surround her with a delicate and tender homage.

It was all very well for non-dancing youths to inquire superciliously, "Who is that infernal coxcomb?" The answer might be, "Oh, that is only one of Brown's young men," but the fact remained the same. "Brown's young men" enjoyed prerogatives which princes might envy.

Whether Brown's *corps dansant* ever had actual existence or not we will not venture unhesitatingly to affirm or to dispute. If the institution was a fact, it was useful to generations of pretty, well-dressed girls who must otherwise have lurked in corners bolstered by many chaperones the entire evening.

The dancing man is born, not made. Only his compeers may approach him. He may be called frivolous, sneered at, condemned, but he is certain to be envied by his contemporaries. The very way he arranges his neck-tie in the dressing-room at a party, then draws on his gloves, pirouetting to the strains of music from below, is a deadly offence to the non-dancing young man, who gazes on stolid and unmoved. The melody of a waltz is to his ears like the bugle-reveille to a war-horse. He leaps to the fray, reminded of a thousand happy moments, inspired by a longing for fresh victories. Young Scholasticus, just graduated with highest honors, master of Greek and successful demonstrator of abstruse theorems, may reflect that this miserable young jackanapes, capering in puppet delirium to the sound of a fiddle, has no notion of the calculus and could not construe a page of the simplest classics. But for all that, when Scholasticus makes an effort to cross the room to address the

fair Belinda his feet feel swollen and crippled, his knees knock together, his hands and arms seem to be in his way. Even if he makes out to reach her, he finds little to say: he has no cue for repeating the finest passages from *Æschylus*, and she shrinks with dread from the least mention of mathematics. She has her eye on the dancing young man who comes to claim a place on her card. That is what she wants—partners, a chance to whirl, to enjoy her youth and display her good looks and fresh toilette. Scholasticus has perhaps a soul above being daunted by difficulties: what man has done man can do. He resolves to learn to dance. Alas the day! He will find partners no doubt—some belated fair one, unlured at the eleventh hour. Her he will claim, and lead her into the throng with an infatuated notion that he is fitted by scientific instruction and patient practice to join the dancers. Why do his knees knock hers at every motion? Why does he hop, not glide? Why, at intervals, does his heavy boot come down with crushing weight upon her delicate slipper? Why does he tear, even mangle, her dress? These are to him trifling incidents of the dance: he regards them blandly, philosophically, as mere votive sacrifices to the deities who preside over the waltz. They always happen to him, but he finds less to ponder in such phenomena than in the fact that the partner who ungrudgingly accepted him last evening to-night looks away when he approaches her, pleads indisposition or engagements, yet, after dismissing him with something not unlike scorn, is seen joyfully whirling with that ignorant and obnoxious dancing young man, who never was known to knock his partner's knees, to collide with other couples, to step on a lady's dress, still less to tread on her feet. Scholasticus feels that he has good reason for deciding upon the frivolity of the female sex; and not until he meets his affinity, who looks down upon the votaries of the waltz and prefers to sit in corners and discuss trilogies and high mathematics, does a certain bitterness die out of his heart.

But time brings its revenges. The dancing young men are not apt to be the

marriageable men of the coterie; and, with all their love for dancing, the pretty girls have an eye to their settlement, and after their first season begin to sigh for something more substantial and less illusory than the brief partnerships of the dance. Other men, with clumsy feet, stout waists, careless neck-ties, carry off the lightest partners. The thing begins to lose its zest, even begets a certain weariness, yet it must go on. A dancing man must dance, or his *raison d'être* fails. He must earn his invitations, he must not risk sinking into his native insignificance by subsiding out of the throng of revellers; and hard enough it is always to carry the continuous burden of gayety with springy gait and joyful, youthful alacrity.

R. E. S.

A CRUSADE AGAINST BIRD-WEARING.

THE ladies who wear birds on their hats and bonnets must prepare for a vigorous onslaught upon that practice by a vast army of indignant men. In our own country there have, so far, been no organized movements in this direction that can be considered important, but in Europe the opponents of bird-wearing have become very numerous and active, and their united efforts are assuming the proportions of a real crusade. They have been denouncing the custom bitterly in the public journals, and are doing everything in their power to bring it into bad odor. The various societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are especially active in this work, and it is not unlikely that they will soon take measures for interfering with the supply of the birds through some legal enactment. Among the English and French newspapers which have expressed themselves most earnestly on this subject are *Land and Water* and *The Country* of London, and *L'Acclimatation* of Paris. But it is in Germany that the anti-bird-wearers are most numerous and energetic, and many of the leaders among those who are engaged in the movement are influential public men.

The principal reasons given by the enemies of the custom for their hostility to it are—the destruction of countless hosts

of birds, with the serious results which must follow its continuance, and the dreadful cruelty which they assert to be practised in killing the birds. They allege that the unfortunate little victims of fashion, after being captured alive, are usually allowed to die of hunger and thirst, as that is considered the easiest way to kill them without injuring their plumage or altering their shape. Where this is not done the almost equally cruel alternative of poisoning their food and water or of piercing their brains with a fine needle is the means resorted to.

As for the number of birds sacrificed to this demand for natural ornaments, investigation has shown it to be enormous. Within a few years the current price of bright-hued birds has increased fivefold. Dr. Rey, a prominent German scientist, states that one mercantile house of Leipsic received in a single consignment thirty-two thousand humming-birds, eight hundred thousand water-birds and three hundred thousand pairs of snipe-wings. The fashion of wearing birds seems to have reached every quarter of the globe, and a London sporting paper

states that in South America vast numbers of birds are constantly sacrificed to it, being not only exported largely, but used very extensively at home by ladies of all the different colors. It is claimed by those who are at the head of the movement against this practice that if such wholesale butchery be permitted to continue and increase "the feathered songsters of the grove" will soon be as thoroughly extinct as the dodo and the dipornis, and the triumphant insects will have every advantage offered them in their vigorous efforts to create a general famine.

What success these bird-defenders will have in carrying out their object it would be hard to foretell. No doubt many kind-hearted and sensible women will be influenced by the reasons they have given for discouraging the habit in question, and will give it up voluntarily. It is not very improbable, too, that the persistent efforts of those who are striving to do away with the obnoxious custom may result in making it unfashionable, and then, of course, its doom will be sealed.

W. W. C.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

History of the Rise of the Huguenots of France.

By Henry M. Baird, Professor in the University of New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There is no more painful episode in modern history than that of the religious wars and persecutions in France during the sixteenth century. In no other country was the struggle of Protestantism against the ascendancy of the Church of Rome at once so protracted and so fruitless. In Spain and Italy the effort was so feeble and so speedily crushed that the number of the victims was comparatively small, and the triumph of bigotry brought its own retribution in national torpor and decay. In many of the German states the Reformation, through the concurrence of prince and people, was easily suc-

cessful; in others Catholicism found its chief defence in strengthening its internal discipline and preparing new agencies for peaceful propaganda; while throughout the empire the conflict of political interests modified or suspended the hostility of opposing creeds. In England the contest was mainly a patriotic one against papal supremacy and Spanish aggrandizement, and, so far as the bulk of the people were concerned, the change of religion was accomplished almost insensibly, and regarded as a necessary step in the assertion of national independence. In the Netherlands, on the other hand, we find all the elements combined that could tend to prolong and intensify the struggle; but the story is one which, far from depressing the mind of the reader, fires and exalts it, allow-

ing no break or division of its sympathies and no doubts as to the value of the result.

It is very different with the attempts to establish the Reformation in France. There the cause never became popular or national, never succeeded in allying itself with any great political principle. Despite the tendency of Protestantism to revive and spread after each fresh endeavor to extirpate it, its roots were never deep or firmly fixed. Instead of helping or stimulating the national development, its indirect effects were retarding. We may, in fact, doubt whether what chiefly prevented France from becoming a Protestant country was not the premature and ill-directed effort to force her into Protestantism. Her natural position would have been at the head of the movement. The Crown and the Gallican Church had for ages, if not uniformly yet persistently and on the whole successfully, opposed the encroachments of the papacy. The wars with the empire and with Spain seemed necessarily to involve a rupture with the pope, when the latter, instead of maintaining the position of arbiter, was forced to become the ally, and even the dependant, of Charles V. and Philip II. The French monarchs of that period were no bigots: they had no scruples about seeking alliances with German Protestants or with Mohammedan powers in furtherance of their political aims. It was partly, indeed, their personal indifference to religion which led them alternately to persecute and tolerate the Huguenots, treating the contest as a struggle of rival factions, balancing one against the other, and making concessions to each in turn as its pretensions or its strength appeared least dangerous to their own supremacy. What at last compelled them to a definite choice was the fact that the convulsions that rent the kingdom threatened the existence of the monarchy or at least the succession of the legitimate line. Protestantism, tainted from the first with rebellion against lawful authority and never able to permeate the mass of the people, grew only as an excrescence which it was necessary to get rid of, dwindled even in periods of toleration, was renounced by its sworn champions when its prospects seemed brightest, and left finally a withered remnant to be regarded by the nation and dealt with by Richelieu and Louis XIV. much as the Moorish remnant in Spain had been regarded by blue-blooded Castilians and dealt with by Philip II. and

Philip III. It is impossible not to sympathize with those who suffered for the sake of conscience or to feel anything but abhorrence for their cruel and treacherous persecutors. But it is difficult to resist the conclusion that could theological questions have been kept in abeyance, had there been no iconoclasm, no civil wars, nothing to interrupt the consolidation of the monarchy, the growth of the national power and the unity of the national will, the close of the sixteenth century would have seen France the greatest of the anti-papal states and the head of a mightier league than that which was subsequently formed under the leadership of Gustavus Adolphus.

The portion of this subject treated in the volumes before us covers the period from the accession of Francis I. to the death of Charles IX., the beginning of the Reformation being nearly coeval with the former event, and its attempted suppression by the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day with the latter. No historical epoch has been brought under a stronger light by the research among original sources and the discovery and publication of fresh material so actively prosecuted during the last forty or fifty years. The vast mass of documents contained in the collections issued by different governments and historical societies has been supplemented by the contributions of private scholarship and enterprise, until it seems unlikely that anything of importance relating to the period remains to be gleaned in archives or libraries. With these copious fruits of recent investigation Professor Baird seems to have thoroughly familiarized himself, while he has neglected none of the chronicles and memoirs that were long the chief or only authorities accessible to the student of history. He shows too that he possesses in an adequate degree that critical faculty without which the most painstaking diligence is too often wasted, while his skill in conducting his narrative and grouping details, combined with a lucid and generally flowing style, renders the book one that may be read with interest as well as profit by all to whom its theme is an attractive one. If it lacks the vivid portrayal of character and incident that distinguishes the writings of some popular historians, many people will doubtless find a sufficient compensation in its freedom from appeals to the emotions. Professor Baird, without betraying any indifference in regard to the events which he has to relate, the character and

fate of the actors or the issues involved, writes as dispassionately as one could wish, indulging in neither ardent eulogies nor vehement invectives. His sympathies, it need hardly be said, are with the Huguenots, but he neither extols Coligny in loftier terms nor paints Catherine de' Medici in blacker colors than the strictest impartiality and most scrupulous taste would approve; while Charles IX. is treated with absolute tenderness, his vices being ascribed to "evil counsels and examples and a corrupt education"—a plea, by the way, which might be urged with at least equal force on behalf of the mother whom it implicates, and perhaps of ancestors in general when made responsible for the errors of their descendants. It is, in fact, not easy to palliate crime on any grounds of this kind without either falling into metaphysical subtleties or shirking the conclusions that naturally spring from them. When Professor Baird remarks, in reference to the execution of Servetus, that "in truth it was less Calvin than the age in which he lived that must be held responsible for the crime against humanity with which his name has come to be popularly associated"—adducing as proof the fact that the act was approved by the great body of the Reformers, who claimed the right to believe as they did and promulgate what they believed, not on the principle of freedom of conscience, but because they could prove the truth of their doctrines—he urges considerations which might be applied with tenfold force to extenuate the persecutions practised by the Catholics. It is true that the Reformers generally did not preach toleration, but toleration was the logical outcome of their asserted right to investigate for themselves and proclaim the truth as revealed to their own minds—whether through the processes of reasoning or some inward radiance of divine light—while it was absolutely inconsistent with the claims of the Church of Rome as the appointed guardian and infallible teacher of truth. If such a mind as Calvin's failed to grasp the idea of freedom of conscience, despite the great divergence of his own doctrines from those of the German Reformers, how was it to be supposed that those who had never exercised or dreamed of exercising the right of inquiry should concede it to others? The question of sincerity, of purity of motive, is one of individual cases; but if Calvin on the one side and Sir Thomas More,

for example, on the other, are to be acquitted of inhumanity on such grounds, we can have no right to condemn the great body of the Catholic priesthood, the ignorant and fanatical population of Paris, or the spirit that has instigated persecution in general.

We are not charging Professor Baird with one-sidedness, with a disposition to apologize for the faults of the Protestants or to judge their opponents unfairly. As we have already said, he writes dispassionately; and though it must, we suppose, be conceded that he is in the common sense of the word a partisan, he is too intent and conscientious a student not be morally impartial. "Morally," we say, for there is a kind of intellectual impartiality, proceeding from breadth of vision, in which he seems to us lacking. He sees his subject too exclusively from a single point and without embracing the whole arena in his view. We are far from finding fault with him for siding with the Huguenots and wishing that their cause might have triumphed; but that he finds no deeper causes for their failure, no more potent elements in the struggle, than what appeared on the surface, seems to us to indicate that he has neither taken the full measure of his theme nor surveyed it in its proper historical connections. He observes in his preface that "the history of the Huguenots during a great part of the period covered by this work is, in fact, the history of France as well." This, we think, is only superficially true. It is as true as that the history of the English invasions in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is the history of France during the period of their continuance. In both cases the canvas is chiefly filled with the battles, sieges and other incidents of a contest in which an alien power in the one instance, in the other a new religious doctrine, is the apparent assailant. But in each case the contest was really shaped and its issue determined by underlying causes. The English invasions sprang from and prolonged the internal struggle for feudal independence and the disintegration of the monarchy. The Huguenot movement owed its form, its intensity, its strength and its weakness to its involvement in the rivalries and feuds of a powerful and turbulent nobility, which threatened to disorganize the state and upset the supremacy of the Crown. At each of these epochs, and, indeed, during a period far longer than that in which both are included, the main subject of French his-

tory is the same—namely, the consolidation of the monarchy and through it of the nation. The same work was during the same period accomplished in some other countries, but in none with the same completeness. Feudalism as a political system—*la grande féodalité*—was vanquished by Louis XI., aristocratic faction and turbulence by Mazarin and Richelieu. The reign of Louis XIV., coming when the process was perfected, offers perhaps the purest type which the world has ever seen of authority centred in the head of the state and wielded without resistance or fear of change. Absolute government is not in itself a fit object of admiration, and its ripeness was the sure precursor of its decay. But so long as it was the only possible defence against anarchy, the representative of national unity, the chief agent of progress and development, its growth has the highest claim on our interest. For the world of thought and intellect the Reformation came in the fulness of time: the unity of the Church was no longer a necessity; the papacy had performed its appointed part in the work of civilization, had sunk into sterility and become utterly corrupt. But for France as a nation the movement was premature: there a different current, fed by many streams, impeded by many obstacles, was running its course, and permitted no flooding of other channels. We may regret with reason that the tide which spread over Northern Europe was driven back from France; but the times and circumstances were such that it could make no inroads without coming into conflict with forces and tendencies that were superior in strength and of paramount importance. The Huguenot leaders were more truly patriotic in sentiment and purpose than their opponents, who virtually transferred their allegiance to the king of Spain; but they represented a cause which, acting as an interruption to what we may call the predestined course of things, was anti-national in its aspect if not in its aims, and which provoked persecution, incited to civil war and drove the masses into a frenzy of fanaticism, without any ultimate results to counterbalance these immediate evils.

We have no space to discuss any of the minor questions suggested by this work, which in fulness of information leaves little to be desired, and which seldom seems to us defective in closeness of investigation or accuracy of statement. It is somewhat

disappointing to find no fresh light thrown on the plottings that preceded the St. Bartholomew. In rejecting what the author calls "the current belief—until recently almost the universal belief of historians"—that the massacre had been planned at the Conference of Bayonne, he comes to the same conclusion as Motley and Prescott, Henri Martin and Dr. White, and probably every writer of repute who has touched upon the subject since the documentary evidence was brought to light more than thirty years ago. But we doubt if he is correct in treating that evidence as complete, or in saying that the original letters are "preserved among the manuscripts of Simancas," or in assuming that the copies in the "*Papiers d'État de Granvelle*," which are still the only accessible sources, embody the whole correspondence.

Hawthorne. By Henry James, Jr. (English Men of Letters, edited by John Morley.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are accustomed to hear our country-people claim the long line of English writers, from "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" to the Georgian era, as a common heritage with our Transatlantic kinsfolk; but we believe that this is the first time the claim has been reciprocated. It is open to discussion whether Hawthorne can properly be called an English Man of Letters, but we must let that pass. If it be only a pleasant fiction, it is a pretty compliment to place his name in the series with Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Johnson, Defoe, Gibbon, Hume, Goldsmith, Burke, Scott, Thackeray,—to class him, in short, with the glorious brotherhood of English authorship. The compliment is pointed by the choice of a biographer, and in this Mr. Morley has shown himself an able editor; for there was no man in England or America so fit to commemorate Hawthorne as Mr. James. Keeping in mind due proportion and differences both superficial and essential between the intellectual constitutions of the two men, we have no writer who has shown so much natural affinity to Hawthorne, or such strong traces of his influence, as Mr. James in his earlier writings. We must leave out the element of fantasy, so prominent and pervasive in Hawthorne, and allow for a diametrically opposite point of view, since Hawthorne deals with the past and the preternatural, and his personages are for the most part shadowy types flitting about in an eerie twilight,

whereas Mr. James's men and women move within the most conventional limits, dress in the last fashion, and are seen under the glare of noon or of a chandelier. But the resemblance will be recognized more clearly in a curious metaphysical family likeness than by pursuing an uneven parallel. Mr. James treats the characters in his stories, and even the writers whom he reviews, exactly as Miles Coverdale does his friends and fellow-workers at Blithedale, of which he makes himself the chronicler. He analyzes, dissects, speculates; he surveys them alternately through a prism and a microscope; he respects no secret of the human heart or of individual men and women; by turns he detects a deep significance and sentiment in ordinary words and events, or strips life and its relations of all that is romantic and reverend, to a nakedness in which they seldom appear in this complex and sophisticated age even to our inmost consciousness. This similarity and sympathy peculiarly qualify Mr. James to write of Hawthorne: his fine and practical critical faculty has enabled him to do so with remarkable justice and felicity. His theories, whether one agrees with them or not, are full of interest and suggestion, ingenious and independent, yet free from paradox.

To begin with: Mr. James exactly designates Hawthorne's position in American literature. He is not national, but "intensely and vividly local. Out of the soil of New England he sprang—in a crevice of that immitigable granite he sprouted and bloomed." His Puritan blood and breeding count for more than any other ingredient or influence in the complexion of his genius, "dusky and luminous," as Mr. James characterizes it. To them he owes several tendencies—the absorbing interest in moral problems and spiritual conflicts, the Calvinistic view of human nature—as well as the strong, firm, simple, rigid, rational, masculine qualities (still to make use of Mr. James's epithets) which balanced the dreamy and contemplative disposition and kept the flights of imagination and caprices of fancy in check. The Puritanical training shows itself not more in his choice of subjects than in his treatment of them. In speaking of the *Scarlet Letter* Mr. James says: "The historical coloring is rather weak than otherwise; . . . nevertheless, the book is full of the moral presence of the race. . . . Puritanism, in a word, is there not only objectively, as Hawthorne tried to place it there, but sub-

jectively as well. Not, I mean, in his judgment of his characters, in any harshness of prejudice or in the obtrusion of a moral lesson, but in the very quality of his own vision and in the tone of the picture."

Mr. James, with a perfect sense of fitness, gives the simple outline of Hawthorne's life without an attempt to embellish it by added touches. Few famous men have had so uneventful an existence, and it was shaped more by the man's own peculiarities than by circumstances: his temperament eschewed contact with the world, the collision of events, the emotions produced by foreign scenes, unfamiliar impressions and influences, the encounter of other minds. Its activity came from within—from the development of his genius, the working of his idiosyncrasies, moral and mental. A biography of Hawthorne is mainly the history of his inner life, and his invincible reticence even with himself, his reserve toward his own soul, as evinced by his *Notebooks*, enhances the difficulty of the task. It had been attempted before, and Mr. James has shown wonderful skill in following a track which another had opened without once treading in his footsteps. He has also shown a keenness of insight, a subtlety of divination, which arises in part from the sympathy and similarity before referred to. In view of these a person who is conscious of no such affinity must needs hesitate to dissent from his conclusions, yet some of them seem to contradict the premises from which they are drawn. He says, in connection with the Puritanic sense of sin: "Hawthorne had ample cognizance of the Puritan conscience: it was his natural heritage. . . . But his relation to it was only, as one may say, intellectual: it was not moral and theological. . . . He was not discomposed, disturbed, haunted by it, in the manner of its usual and regular victims, who had not the little postern-door of fancy to slip through to the other side of the wall." But when he fled through the door it was merely to find the spectre waiting for him outside in the gloaming, we should say, even as an inference from Mr. James's remarks on the character of Hawthorne's productions. Are not the manifestations of his fancy gloomy and weird rather than bright and sportive? The subjects of his *Twice-told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*, the central and recurring incident of the *House of the Seven Gables*, the inevitable tragic direction of all his novels, seem to an-

swer that sufficiently. In fact, Mr. James admits this, but he looks at Hawthorne's moral being entirely from the previous point of view. He disputes that Hawthorne was a satirist, otherwise his fellow-Communists of Brook Farm would not have got off so easily: he also denies that he was a cynic or sceptic, except in a mild sense. A thorough cynic, a profound sceptic, can hardly be a satirist: it needs some hope and faith to nerve the arm which wields the scourge. But it is to the depth of Hawthorne's disbelief in the better side of human nature that we attribute the impassiveness with which he delineates its darker propensities.

Our disaccord with Mr. James reaches its climax when he makes the astounding assertion that "on the whole the effect of the *Blithedale Romance* is to make one think more agreeably of life." The situation with which the story closes is this: The trustful experiment of a simple, fraternal mode of existence has broken up in failure and disgust; the one woman in the book who commands our sympathy has destroyed herself; the large-hearted fanatic whose dream had been a grand work of reform is living in remorseful seclusion, forsaken by all but a woman whose solitary strong quality is mere feminine fidelity; Miles Coverdale, the narrator of the played-out drama and a chief actor in it, comes to twit his former friend and the woman whom he had loved with the collapse of their hopes and aspirations. Either Mr. James totally misunderstands the serious and tragic intention of Hawthorne's writings, or the latter had an abnormally slight value for the calamities and catastrophes of this mortal life—disappointment and despair, madness, murder, suicide. These are the pivots and issues of all his plots. In Hawthorne's pessimism (to employ a condensed and convenient term which Mr. James borrows from the French critic M. Émile Montégue) he firmly declines to believe. There would seem to be but one other explanation possible of the easy attitude in which he represents Hawthorne to us under these accumulated horrors—that he was so consistent a Calvinist as to accept the wrongdoing of his fellow-creatures as fate and fore-doom, finding entire comfort in the conviction that he himself belonged to the elect. A staunch Calvinist once admitted to us that this was the secret belief of his whole school, as any other would be intolerable. But it is

simpler for a constant and careful reader of Mr. James to consider his opinion as the result of his own determination to take nothing seriously. He flicks human nature with a light lash, as if there were nothing worse in it than foibles: he examines it through an opera-glass, which diminishes the scale of his beings and the play of their passions, while it gives them greater distinctness. This artificial and deceptive view is reflected in the final sentence of the present volume: "Man's conscience was his theme, but he saw it in the light of a creative fancy, which added, out of its own substance, an interest, and I may almost say an importance." This requires no comment. Such a turn or habit of mind, in our judgment, fatally impairs a critical perception of the most delicate and discriminating order.

Besides the exposition of Hawthorne's character and genius, the book contains faithful and graphic descriptions of New England society and thought half a century ago. It applies to the whole country in different degrees and at various periods, but is as true of Massachusetts as if Mr. James had brought his own penetrating and philosophical observation to bear upon the actual phenomena. He is sensitively aware of the meagre aliment granted to famishing brains in days of which he had no personal knowledge. The rapid pictures of Bowdoin College in 1821 and of Concord twenty years later are admirably done. Even better, because fuller and more important, is his account of the Transcendental school and Emerson's philosophy. Of the former much was heard at one time—now it is only a name, and a nearly-forgotten one: it was passing into the second stage when Mr. James's acquaintance with it began, but the single page in which he embodies his recollections of some of its members and sums up their aims, their virtues and their shortcomings is a masterly effort of sympathetic retrospect. Interspersed with these sketches are portraits of the principal figures in the somewhat bleak landscape—Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau. Regarding the last, he makes the nice distinction that "he was worse than provincial—parochial," but eminently individual and original. It is not only that partial and vanished aspect of the American mind which Mr. James depicts: there is a short passage relative to its condition previous to 1860, and the effect of the civil war on our general con-

ception of ourselves which may be quoted in part, without spoiling it altogether, as would be the case with some much finer ones for which we have no room: "It introduced into the national consciousness a certain sense of proportion and relation—of the world being a more complicated place than it had hitherto seemed, the future more treacherous, success more difficult."

Mr. James, with no disrespect be it said, is a Europeanized American, but an American still—the best possible condition for a critic of this country. He may be too dispassionate to suit ardent patriots, but he has more sympathy and comprehension than the most admiring foreigner. It is to be remembered that this book is addressed primarily to the British public, but assuredly without losing sight of his American audience, and it is admirably adapted to both: while it tells the English all that they can wish to know on certain points, it tells Americans nothing that they should not be glad to hear: even if some of them have heard it before, it has certainly never been so well said. As a piece of literary work it could not be better done: the execution is perfect. Those who are familiar with Mr. James's volume on modern French poets and novelists will be surprised by the advance even on those very clever and charming essays. His words are chosen like arrows, light, unerring, incisive, and feathered from every bird. The style is almost faultless. We have noticed but a single awkward sentence, left like a lump of clay not kneaded into the smooth and finished surface, and but one instance of Mr. James's trick of translating French phrases which have no force in English. Such slight and isolated flaws attest the excellence of the whole. We might still make the old complaint against his excessive use of a few favorite epithets which lose their meaning from repetition, as when he speaks of "exquisite" vulgarity and "exquisite" impudence: vulgarity and impudence may be splendid, they cannot be exquisite. But we suspect that Mr. James's few vices arise from a deliberate choice of evil, and that he will not correct them to please his censors. They are more than compensated by many gems of thought and expression, like his comparison of the unchangeable American Hawthorne in Europe, "on that little clod of Western earth which he carried about with him," to "the good Mohammedan carrying the strip of car-

pet on which he kneels down to face toward Mecca." This small volume, which is but a study, deserves itself to be the subject of a study.

A Short History of German Literature. By Prof. James K. Hosmer. St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Co.

As this book has reached a second edition, it may be presumed to have found and supplied a real want. The want is one not difficult to define. Many persons wish to gain a general acquaintance with a literature which they lack the time or the industry to study with any thoroughness for themselves, and the difficulty which they commonly find in the gratification of this wish lies in the fact that the books intended to meet it impose an amount of labor which they are little inclined to undertake. Such books are more apt to repel than attract readers, and this not so often by their bulk as by the quantity condensed in it, their heaviness being out of all proportion to their size. Professor Hosmer has had a clear perception of the mistakes of his predecessors, and has been careful to avoid them. He has neither aimed at completeness nor descended to minuteness. He can hardly be said to take even a cursory survey of the whole ground, or to glance at any of the obscurer portions or minor features, but confines his attention to the broader sections, salient points and prominent masses. This method, escaping all danger of clumsiness and of dry detail, has no doubt helped materially to keep his own interest fresh in the performance of his task and to give animation to his style. It must also, we think, be allowed that his book owes much of its value to his judicious, systematic and not unacknowledged borrowings. We have no doubt that he has, as he tells us, "read industriously of the immense mass" (of German literature), and that "few names are mentioned in whose case an honest attempt has not been made to reach an estimate at first hand by study of the most characteristic works;" nevertheless, it seems to us pretty evident that most of the judgments as well as of the facts set forth in the book have been selected at second hand, though not without the amount of independent research and thought requisite for doing this in a way to make the result both profitable and agreeable. Indeed, we are so far from objecting to the process, that, frankly speaking, we

could wish it to have been extended further. A comparison between passages which have been confessedly abridged from Kurz or Villmar, Von Raumer or Freytag, with some that are wholly and undeniably original, does not inspire any regrets that the author should so seldom have dispensed with the services of a trustworthy guide. Thus, his account of the origin of the Niebelungen Lied, derived from Hermann Fischer and Simrock, and the analysis of the poem which he has borrowed from Villmar, are feebly and inconspicuously supplemented by a rhapsody about the Rhine, in which we are told that the author has "leaped across it high up at the pass of the Splügen," has "sailed out upon its waters to the dark North Sea," has "crossed it at Strasburg, where score upon score of armies have passed," but loves "to remember it best" (meaning, perhaps, "loves best to remember it") as he "saw it from a high hill of the Odenwald," when "the light of sunset faded, and lo! in the east, through the horizon-mists, weaponed with splendor, vindicated her dominion in the gathering night, the solemn moon." "I saw once," he writes in the same connection, "a performance of 'Rhein-Gold,' the prelude to the great trilogy of Wagner, 'The Ring of the Niebelungen.' Above me sat, in his ornamented box, the king of Bavaria." Apropos of Heine, we are treated to an account of a visit to a negro school "at a critical time in our country's history," with suggestions of "dark faces before us" and "heavens that hung sombre about us," of news "that had predisposed us to gloom" and "associations that conspired to deepen it," of "eyes whose lids trembled with the coming tears" and "something indescribable that came pulsing forth to us from out the words" of the *Lorelei*, which, it appears, was sung by the children on that occasion, perhaps "by particular request." It passes our comprehension how a writer with a serious purpose in view, and with the ability to execute it in a satisfactory manner, could have brought himself to fill so many pages with what it would be an excess of courtesy on the part of a reviewer to call by any other name than egotistic twaddle. We are glad to be able to add that it is only certain parts of the work that are thus disfigured, and that, despite many faults of both matter and style, it may be commended as, on the whole, the most readable introduction to the study of

German literature which has appeared in English.

Books Received.

The Younger Edda, also called Snorre's Edda, or the Prose Edda: An English Version of the Foreword; the Fooling of Gylfe, the Afterword; Brage's Talk, the Afterword to Brage's Talk, and the Important Passages in the Poetical Diction (*Skaldskaparmal*), with an Introduction, Notes, Vocabulary and Index. By Rasmus B. Anderson. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

American Almanac and Treasury of Facts, Statistical, Financial and Political, for the year 1880. Edited by Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. (Library and Popular Editions.) New York: The American News Company.

The Art of Cooking: A Series of Practical Lessons. By Matilda Lees Dods. Edited by Henrietta de Conde Sherman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson, set to Music by various Composers. Edited by W. G. Cusins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The American "L'Assommoir." A Parody on Zola's "L'Assommoir." By Joseph Sydney. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Around the World with General Grant. By John Russell Young. (Parts 3 to 18, inclusive.) New York: American News Company.

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